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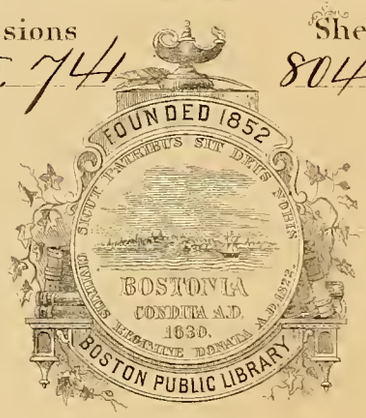

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THE OPERA AT HOME.

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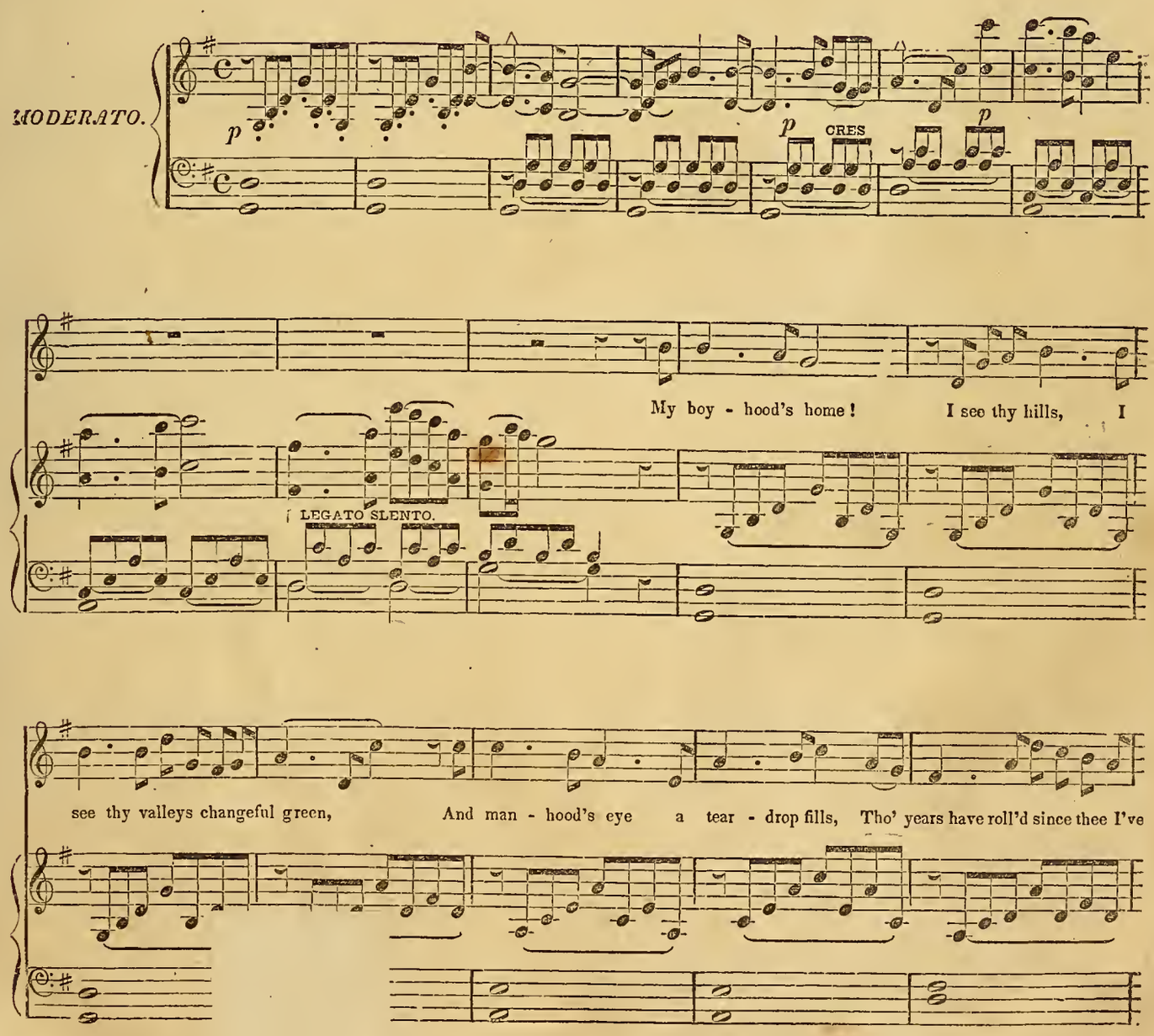
MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

From "Amilie."

By Rooke.



seen. My boy - hood's home! I see thy hills, I see thy valleys changed green, And

man - hood's eye a tear - drop fills - - - - a tear-drop fills Tho' years have roll'd - - - - - since thee I've seen, Tho'

RITARD.

years have roll'd since thee I've seen. My boy-hood's home! my na - tive home, my boy - hood's boy-hood's

RITARD. *f* RITARD.

home. I come to thee from war's dread school, a war - rior stern o'er thee to

PIU PRESTO.

RITARD.

CRES. DIM. *mf* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

PIU PRESTO.

RITARD. ACCELO. A TEMPO. AD LIB.

rule. But while I gaze on each lov'd plain, - - - - I feel - - - - - - - - - I feel I am a boy a-

f p

RITARD. ACCEL^O. E CRES. POCO. A TEMPO. AD LIB.

PP

gain. To the war steed adieu, to the trumpet farewell, To the pomp of the palace, the proud gilded dome; For the

f p pp

green scenes of childhood I bid ye farewell, The war-ri-or returns to his boyhood's lov'd home, For the green scenes of childhood I

f p f RITARD.

AD LIB. TEMPO.

bid ye farewell, The war - rior returns to his boyhood's lov'd home, to his boyhood's lov'd home, his lov'd native home, to his

p p COLLA VOCE. p TEMPO.

lov'd native home, re - turns to his lov'd native home. My boy - hood's home'

p *f* *f*

I see thy hills, I see thy valleys changeful green, And man-hood's eye a tear - drop fills - - - -

- - - a tear-drop fills Tho' years have roll'd - - - - - since thee I've seen, Tho' years have roll'd since thee I've seen. My

RITARD.

RITARD.

boy-hood's home! my na - tive home, my boy - hood's boy-hood's home.

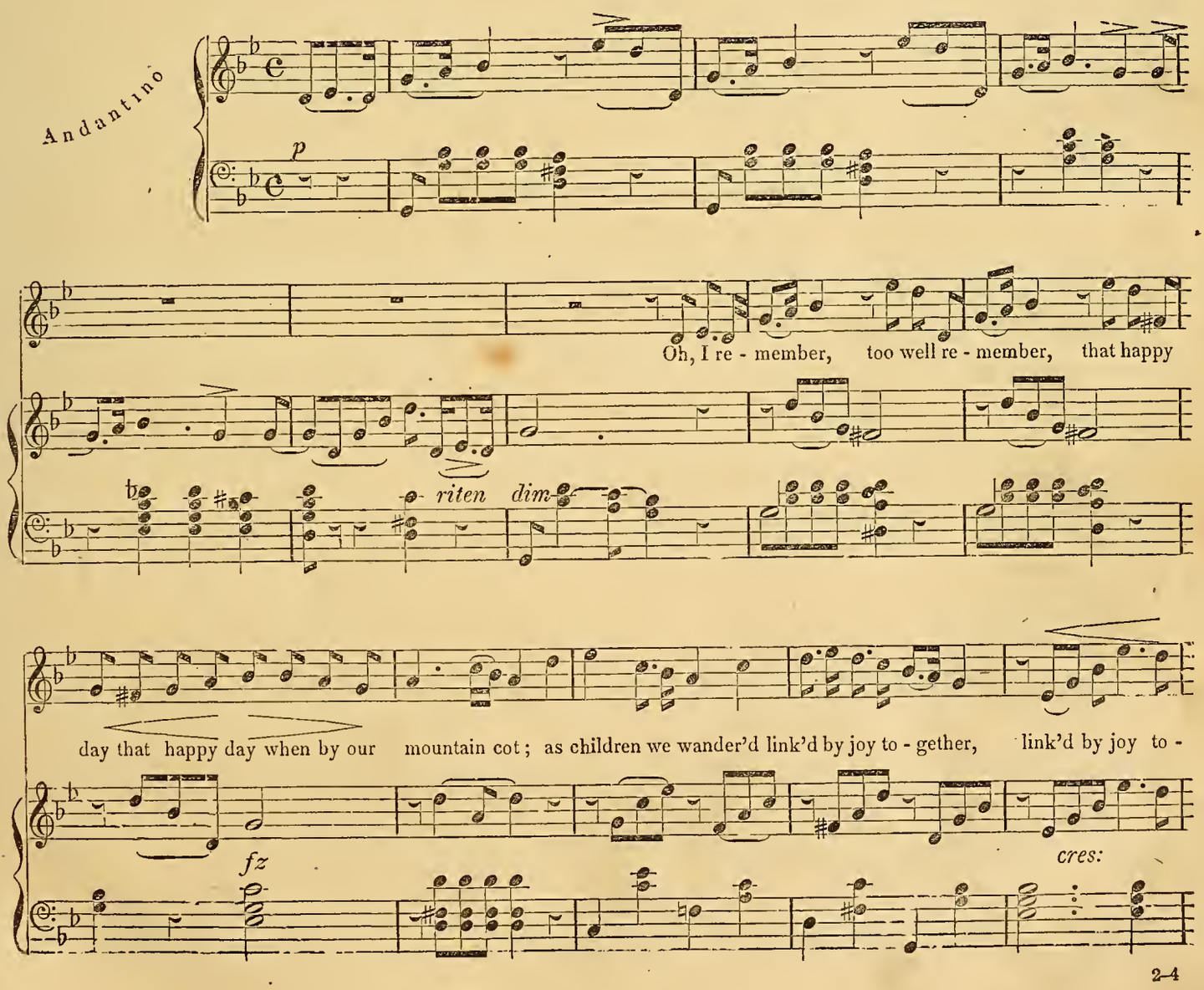
RITARD.

f RITARD. CRES. DIM.

OH, I REMEMBER

From "Amilie."

By Rooke.



ritard. *tempo.*

gether, link'd link'd by joy to - - ge - ther, Oh! I re - - mem - ber, too well re - mem - ber that happy

ritard. *tempo*

day now pass'd a - way, Each heart as light as light as on the breeze a fea ther, Each

calando.

heart as light as light as on the breeze a feather, Oh! I re - member, too well re - member, too

well too well re - - member. I used to look into his

cres: *fp*

laughing eyes, my sweet boy lov - er my sweet boy lov - er. And he my joyous smile would ever prize, my thoughts dis -

cover, my thoughts disco - - ver. Oh! I re - mem - ber, too well re - member, that happy day that happy day now pass'd a -

way now pass'd a - - - - way, Oh! I re - member, too well re - member, that happy day that happy day when by our

fz

moun - tain cot, as children we wander'd link'd by joy to - ge - - ther, link'd by joy to - gether, link'd

link'd by joy to - - ge - ther, Oh! I re - - mem - ber, too well re - mem - ber that happy day that happy

dim: *p*

day now pass'd pass'd a - way, pass'd now pass'd pass'd a -

way that happy day now pass'd pass'd a - - way that happy day now pass'd pass'd a -

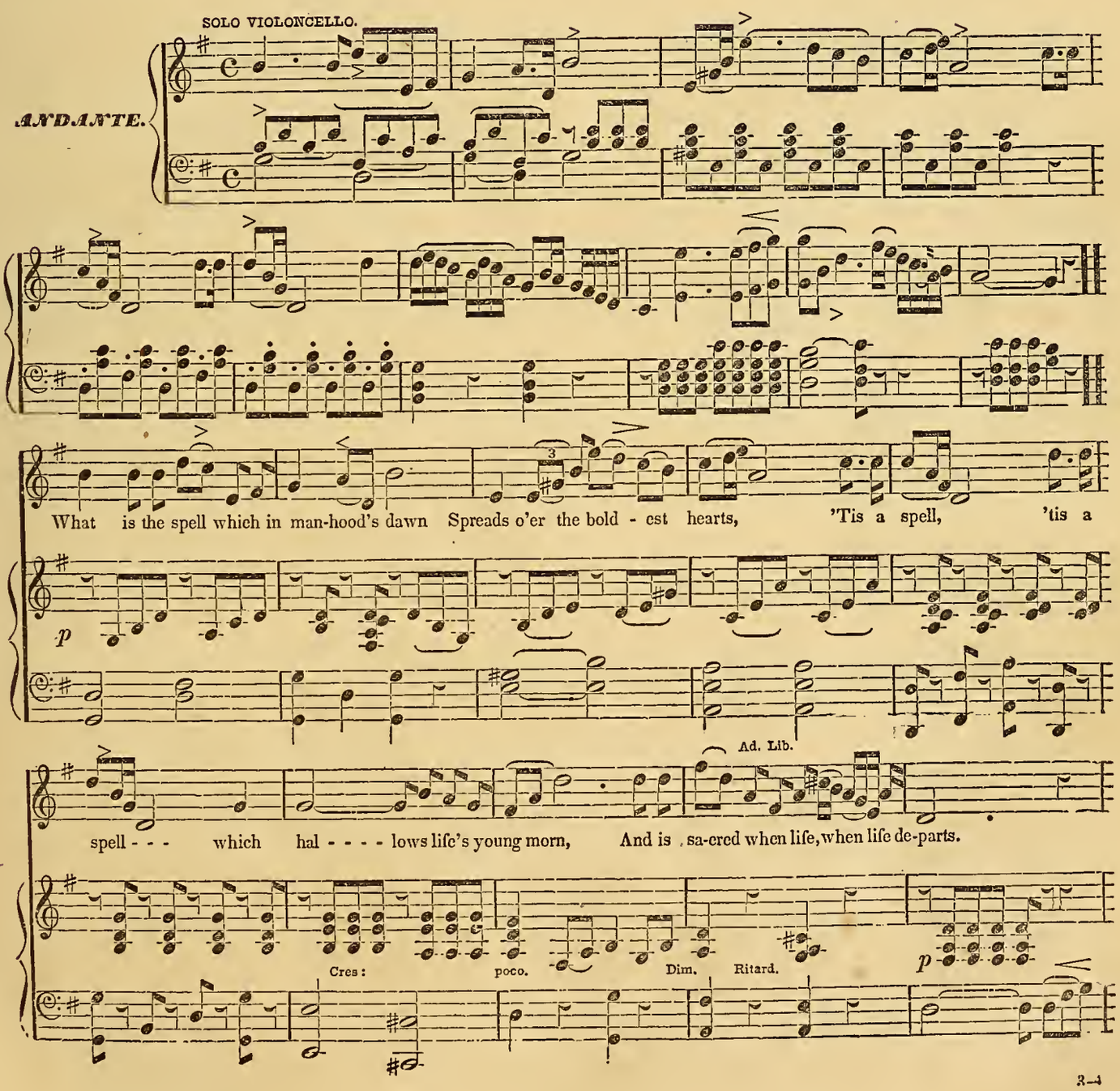
tremolo

- - way.

pp *riten:*

WHAT IS THE SPELL?

From "Amilie." By Rooke.



ten. ten.

What is the spell— what is the spell spreads o'er the bold-est hearts. 'Tis wo - man's love; 'tis

Ores. f

wo - man's love; It twines the brow of the hero's wreath of fame; it draws the sword, it breathes the vow, The

mf pp

spell - - - - - - - - - - - the spell is wo - man's love - - - - - - - - - - - is wo-man's love, the

mf pp

mf

spell - - - - - - - - - - - - the spell is wo-man's love, is wo - - - - man's love; the

mf

pp Cres. Ad Lib.

spell - - - - - - - - the spell is woman's love, is woman's love, the spell, the spell is woman's love.

Dolce espress. p

pp Cres. Ad Lib.

Cres.

'Tis the bright green spot on the de - sert of life; 'tis the foun-tain of life fresh gush-ing; 'tis the

mf Ritard. Legato. p Cres. mf

Dim. Cres. ten.

star of hope in the night of fate, 'tis the dawn of young joys blush-ing. What is the spell,

Dim. Cres. fp

ten. p

what is the spell spreads o'er the bold-est hearts. 'Tis wo - man's love; 'tis wo - man's love en -

Cres. f p

Cres. mf

twines the brow of the hero's wreath of fame it draws the sword, it breathes the vow, The spell . . . . . the

pp mf

spell is wo - man's love - - - - - - - - - - - - is wo-man's love, the spell - - - - - - - - - - the

pp mf

pp

spell is wo-man's love, is wo - - - - man's love; the spell - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - the

pp

Cres. Ad Lib.

spell is woman's love, is woman's love, the spell, the spell is woman's love.

Dolce espress. mf Ritard

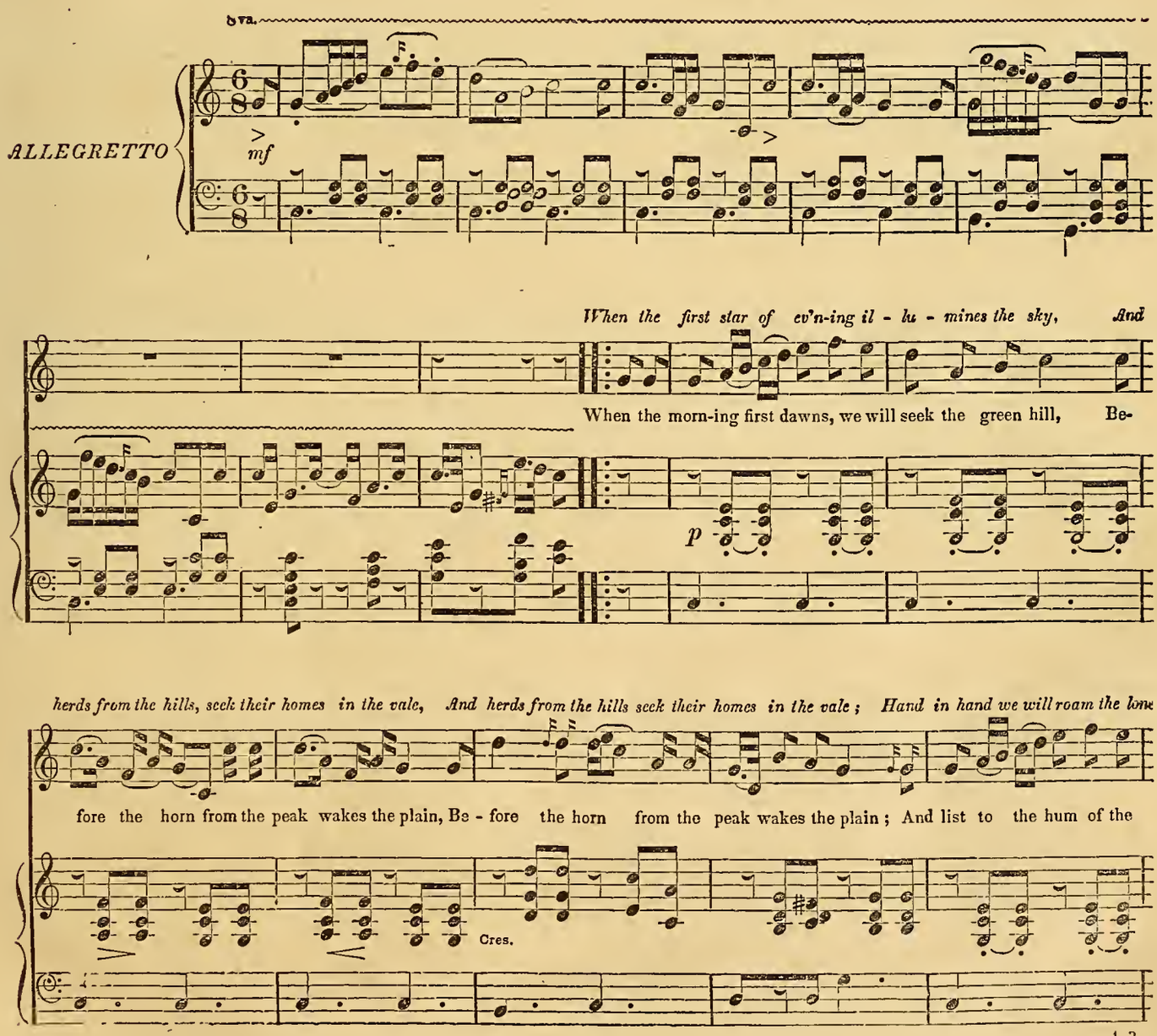
p Legato.

Cres. Ad Lib.

mf

WHEN THE MORNING FIRST DAWNS

From "Amilie." By Rooke.



riv - - u - let by, And list to the Night-in - gale's heart sooth-ing tale, And list to the Night - in - gale's

wild mountain's rill, Or join with pure hearts in the lark's thril-ling strain, Or join with pure hearts in the

heart sooth-ing tale, the Night - in-gale's tale, And list to the Night-in - - gale's heart sooth - - ing tale, Hail,

lark's thril-ling strain, the lark's thril-ling strain, Or join with pure hearts in the lark's thril - ling strain, Hail,

Cres. Dim.

hail the calm eve, see each bird flies to rest; See the wife spreads the board, and the hind seeks his rest, While

hail the fresh morn, list the chirp of the birds, Hark the pipe of the shep-herd, hark the low of the herds, While

dis - tant and dy - ing sweet e - cho brings near The sound of the horn the vil - - - lage to cheer, The

dis - tant and dy - ing sweet e - cho brings near The sound of the horn the vil - - - lage to cheer, The

sound of the horn the vil-lage to cheer li-ra la - - li ra - la li - ra la la la la la la la - - - - - li - ra

sound of the horn the vil-lage to cheer li-ra la li - - ra - la li - ra la la la la la la la - - - - - li - ra

Cres. Ritard.

la li ra - la li - - ra la li ra - la li ra - - - la li ra-la li ra - - - la ri la

la li ra - la li - ra la li ra - la li ra - - - la li ra--la li ra - - - la li ra

8va.

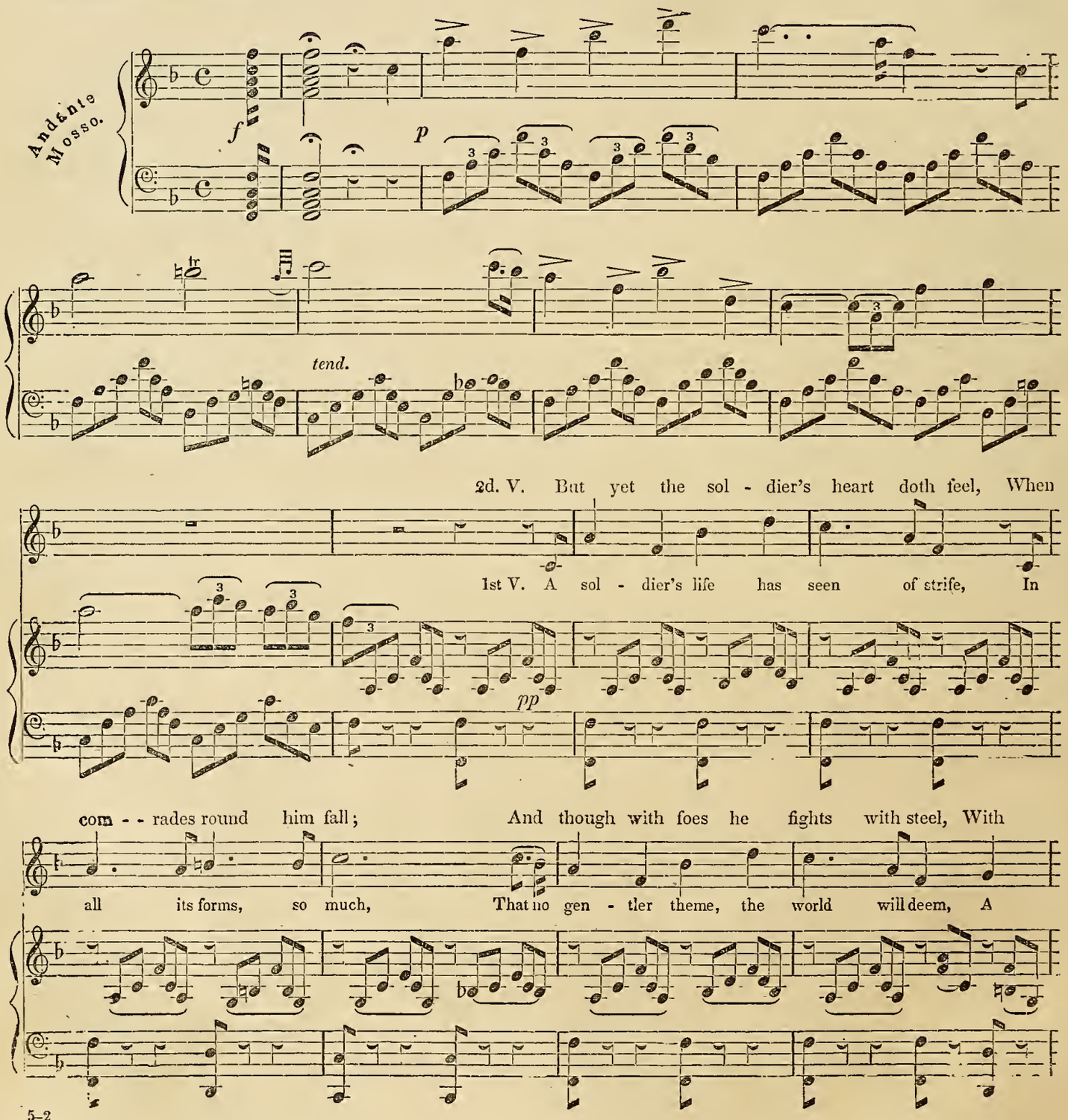
p p f p

la.

f f

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



friends he smiles on all. In peace, &c.

sol - dier's heart can touch. In peace or war, in

hall or bower, His heart is still the same,— And

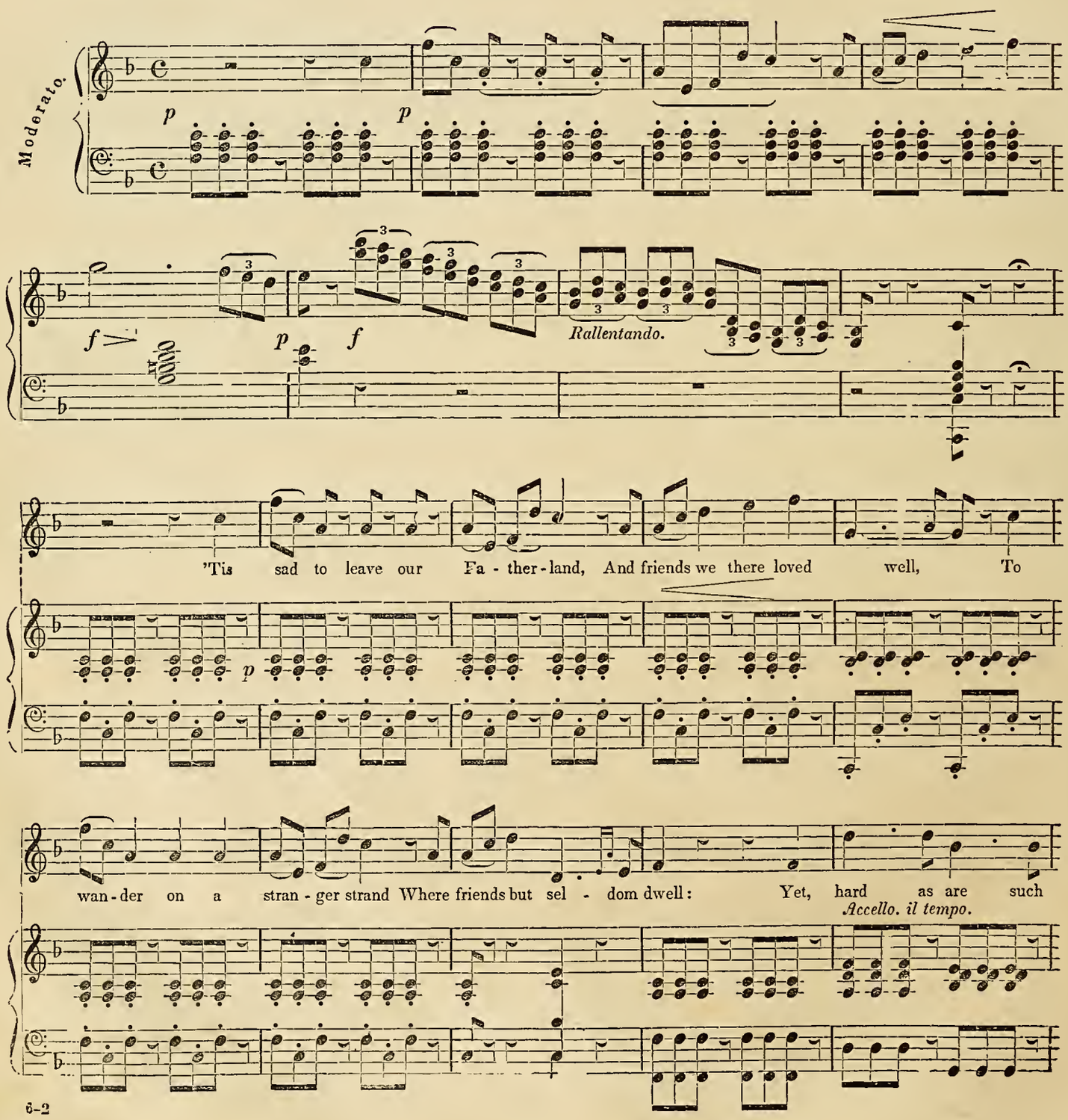
on the wings of fame will soar The dar - ing sol - - - dier's

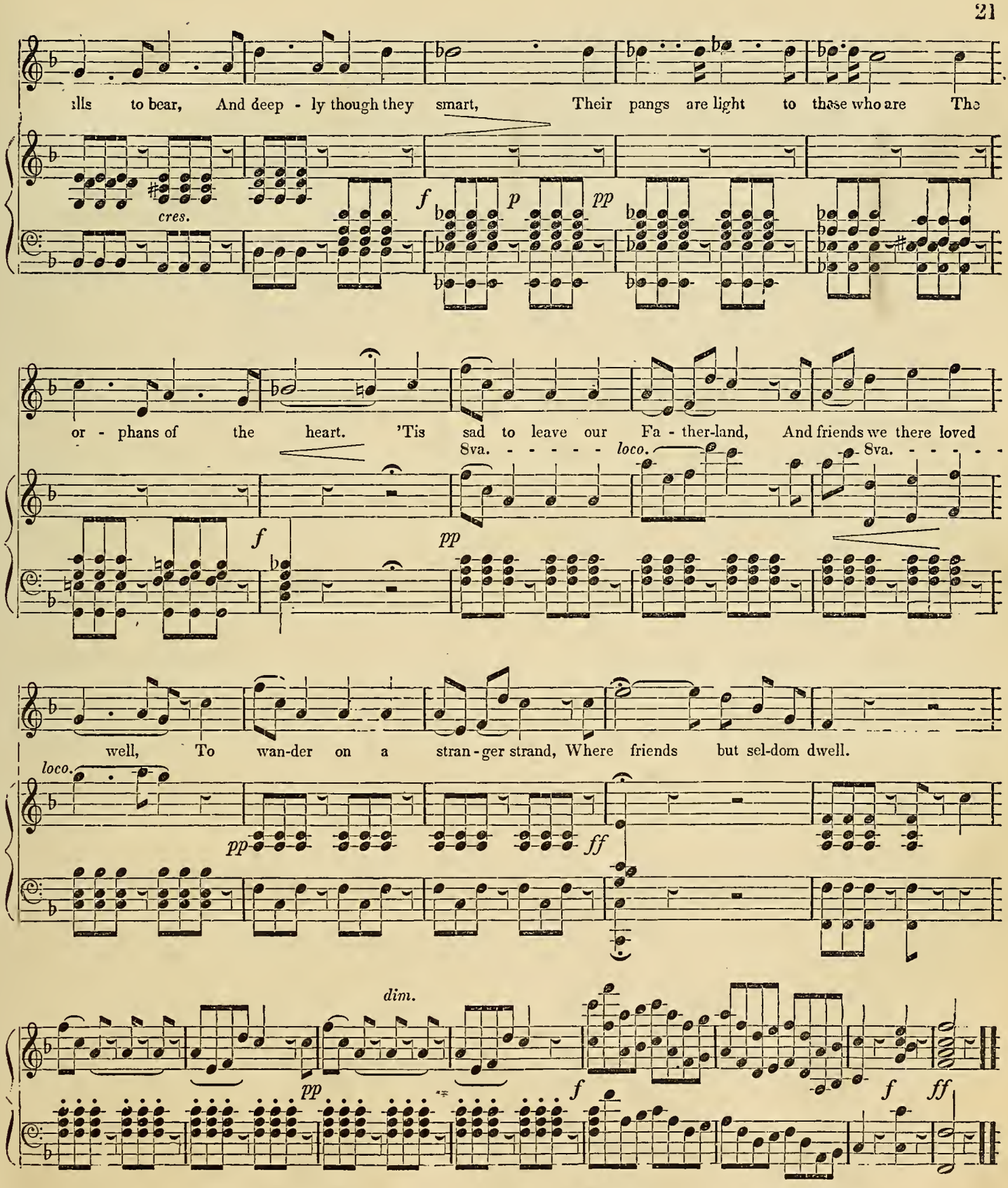
rall.

name.

'TIS SAD TO LEAVE OUR FATHERLAND.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



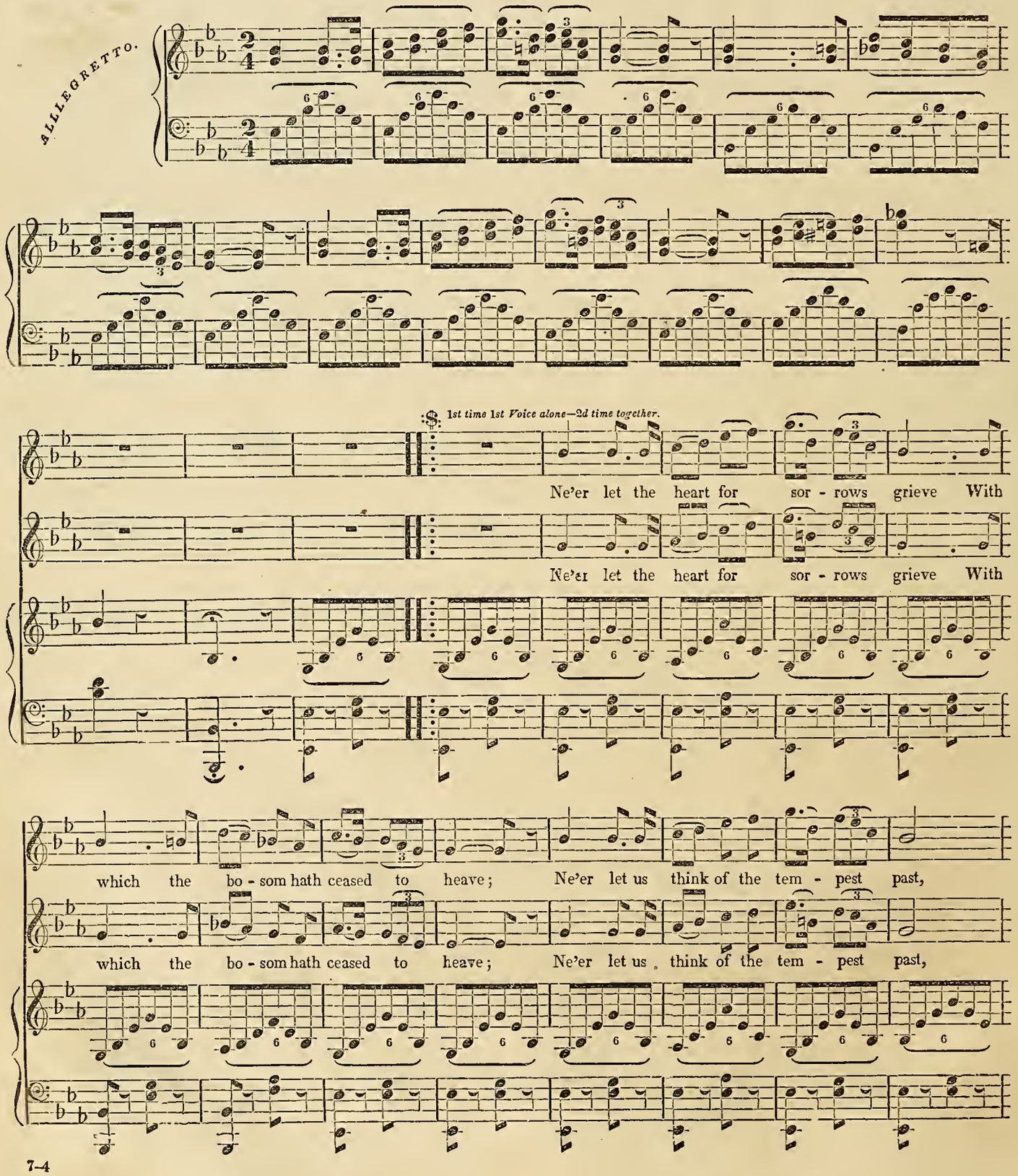


Yet if I knew one gentle heart
To tell the pains I feel,
One friend, who could a balm impart,
And all my sorrows heal.

Yet though my life would still be drear
While mournful thoughts remain,
Still friendship's hand is left to cheer
The heart that 's rent in twain.

NE'ER LET THE HEART FOR SORROWS GRIEVE.

Duett from the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



If we reach the ha - ven at last. Ne'er let the heart for sor - rows grieve With

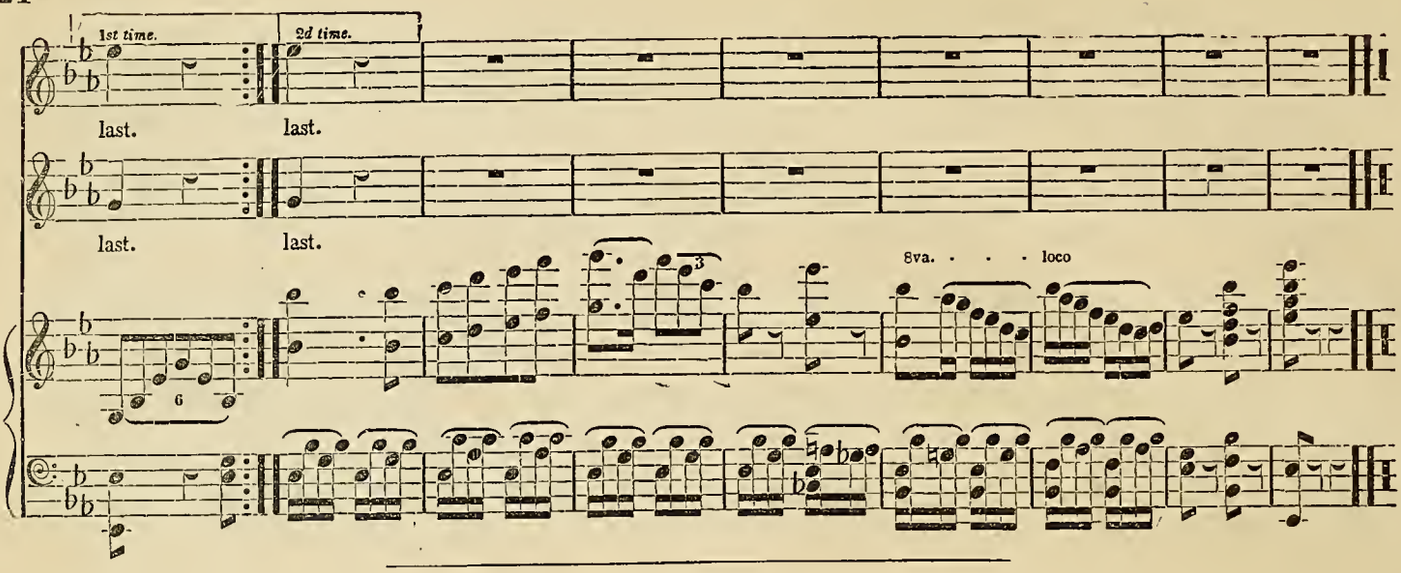
If we reach the ha - ven at last. Ne'er let the heart for sor - rows grieve With

which the bo - som hath ceased to heave, If we reach the ha - ven, the ha - ven at

which the bo - som hath ceased to heave, If we reach the ha - ven, the ha - ven at

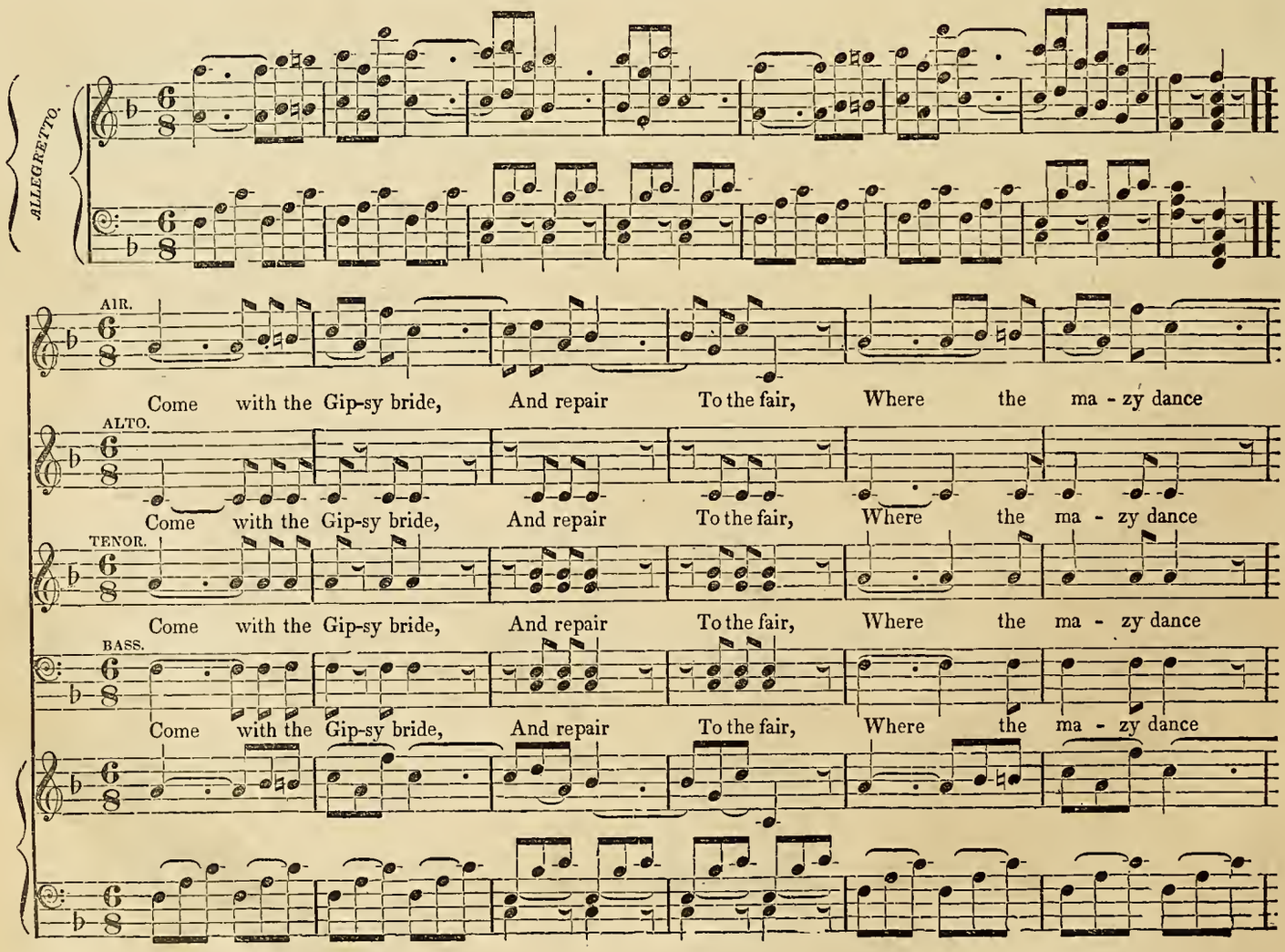
last. If we reach the ha - - ven at last - - - the ha - - - - ven at

last. If we reach the ha - - ven at last - - - the ha - - - - ven at



THE CELEBRATED
CHORUS OF GIPSIES,

IN THE OPERA OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."



will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

will the hours en - trance. In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to

ff *ff*

2.

lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.

lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.

lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.

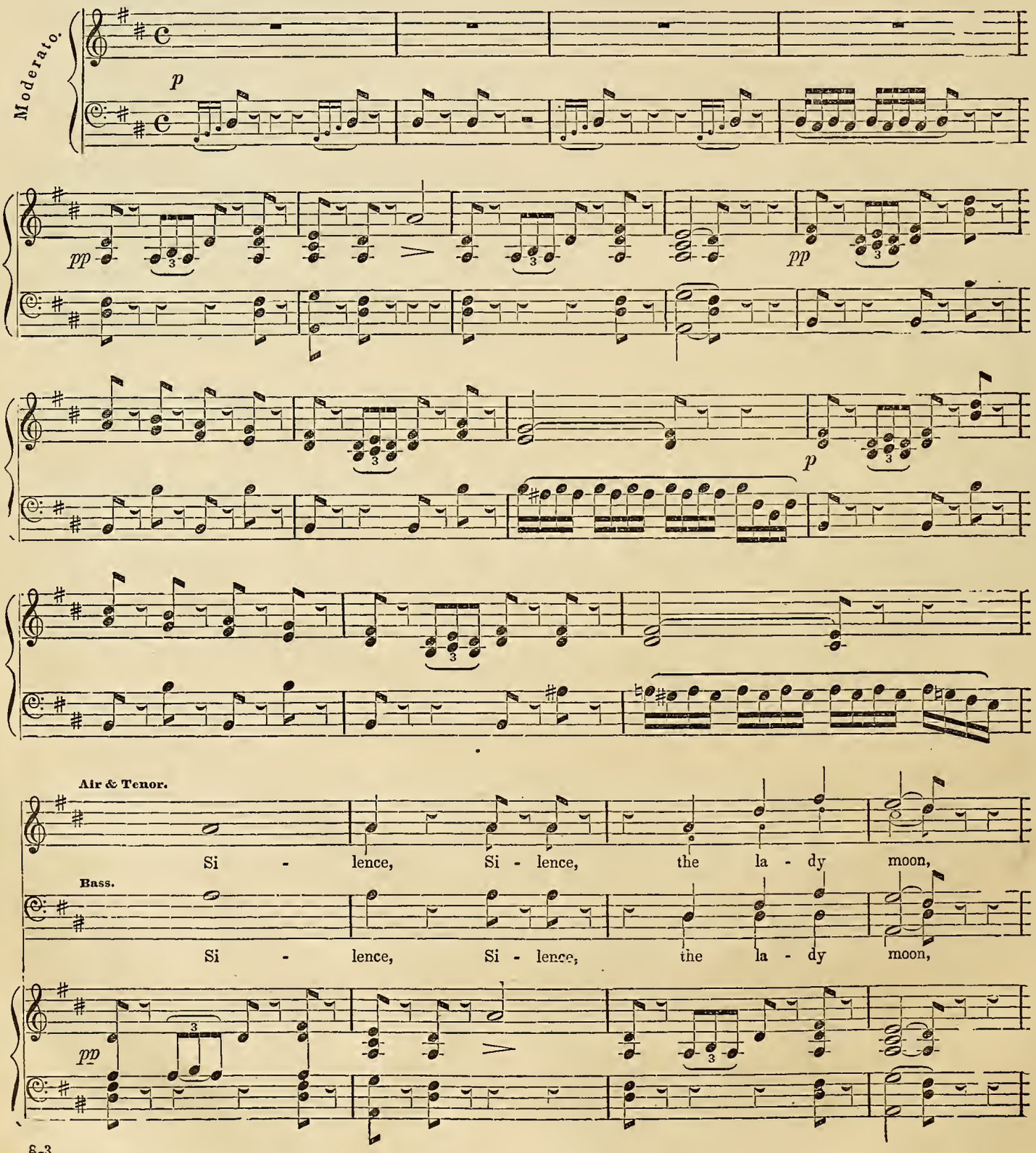
lead, In the Gipsy's life you read The life that all would like to lead.

rall.

D. C.

THE LADY MOON.

Chorus, from the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



the la - dy moon Is the on - ly wit - ness now a - wake; And

the la - dy moon Is the on - ly wit - ness now a - wake; And

wea - ry of watch - ing, chance she soon To sleep will her - self be-

wea - ry of watch - ing, chance she soon To sleep will her - self be-

sempre. *p*

take. - - - - - Silence, si - lence! from her throne in air, She may look

take. - - - - - Silence, si - lence! from her throne in air, She may look

to her rest. Si - lence, si - lence! this way, this

to her rest. Si - lence, si - lence! this way, this

pp

way. Si - lence!

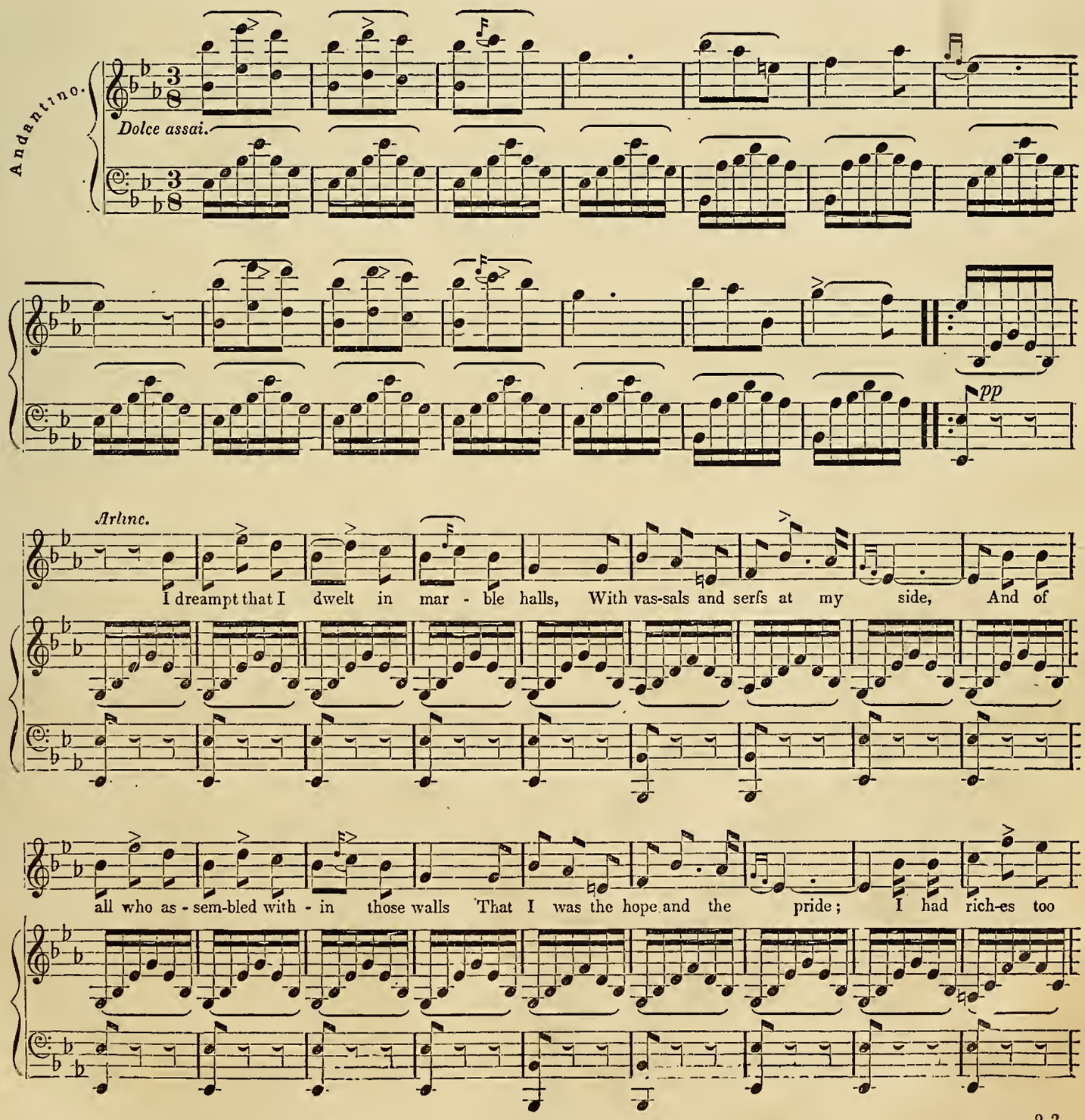
way. Si - lence!

Si - lence! Si - lence!

Si - lence! Si - lence!

I DREAMPT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



30

pp

great to count, Could boast of a high an - ces - tral name; But I al so dreampt, which

pp

pleased me most, That you loved me still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same, That you

cres.

loved me, you loved me still the same.

f

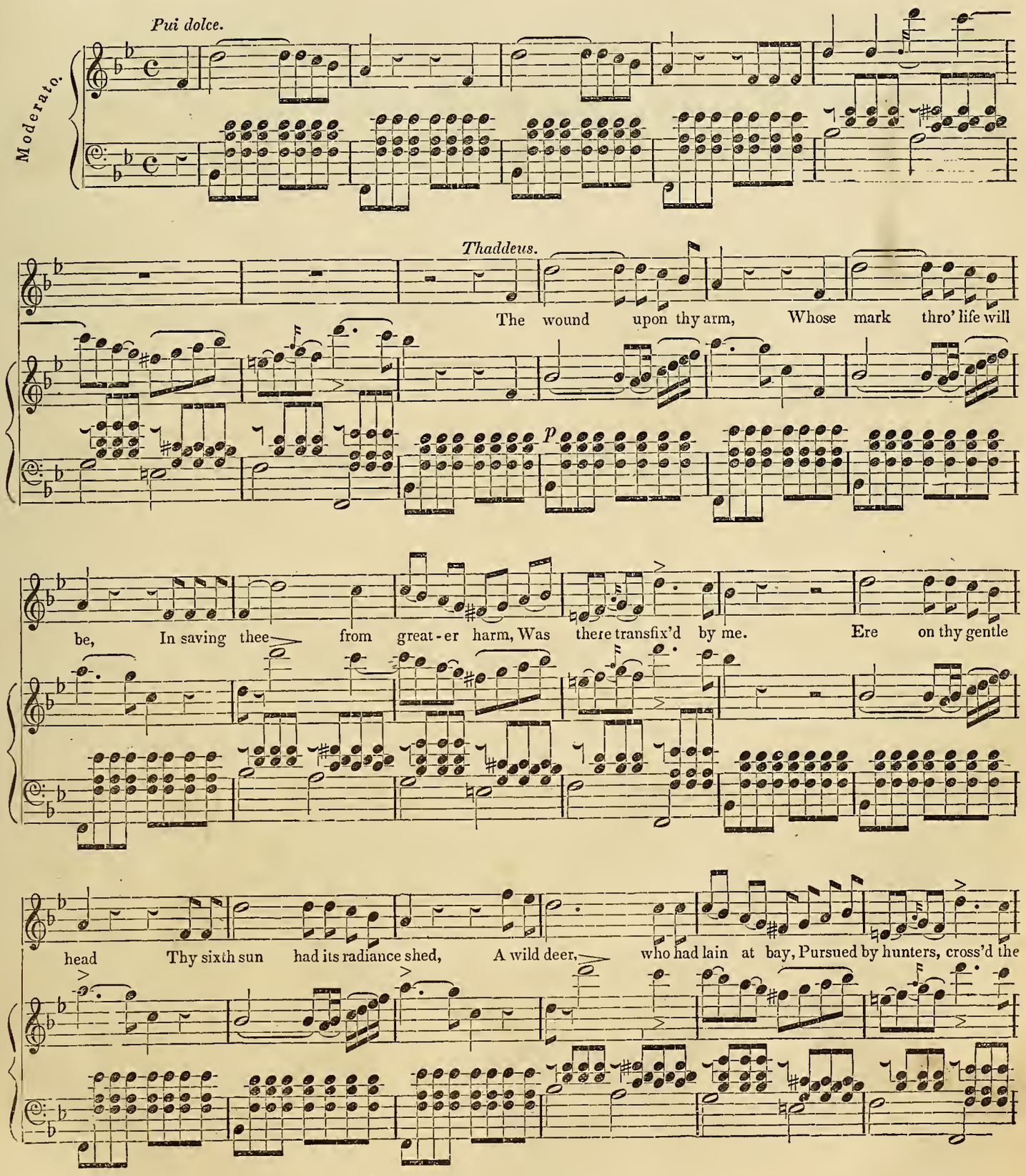
f

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand;
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim;
But I also dreampt, which charm'd me most,
That vou loved me still the same

THE WOUND UPON THY ARM.

From the "Bohemian Girl."

By Balfe.



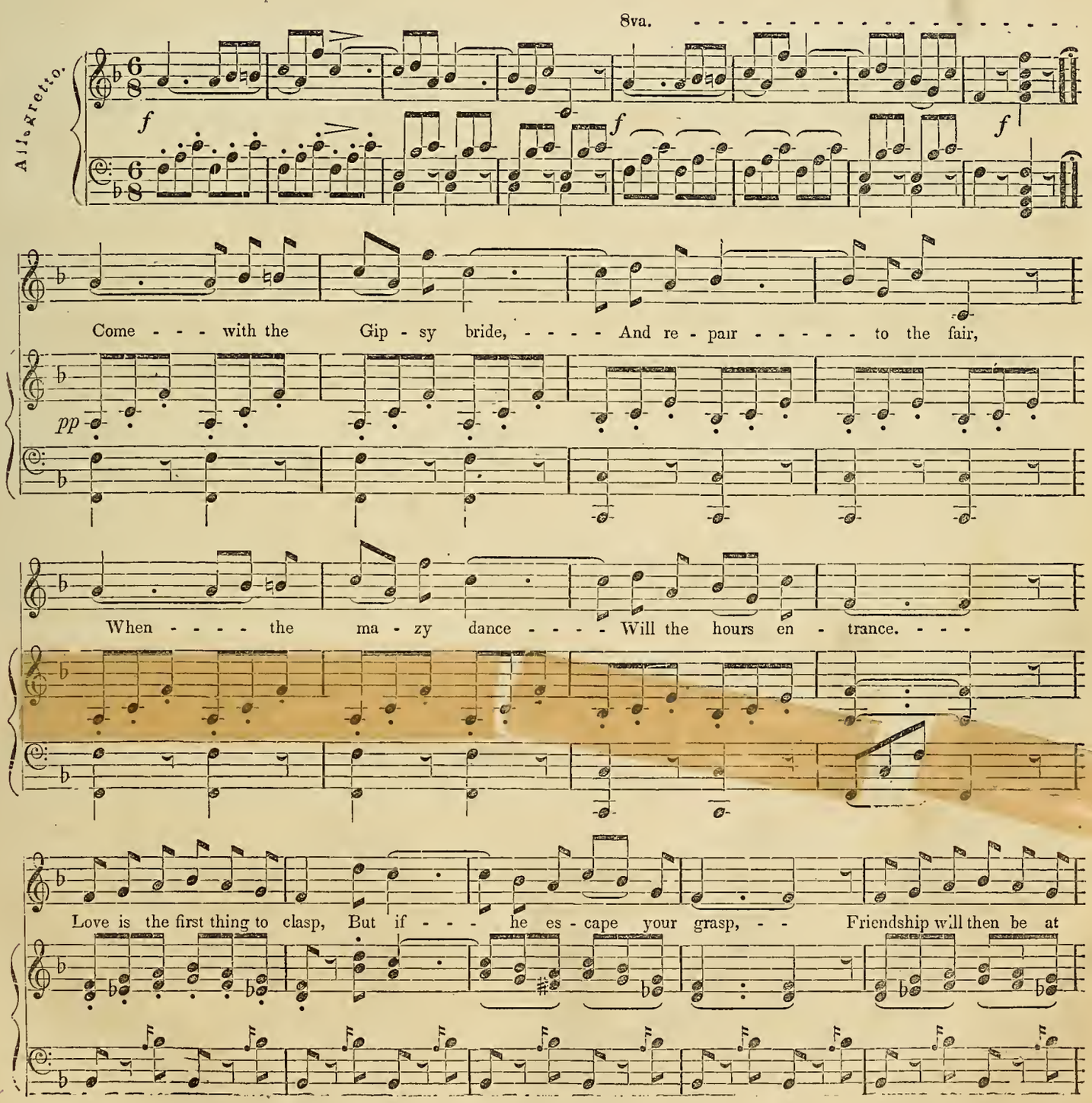
way; By slaying him, I res - cued thee, And in his death throes' ag - o - ny, Thy gentle form by his ant - ler

gored, This humble arm to thy home restored. Thus, the wound upon thy arm, Whose mark thro' life will

be, In saving thee from great - er harm, Was there trans - fix'd by me.

COME WITH THE GIPSY'S BRIDE.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



hand, In the young - - - rogue's place to stand: - - Hope then will be noth-ing loth - - To

point out the way to both; Hope then will be nothing loth To point out the way to

a tempo.

both. - - - - - - - - - - - - Come - - - with the Gip - sy bride, - - - And re - pair - -

pp

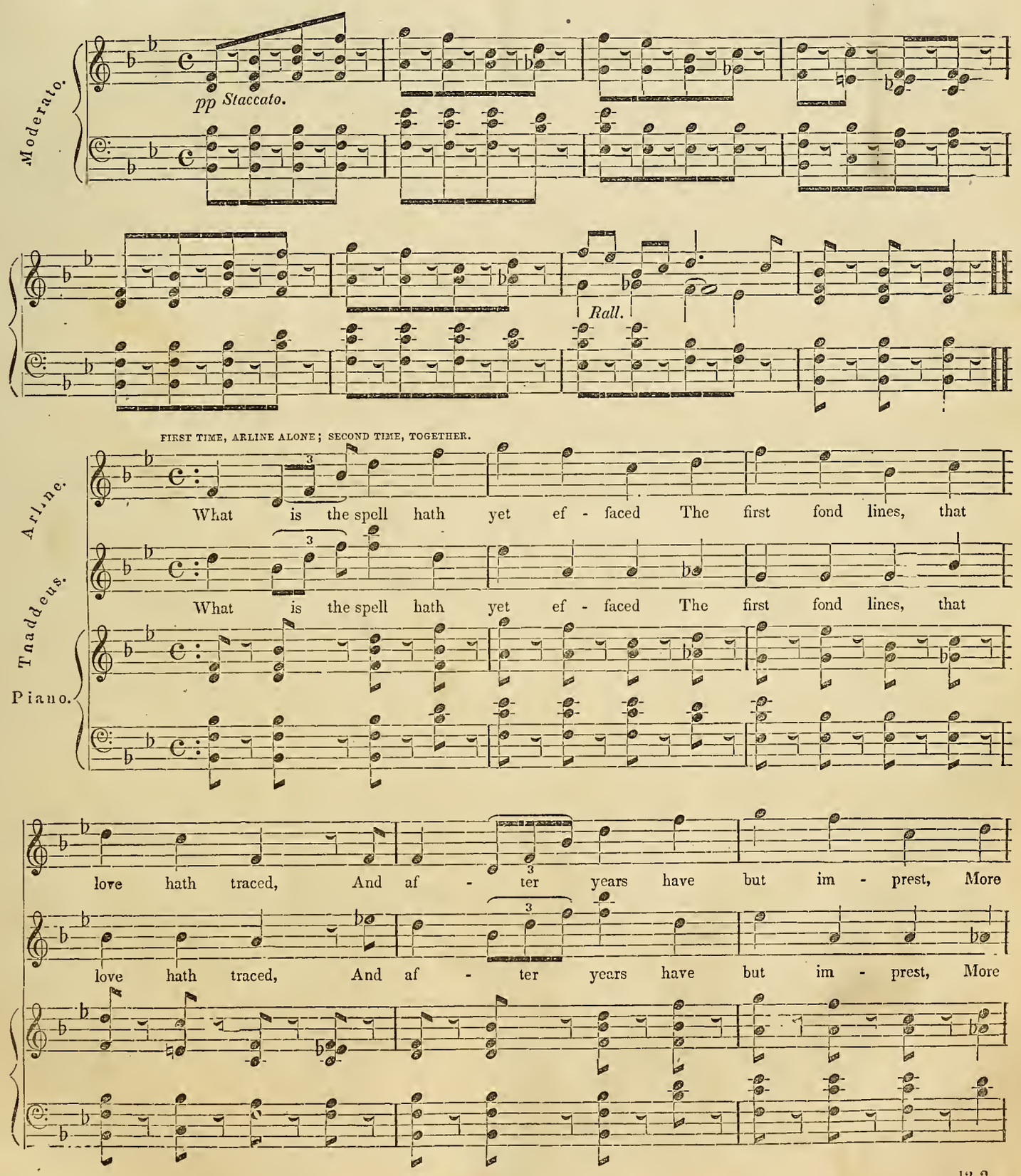
- - - to the fair, When - - - - the ma - zy dance - - Will the hours en - trance. -

D.C

THE FIRST FOND LINES THAT LOVE HAS TRACED.

Song or Duett, from the "Bohemian Girl."

By Balfe.



deep in love's con - fid - ing breast, What is the spell hath yet ef-faced The

deep in love's con - fid - ing breast. What is the spell hath yet ef-faced The

Cres. *tempo.*

first fond lines, that love hath traced, And af - ter years have

first fond lines, that love hath traced, And af - ter years have

Col: lanto.

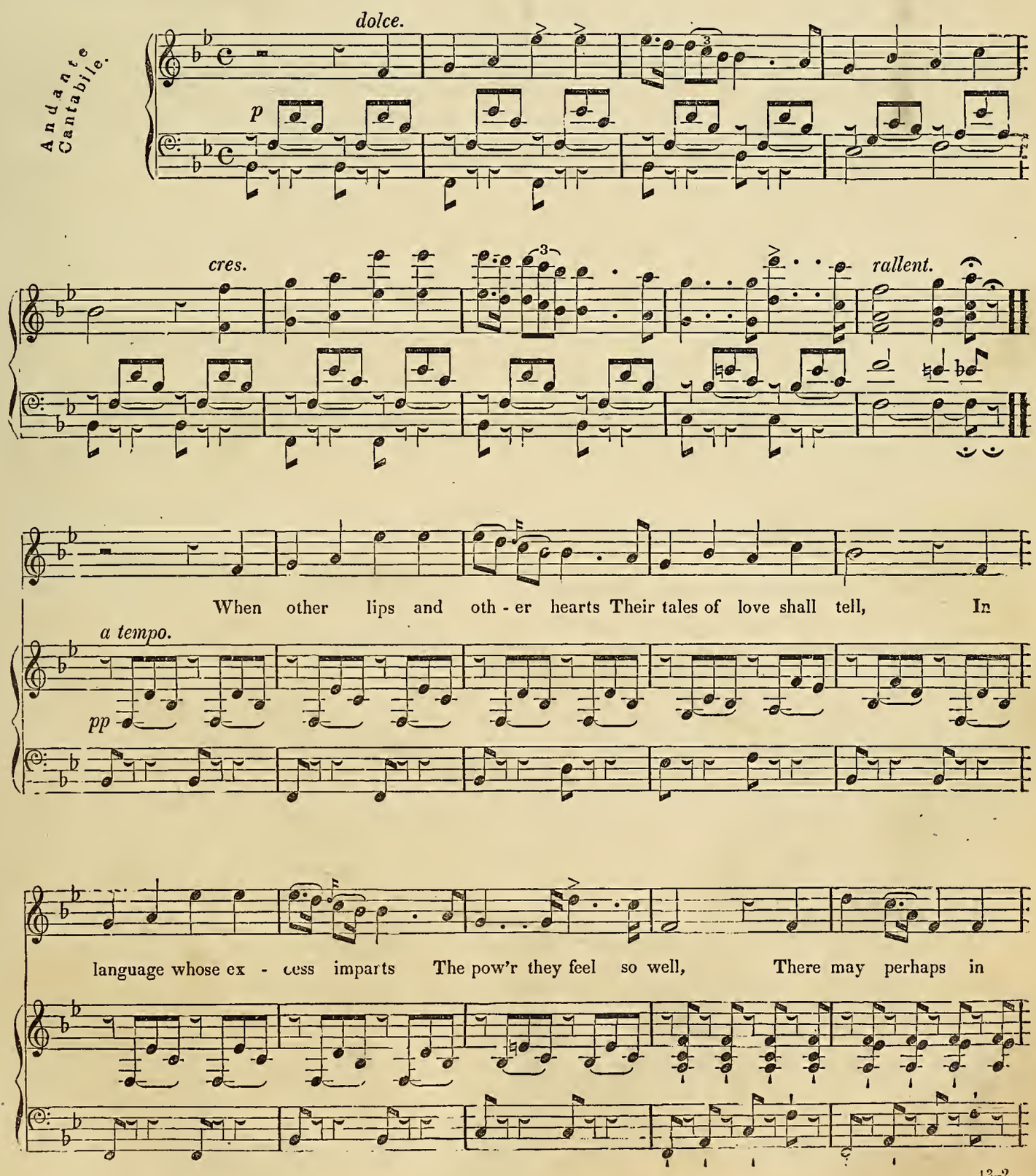
but im - prest, More deep in love's con - fid - ing breast. D. C

but im - prest, More deep in love's con - fid - ing breast.

D. C.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



such a scene Some re - col - lec - - tion be Of days that have as hap - py been, And

f *f* *pp*

f

you'll re - mem - ber me, ... and you'll remember, you'll remem - ber me.

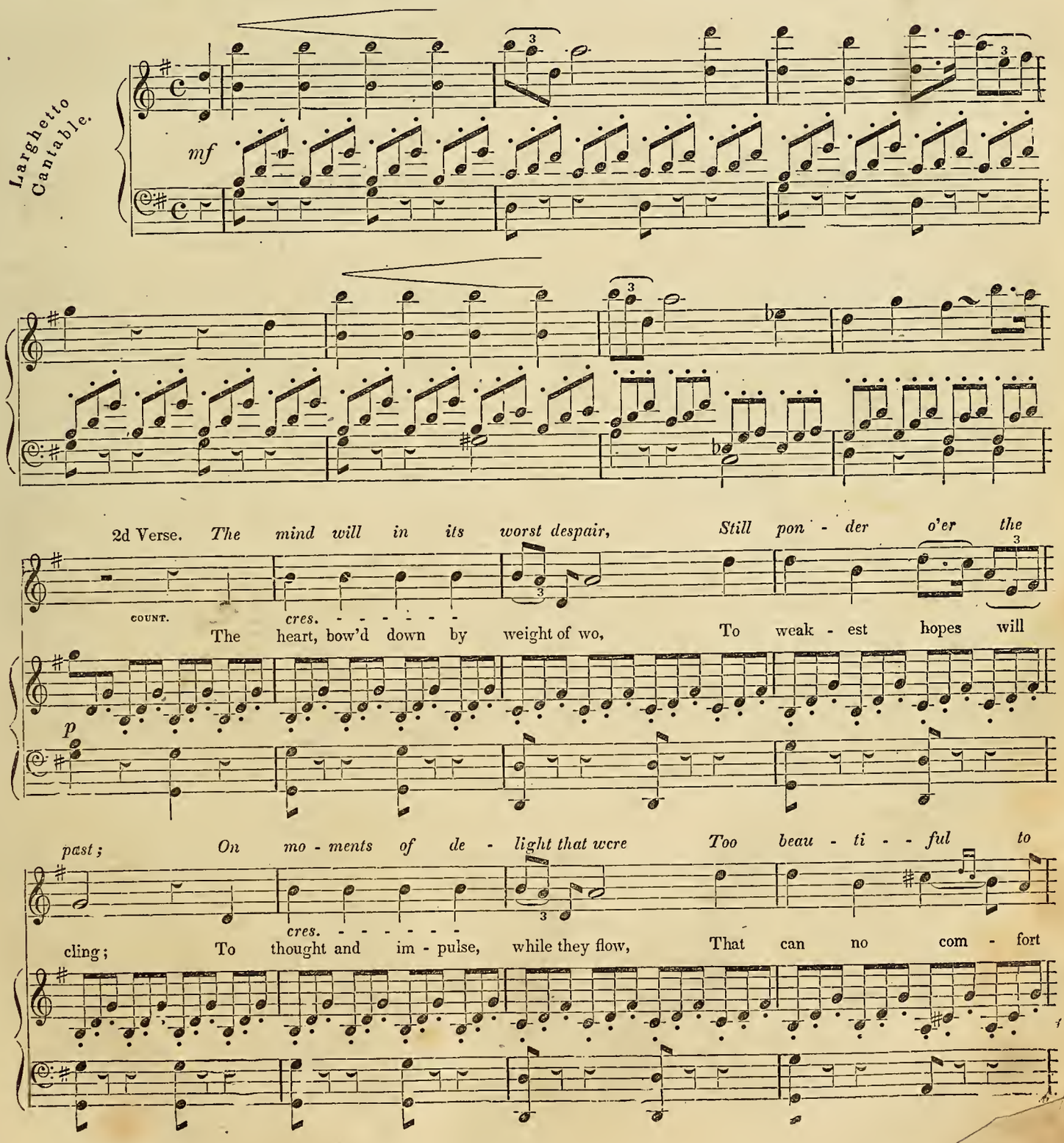
cres.

2d Verse.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
nember me,
nember, you'll remember me

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



last, That were too beau-ti-ful, too beau-ti-ful to last. To long de-part-ed

cres. - - - - - - - - - Rall. cres. - - - - -

bring, That can, that can no com-fort bring. With those ex-cit-ing

pp

years extend Its vi-sions with them flown, For mem'-ry is the

cres. - - - - - -

scenes will blend, O'er plea-sure's path-way thrown; But mem-'ry is the

p

on-ly friend That grief can call its own, That grief can call its

on-ly friend That grief can call its own, That grief can call its

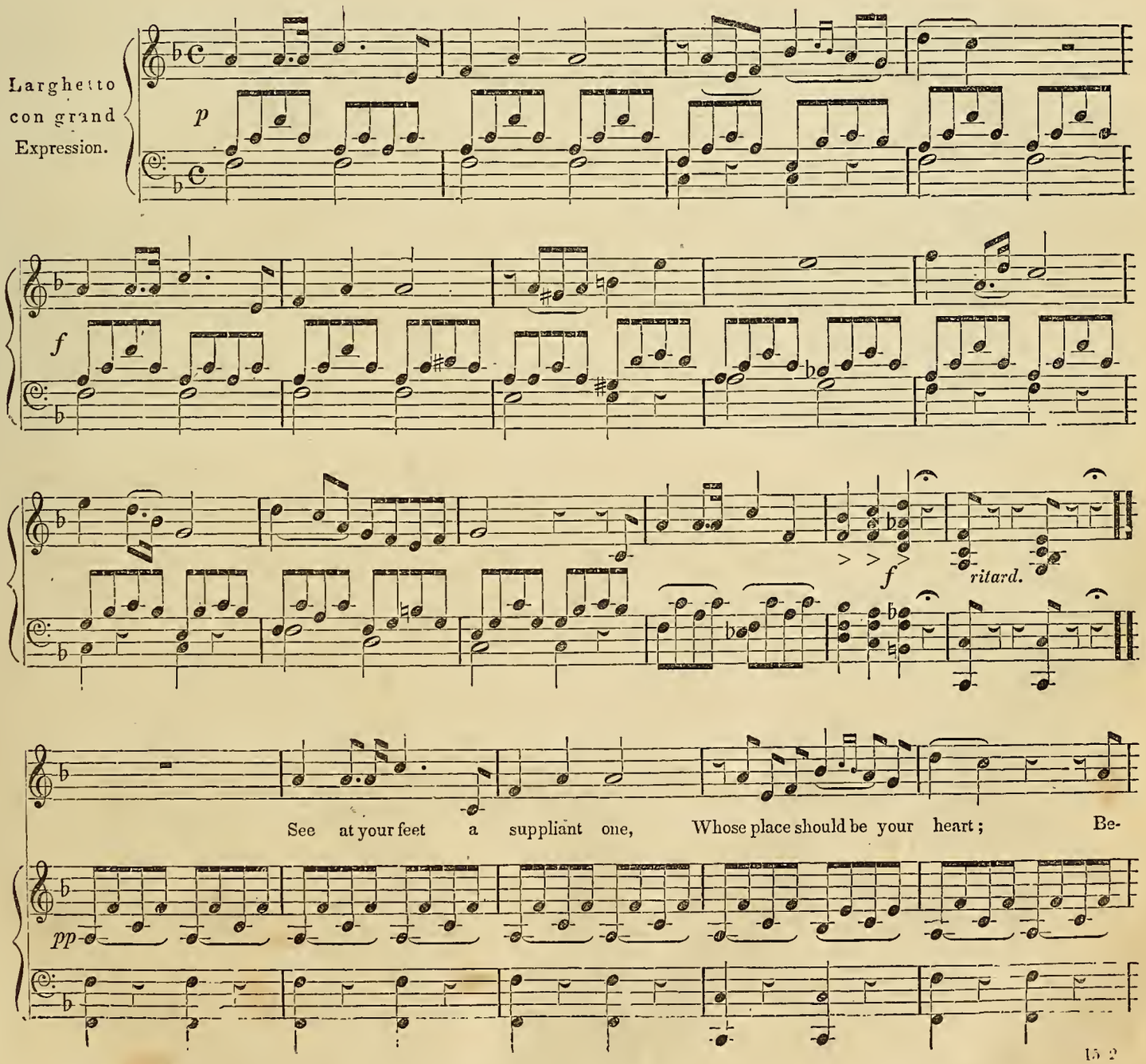
own, That grief can call its own.

own, That grief can call its own.

f

SEE AT YOUR FEET A SUPPLIANT.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



hold the on - ly liv - ing thing To which she had to cling: Who saved her life,

f *p*

watch'd o'er her years, With all the fondness faith endears, And her af - fec - tion won.

decres. *p*

Rend not such ties a - part.

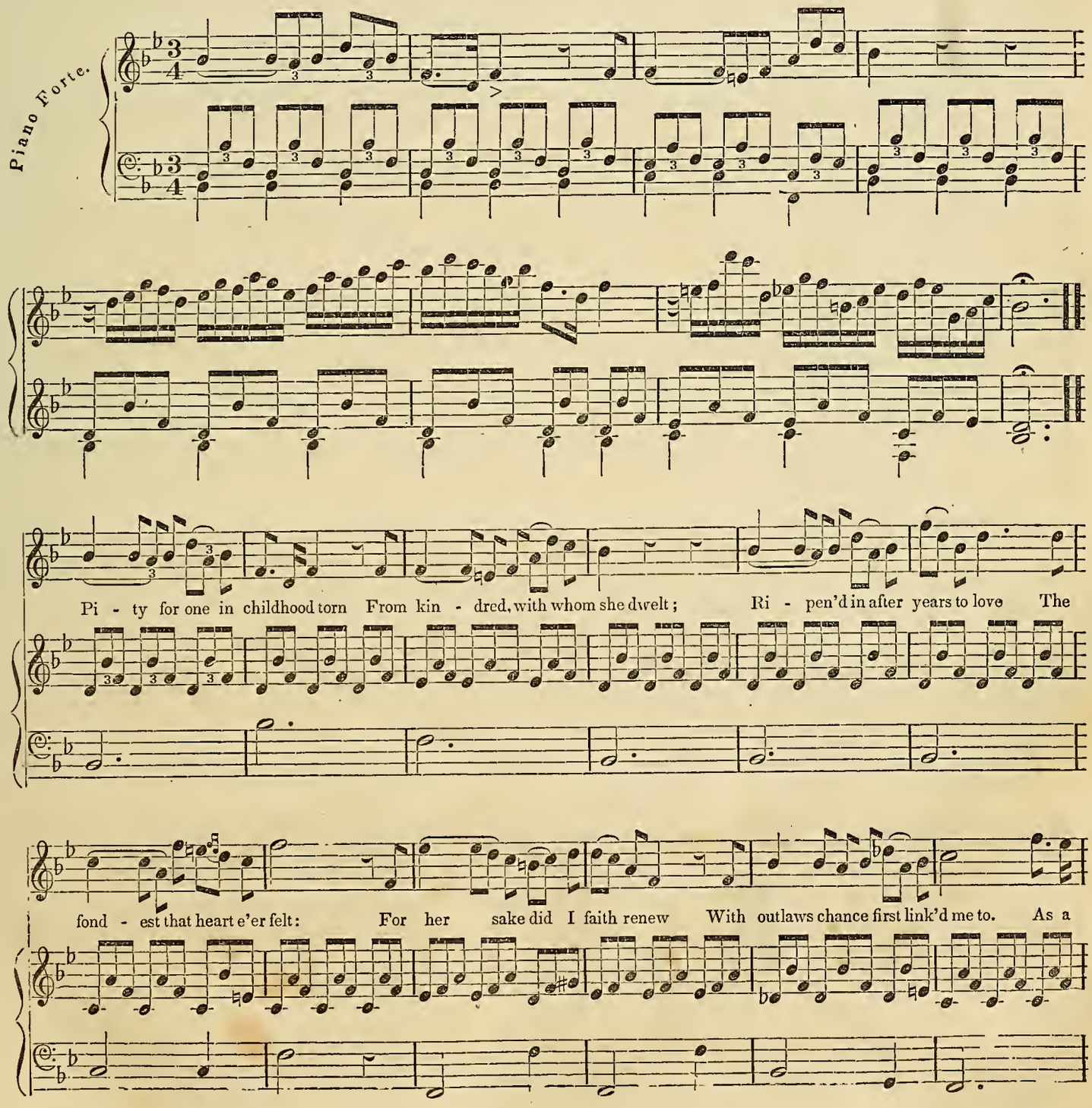
p

> > *f* > *ritard.*

Oh! do not spurn the only friend
On whom she could depend;
I was the only living thing
To which she had to cling.
And saved her life, &c.

PITY FOR ONE IN CHILDHOOD TORN.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



foe, on my head let your hatred be piled, But de - spise not one who has so loved your child. As a

foe, on my head let your hatred be piled, But de - spise not one who has so loved your child, - - - - - De-

spise not one who has so lov'd your child.

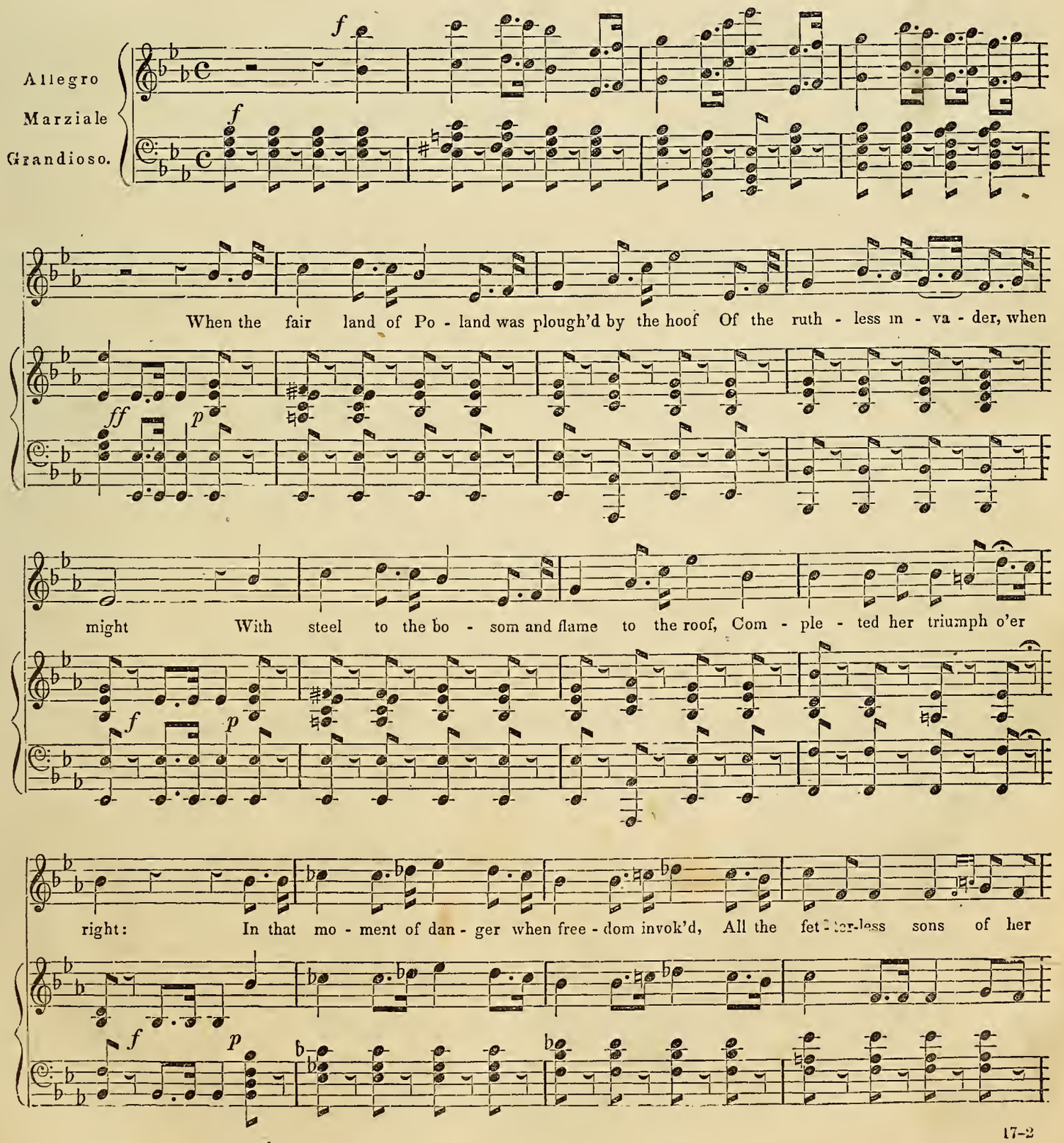
8va loco.

Drive me not back to the life I've led,
That life would be lonely now,
Since she who cheer'd its path before,
Is torn from her sacred vow.

Oh! force me not faith to renew
With outlaws chance first link'd me to.
As a foe, on my head let your hatred be pil'd,
But despise not one who has so lov'd your child.

WHEN THE FAIR LAND OF POLAND.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



pride, In a pha - lanx as daunt-less as free - dom e'er yoked, I fought and I fell by her

Poco meno.

side; My birth is no - ble, un-stain'd my crest As is thine own,

p

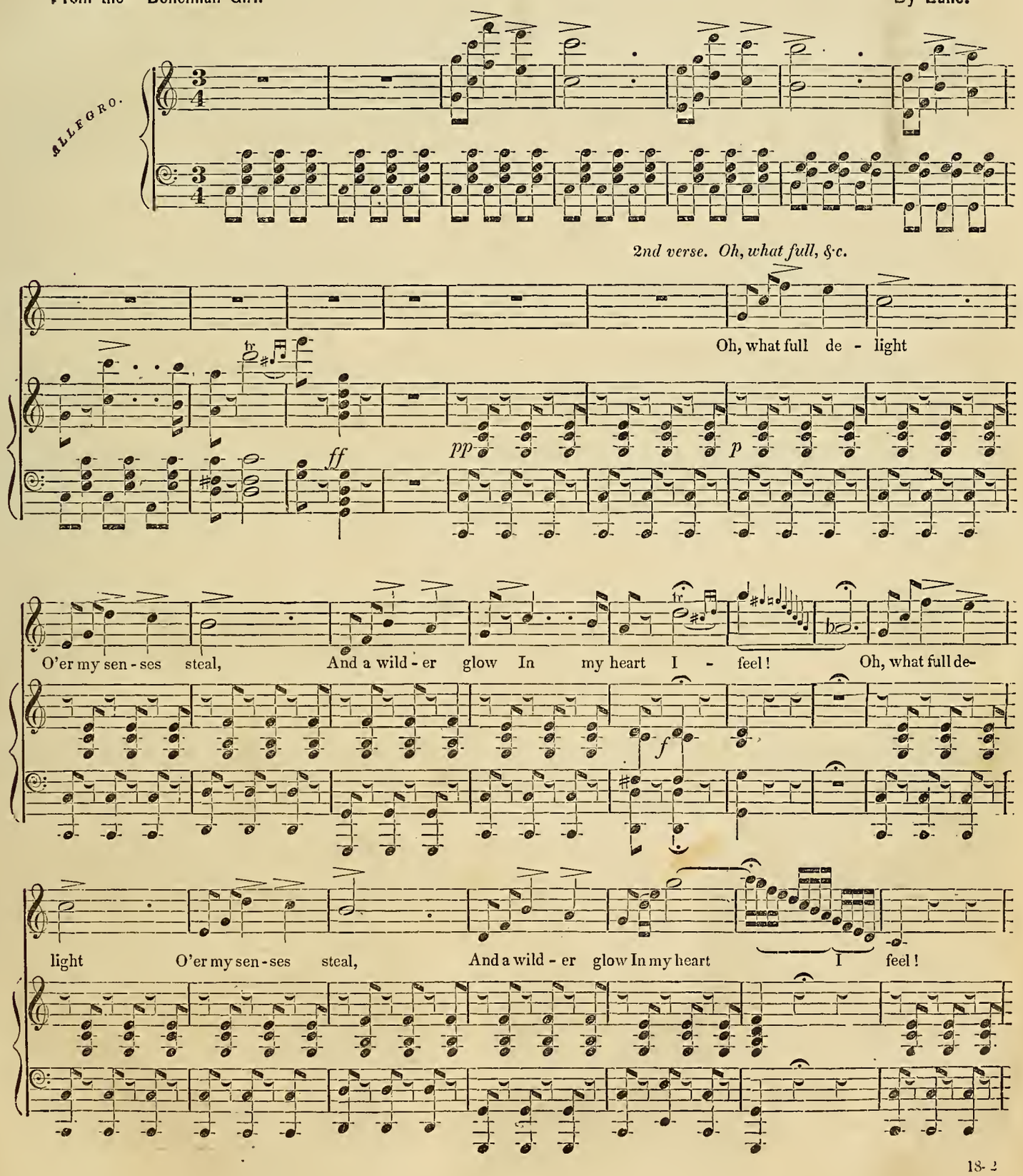
Rallant. *Adagio assai.*

let this attest, My birth is no - ble, unstain'd my crest, As is thine own, as is thine own, let this at-

ff

OH, WHAT FULL DELIGHT.

From the "Bohemian Girl." By Balfe.



When amid our festive hours, Mirth and music mingling flow, Let us not forget the bow'rs Where we used to rove.

Bliss unfelt, un - felt before, Hope without, without alloy, Speaks with raptured, raptured tone, Of my heart the joy.

Oh! - - - - - - - - Oh, what full, &c.

Oh, - - - - - - - - Oh, what full de - light O'er my sen - ses steal,

f

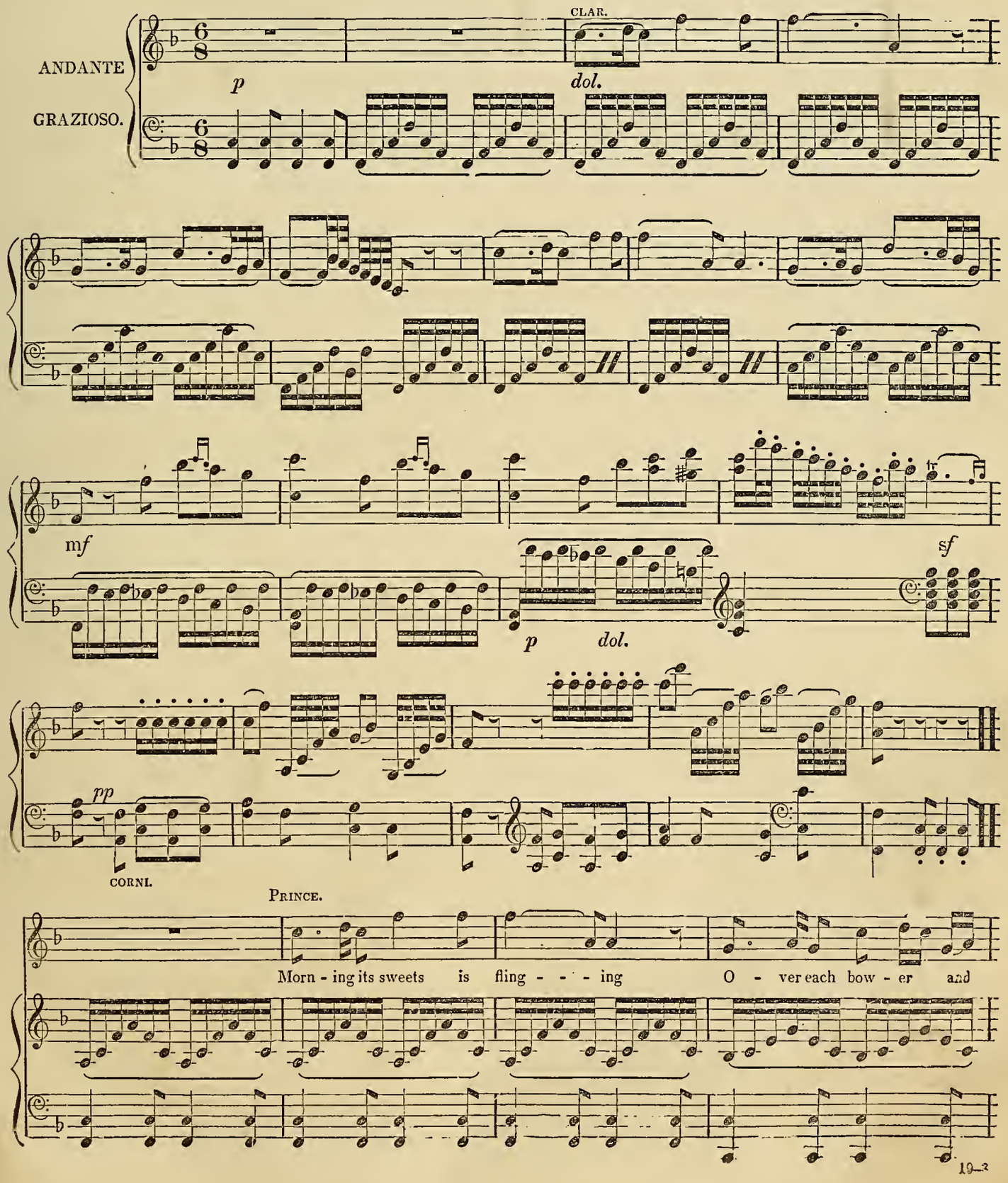
And a wild - er glow In my heart - - - - - - - - my heart I feel!

tempo

8va.

"MORNING ITS SWEETS IS FLINGING."

From "Cinderella." By Rossini.



spray - - - - ; Flow - ers to life are spring - ing, To greet the op' - ning

day. Soft floats a - round The

legato

wa - ters, murm' - ring sound! Ze - phyr is gen - tly wing - - - ing

pp

Round his spor - tive way. - - - Birds on each branch are sing - ing, While E - cho re - peats their

lay! While E - cho re - peats their

lay! While Echo re - peats their lay!

p

tr ad lib. tr

'T is an en chant - ed grove, Sacred to peace and love!

pp *dol.* *f*

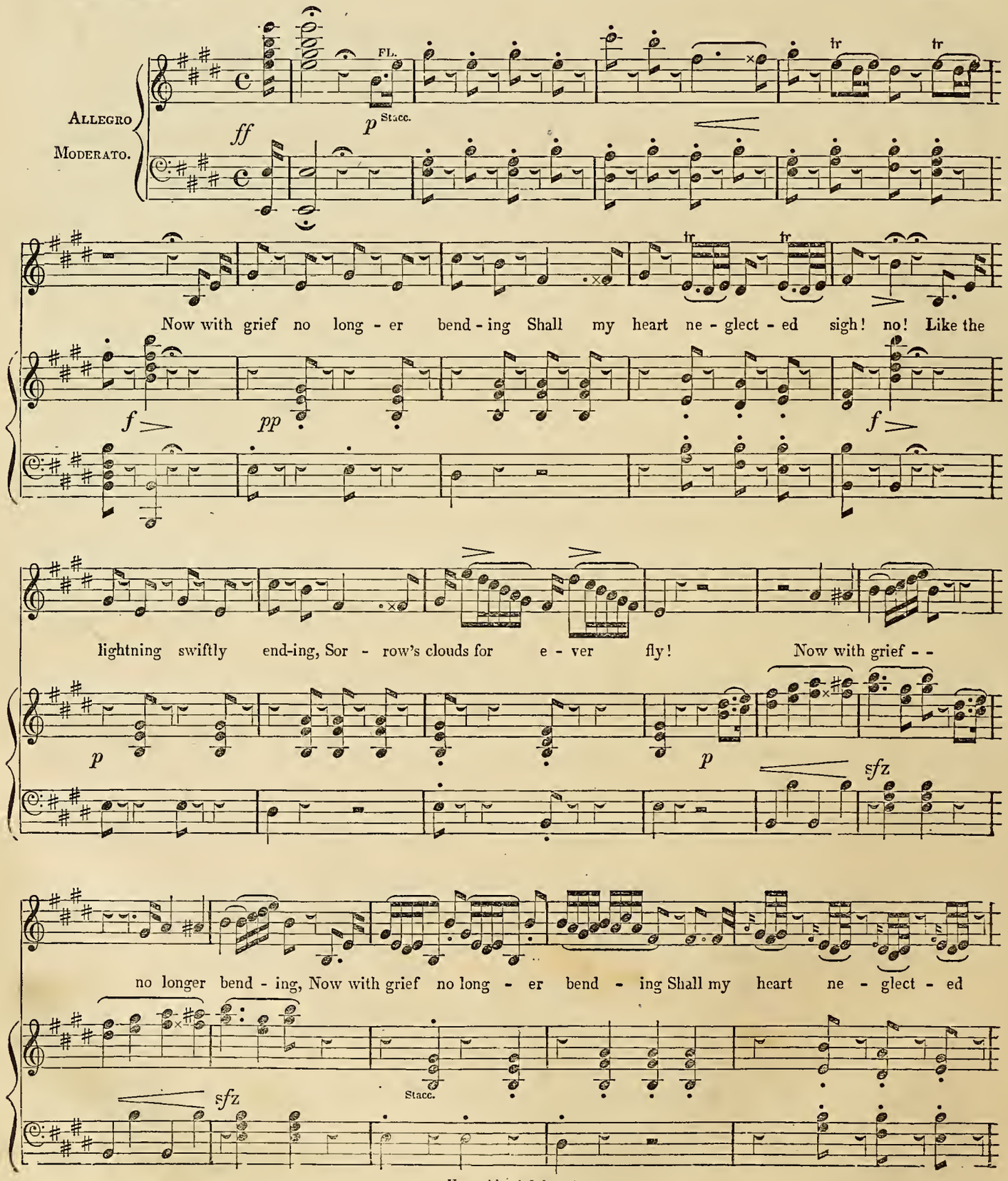
tr 3 3

di - min - u - en do

p *pp*

"NOW WITH GRIEF NO LONGER BEND

From "Cinderella." By Rossini.



sigh! no! Like the light-ning swift-ly end - - ing, Sorrow's clouds for ev-er - - fly! Now with

f

grief - no longer bend - ing, Now with grief no long - er bend - ing Shall my

sfz *sfz* *pp* Stacc.

heart ne - glected sigh! No! Like the light - ning swift - ly end - ing, Sor - row's

clouds for ev - er fly! Like the light - - - - - ning swiftly end - - - - -

pp

ing, Like the lightning swiftly end - ing, Sor - row's clouds - - - for e - - - ver

fly! Like the light - - - - - ning swiftly end - - - - - - - ing, Like the

lightning swiftly end - ing, Sor - row's clouds - - - for e - - - ver - - fly! Like the

8va

p Accel'o.

legato

f

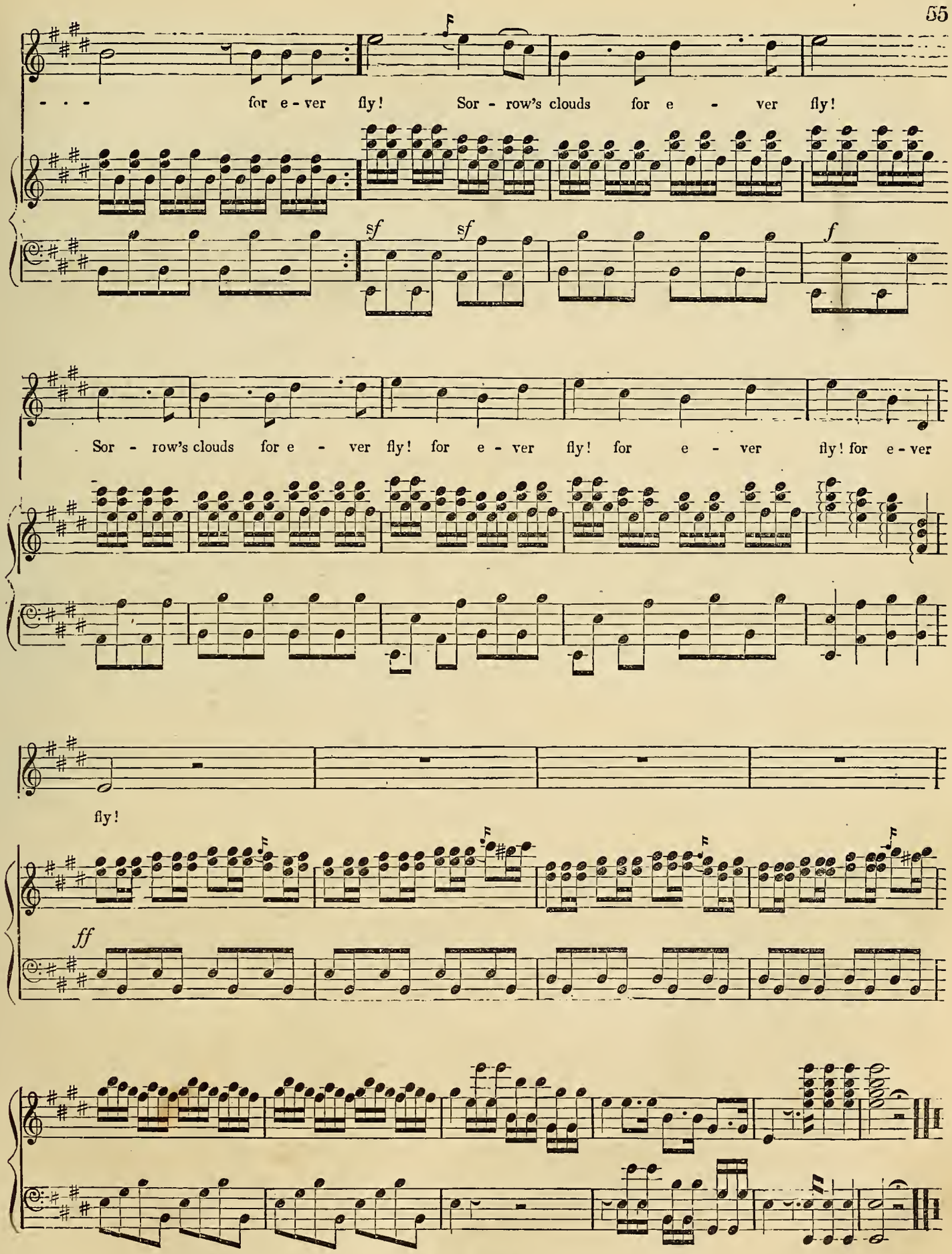
light - ning swiftly end - ing, Sorrow's clouds -

loco.

f

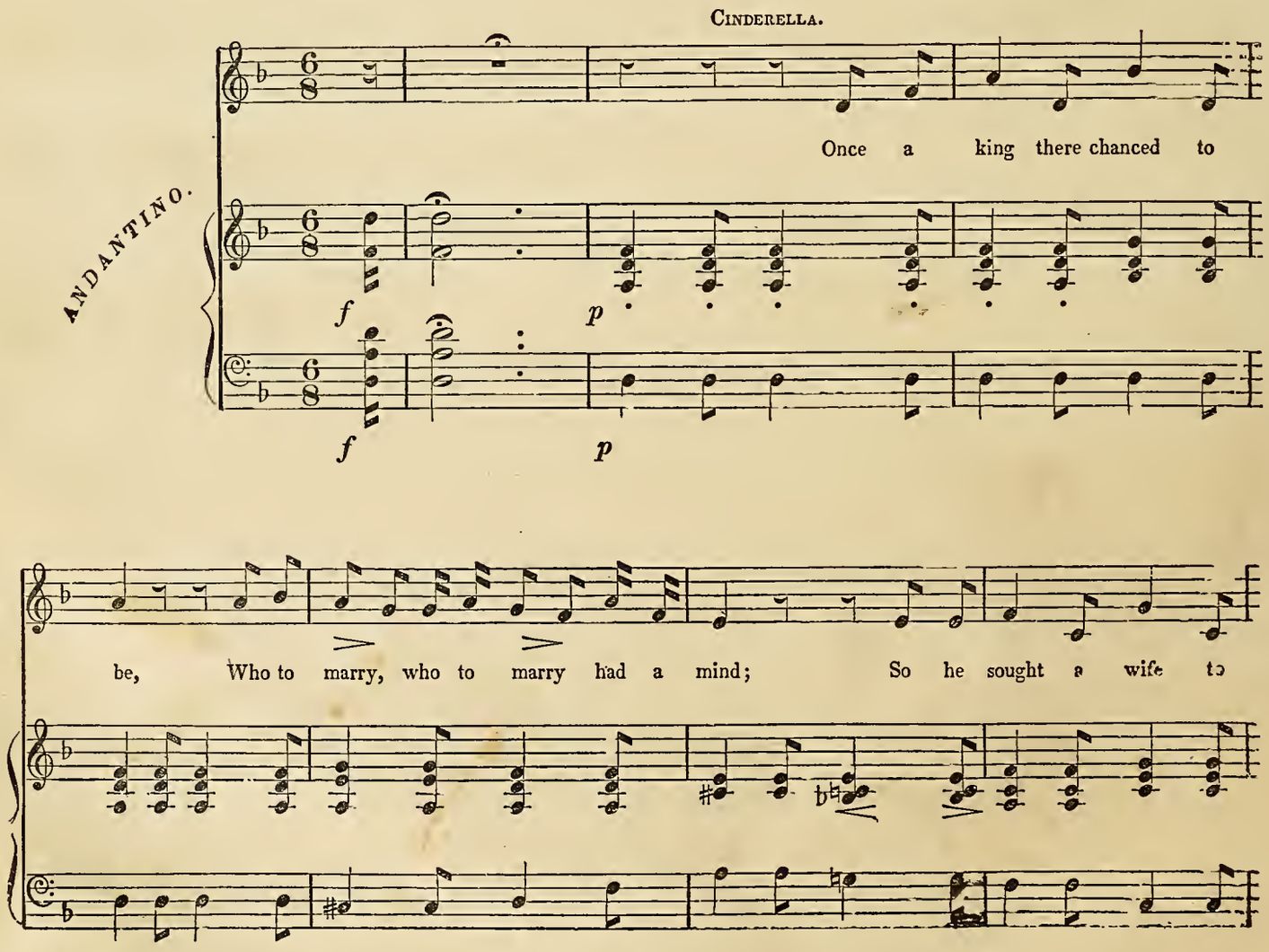
f

Now with grief, &c.—3.


- - - for e - ver fly! Sor - row's clouds for e - ver fly!
sf
sf
f
Sor - row's clouds for e - ver fly! for e - ver fly! for e - ver fly! for e - ver
fly!
ff

"ONCE A KING THERE CHANCED TO BE."

From "Cinderella." By Rossini.



find, And he'd his choice of fair ones three. Thus 't is

said:— Scorn - ing wealth and charms a - lone, Vir - tue's call his heart o-

f *p* *pp*

bey'd, And he chose, he chose a low - ly maid, To - - - share his love and

throne! La la la la, li li li li La la la la!

"SWIFT AS THE FLASH."

From "Cinderella." By Rossini.

Allegretto ma non troppo.

FLUTE

f *p*

Then swift re - turn, thou fairy sprite, With sunbeam

sf

Swift as the flash that mocks the sight, Thou seem'st a

f

smile our eyes de - light; And we will sing Love's tender strain, While thou dost tread our vale a-

bird in ai - ry flight, Who high towards hea - ven wings her way, Till lost from view in up-per

gain. Oh! come, then, and cheer us, Our fond one, our own one, A - gain thou shalt

sf *dolce express.* *sf*

day. When home re - turn - ing, We leave these cool foun - tains, In our na - tive

Hear us sing Love's ten - der strain. To purest joys our songs in - vite, In measured

dolce

moun - tains thy praise we 'll re - cite; Less fair and light are flowers bright, When wash'd by

strains our steps u - nite. Then swift re - turn, thou fairy sprite, With sunbeam smile our eyes de-

sten. ad lib.

showers, in Love's gay bowers. Swift as the flash that mocks the sight, Thou seem'st a bird in ai - ry

light; And we will sing Love's tender strain, While thou dost tread our vale a - gain. From every

flight, Who high towards hea - ven wings her way, Till lost from view in up - per day. From every

wood - land sounding clear, Thy fai - ry beau - ty's praise we hear; While every bird, with carol

wood - land sounding clear, Thy fai - ry beau - ty's praise we hear; While every bird, with caro.

sweet, Will seem the tri - bute to re - peat. Oh! come, then, and cheer us, our fond one, our

sweet, Will seem the tri - bute to re - peat. When home re - turn - ing, we leave these cool

own one, A - gain - - thou shalt hear us sing Love's - - - - ten - - - - - - - - der

foun - tains, In our na - - - tive mountains thy praise - - - - we'll - - - - - - - re-

strain.

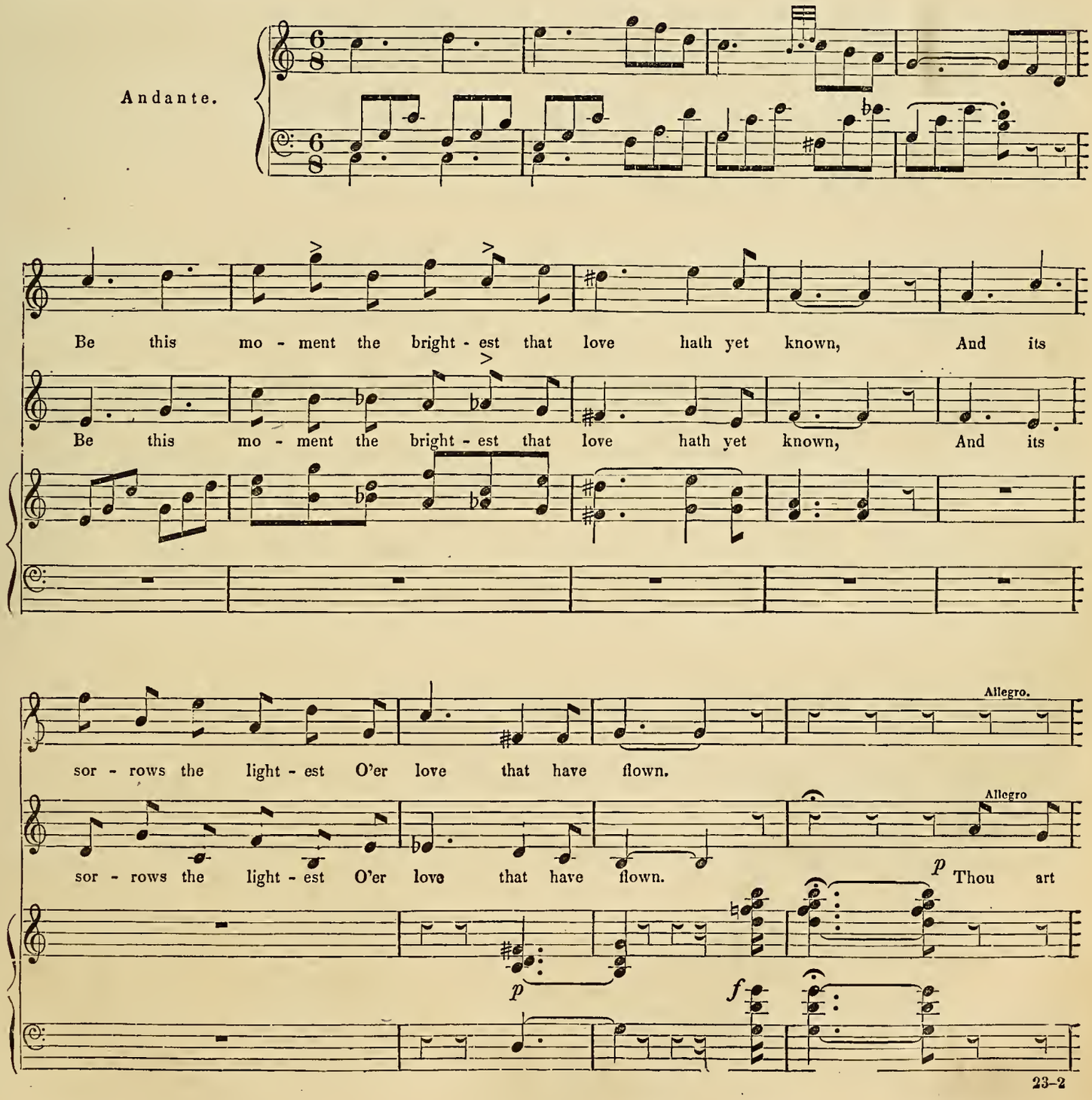
cite.

f *p* *f* *p* *p*

ff cres. *ritard*

"BE THIS MOMENT THE BRIGHTEST."

Duett, from "The Daughter of St. Mark." By Balfe.



Thou art mine, Thou art mine, As mine arms round thee twine, . . thou art

mine . . . . Thou art mine . . . . . As mine arms round thee twine, . . thou art

mine, . . . thou art mine, ... thou art mine My sweet love, ... Ah!

mine, . . . thou art mine, ... thou art mine My sweet love, ... Ah!

cres.

yes thou . . . art mine.

yes thou . . . art mine

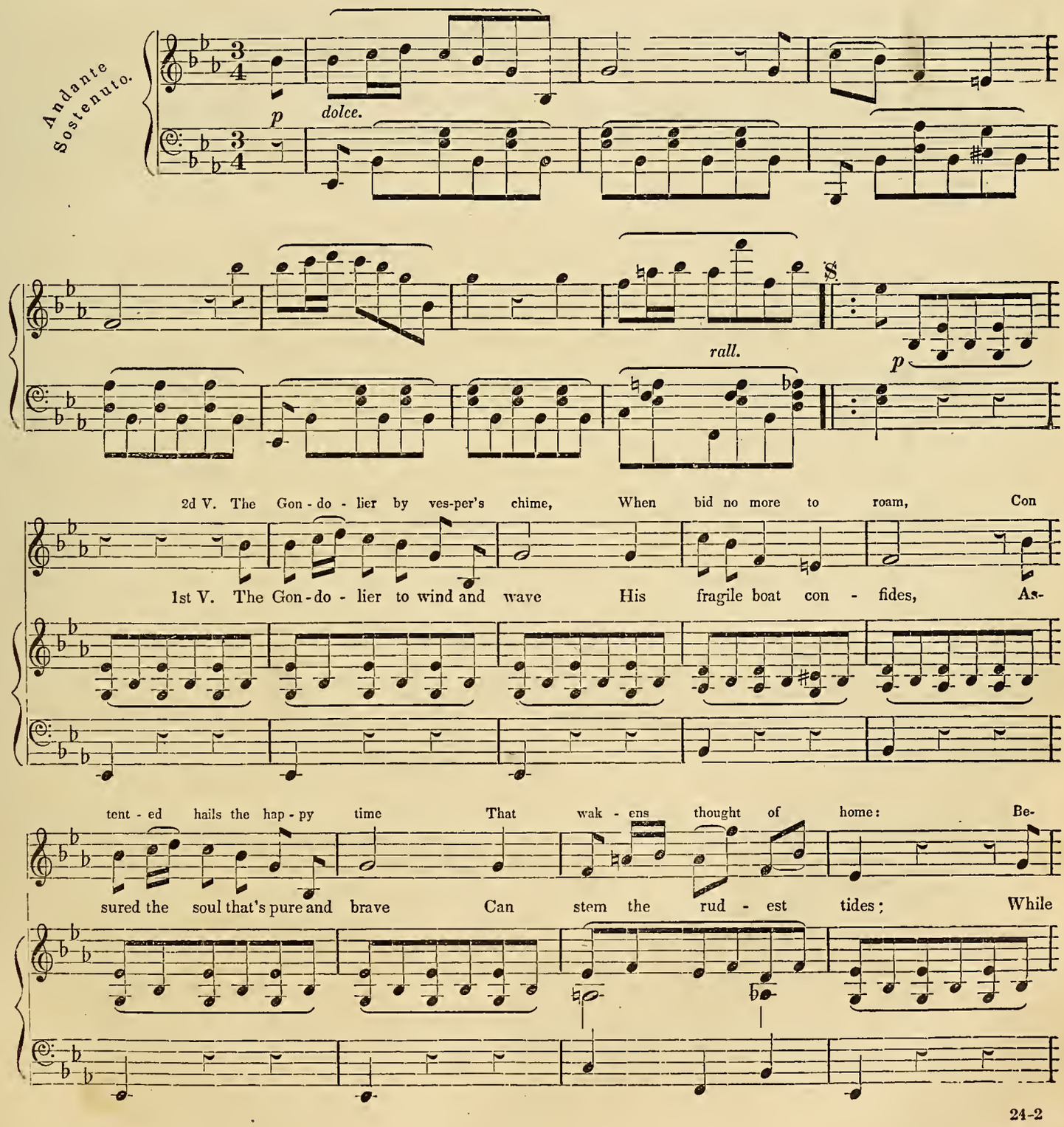
f *p* *pp*

2.

Oh! whose wish would not give for
Such treasure a throne;
When we feel that we live for
One fond heart alone.
Thou art mine, &c.

THE GONDOLIER

From "The Daughter of St. Mark." By Balfe.



neath that roof, on bend - ed knee, With all to thee so dear; When

a - ble thus through clime or sea Thy dauntless course to steer, Where

thou shalt be, Oh! pray for me, Good Gon - do - lier, good Gon- - - - -

pp thou may'st be, Oh! pray for me, Poor Gon - do - lier, poor Gon- - -

With agony.

pp

- - - - - - - - - - do - lier. Ah! - - - - - - - - good Gon - - do-

- - - - - - - - - do - lier. Oh! - - - - - - - poor Gon - do-

lier.

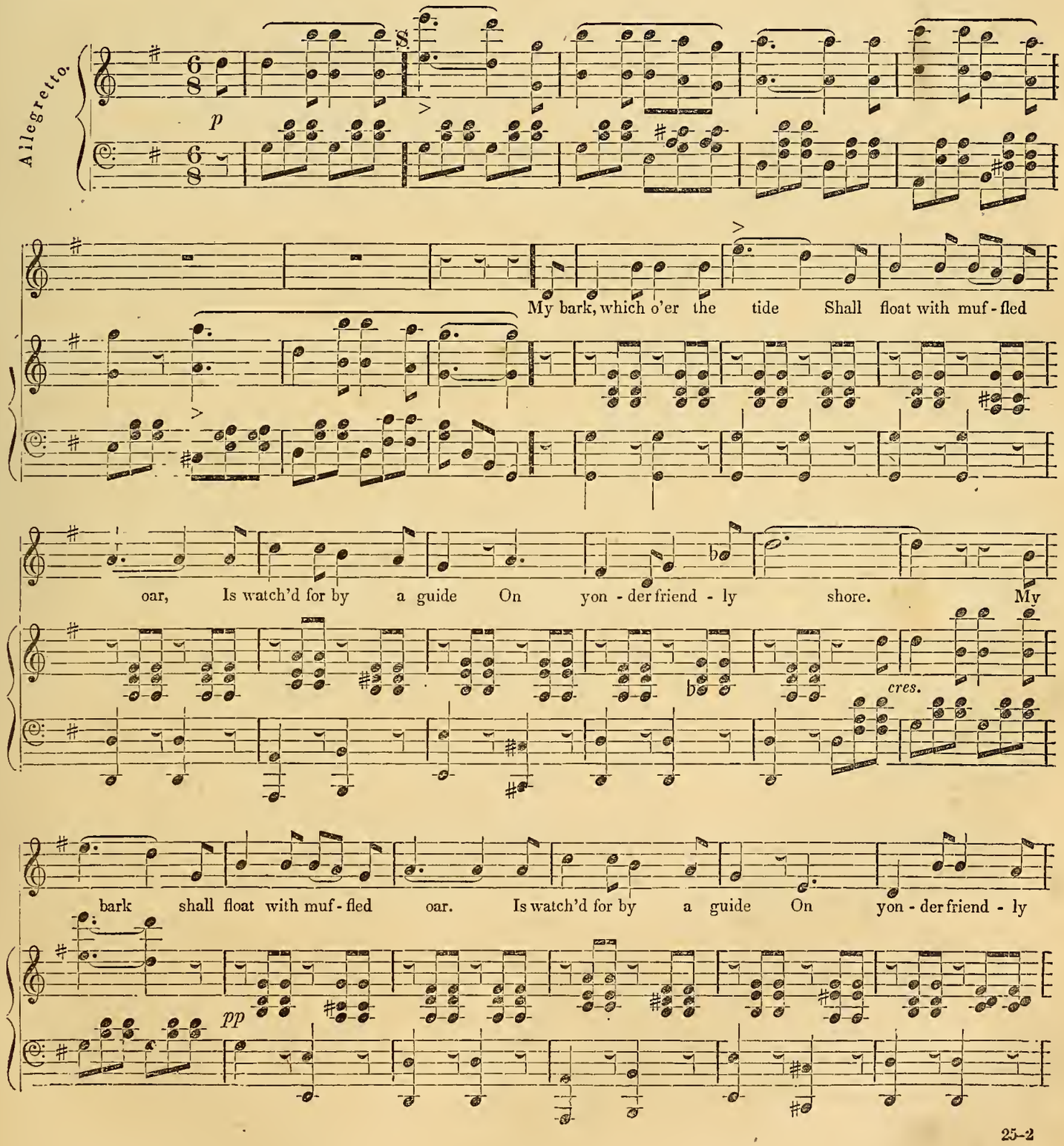
lier.

p dolce. *rall.*

After the 2d verse.

MY BARK, WHICH O'ER THE TIDE.

Barcarolle, from "The Daughter of St. Mark." By Balfe.



shore. Come while the wave is spark - ling Far from the strand; Come while the shade is

dark - ling, Un - der the land. The moon may guard the night While all a - round her

p

sleeps, Yet love, by that pure light, Its constant vi-gil keeps. Yet love, by that pure light, Its

Colla voce. *pp*

con - stant vi - gil keeps. Yet love, by that pure light, Its con-stant vi - - - - - gil keeps.

D. C.

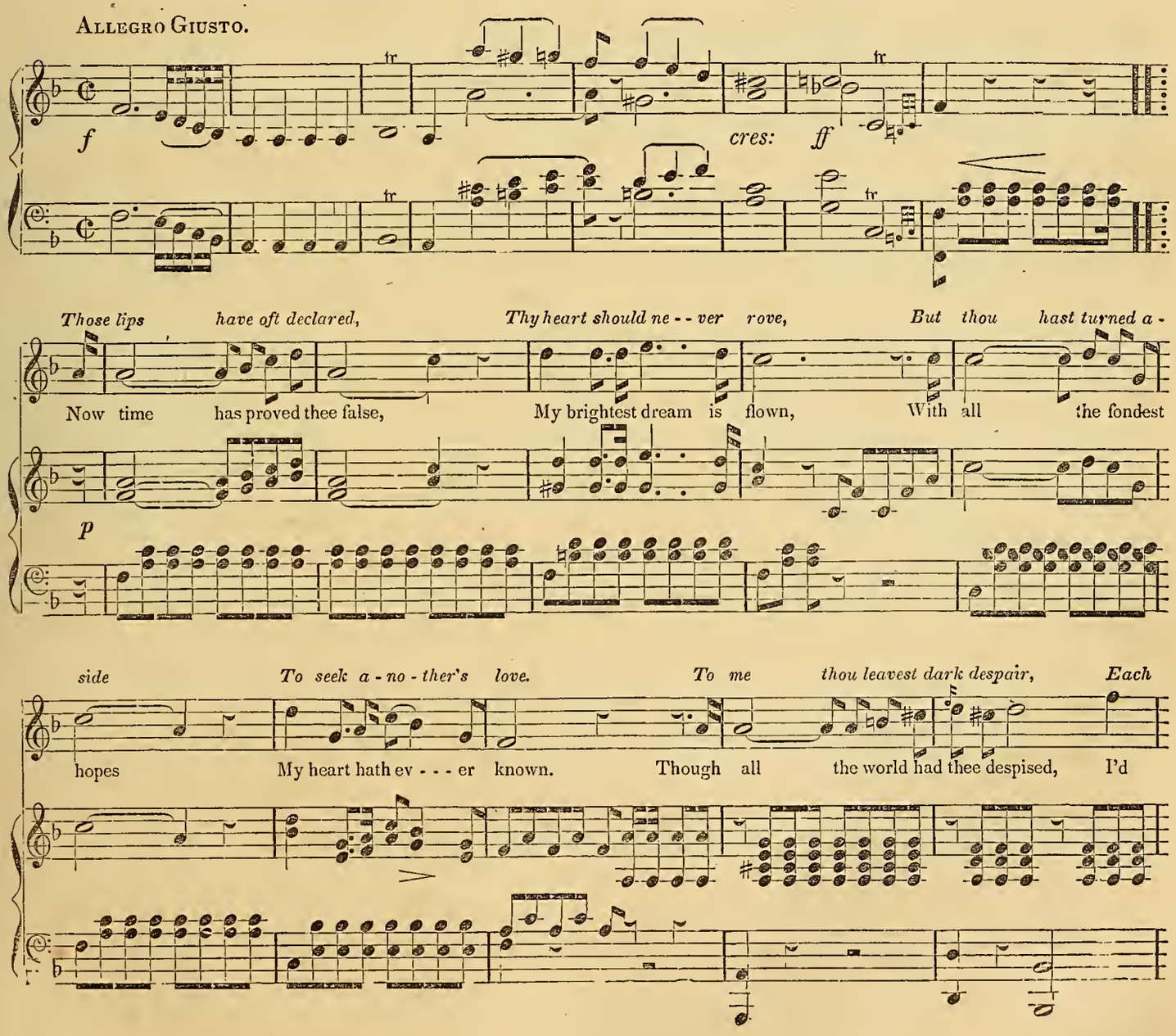
mf

f *f*

D. C.

NOW TIME HAS PROVED THEE FALSE.

From "The Daughter of St. Mark." By Balfe.



me I'm doom'd to se - ver, 'Twere bet - - - - - - ter burst the bonds of life, Than live for - sa - - ken

fond - ly still be - lieve thee, I could not think a heart like thine Could wan - ton - ly de -

cres:

ev - er. Now time has proved thee false, My brightest dream is flown, With all the fondest

ceive me, Now time has proved thee false, My brightest dream is flown, With all the fondest

f

hopes My heart hath ev - er known, My heart hath ev - er known.

ad lib: *tempo:*

hopes My heart hath ev - er known, My heart hath ev - er known.

colla voce

f *fs*

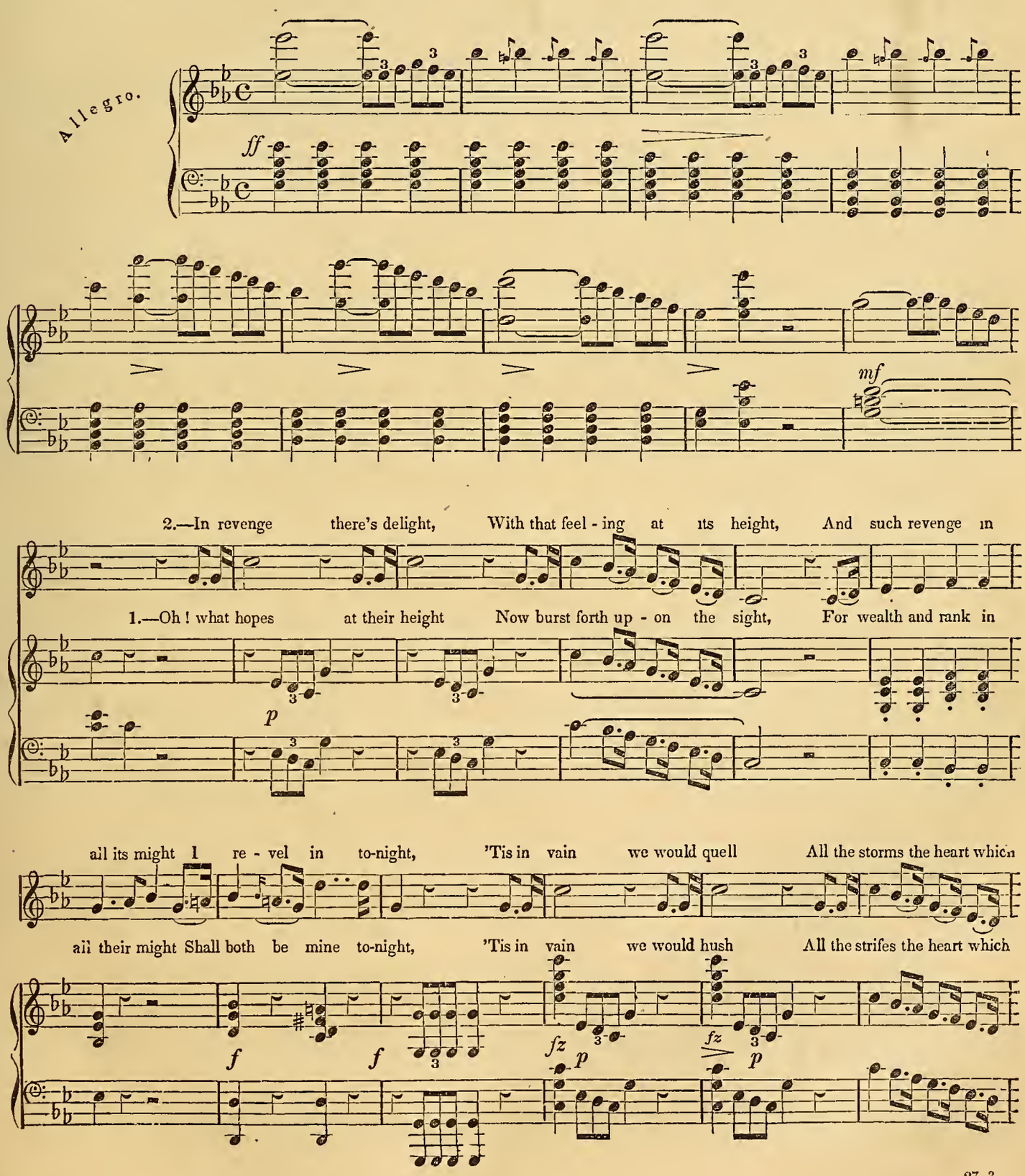
3

1st time: *End for 2d verse:*

p dolce ad lib: dim. *pp*

"OH! WHAT HOPES AT THEIR HIGHT."

From "The Daughter of St. Mark." By Balfe.



swell, Or seek to calm the griefs that dwell With - in that se - cret cell, The - - course I - -

flush, An idle dream those thoughts to crush That from its sources rush, The - - course I - -

f

- - - - fol - low will - - - thro' the world - - Despite the - - ma - lice by o - - thers

- - - - fol - low will - - - thro' the world - - Despite the - - ma - lice by o - - thers

hurl'd, Of re - venge in its might All my wrongs to re - quite;

hurl'd, Of those thoughts in their might All my hopes to re - quite;

p *mf*

Of revenge in its might, All my wrongs to requite, Of revenge in its might All my

Of these thoughts in their might, All my hopes to requite, Of these tho'ts in their might All my

(Oh! what hopes at their height: 2)

wrongs to requite, Which revenge shall be mine, and to-night; In revenge there's delight, With that feeling at its

hopes to requite, Shall be mine, shall be mine, and to-night; Oh! what hopes at their height, Now burst forth up - on the

cres. *f* > *p* *f* > *p*

height, And such revenge in all its might Shall be mine, shall be mine to-night, Which revenge shall be

sight, For wealth and rank in all their might Shall be mine, shall be mine to-night, All my hopes to re-

f *ff*

mine, shall be mine to - night, shall be mine - - - - - - - to - night.

ff

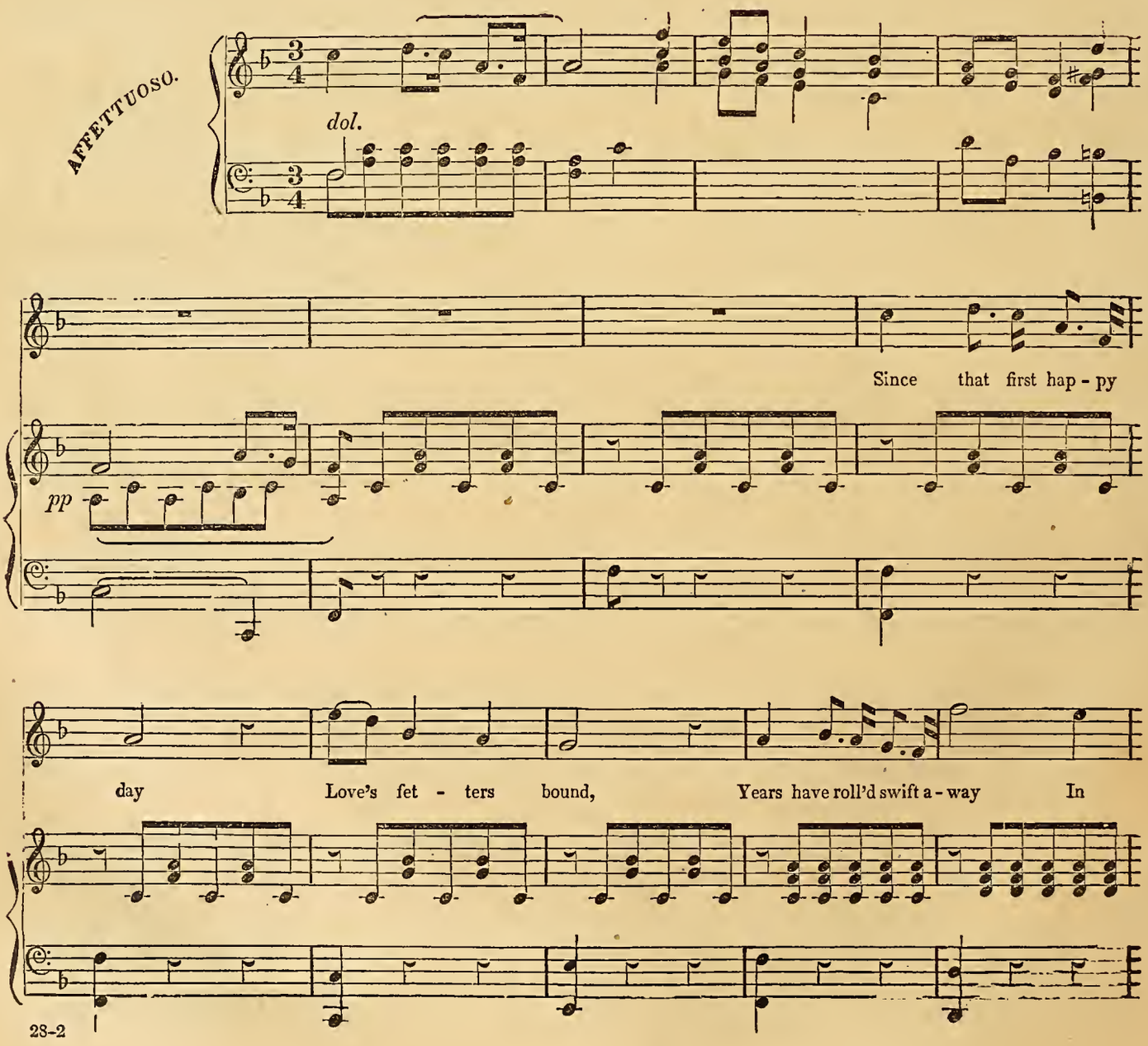
- - quite, Wealth and rank shall both be mine - - - - - - - to - night.

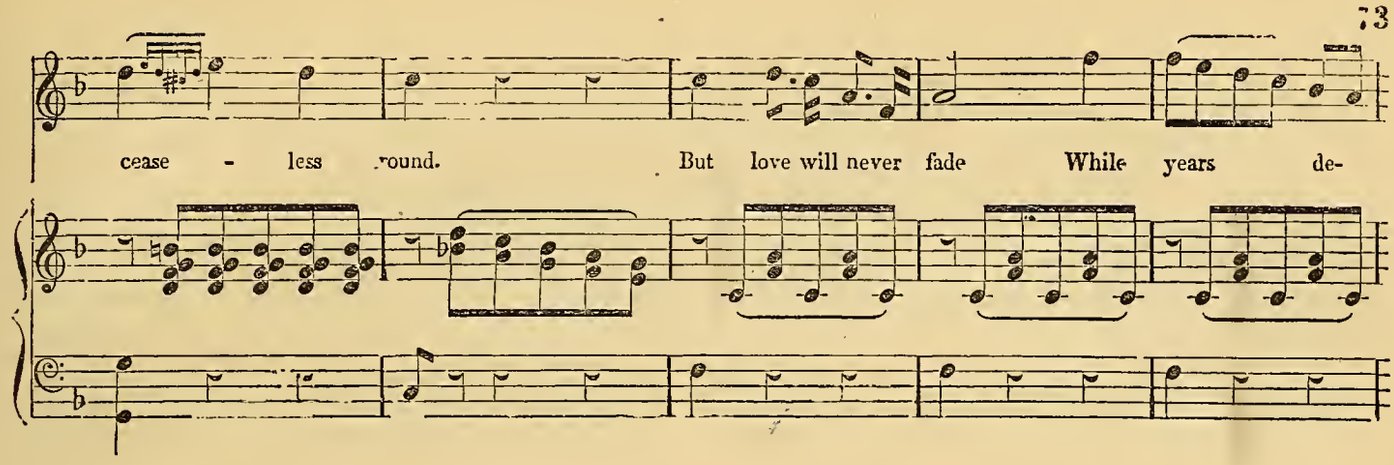
Oh! what hopes at their height: 3)

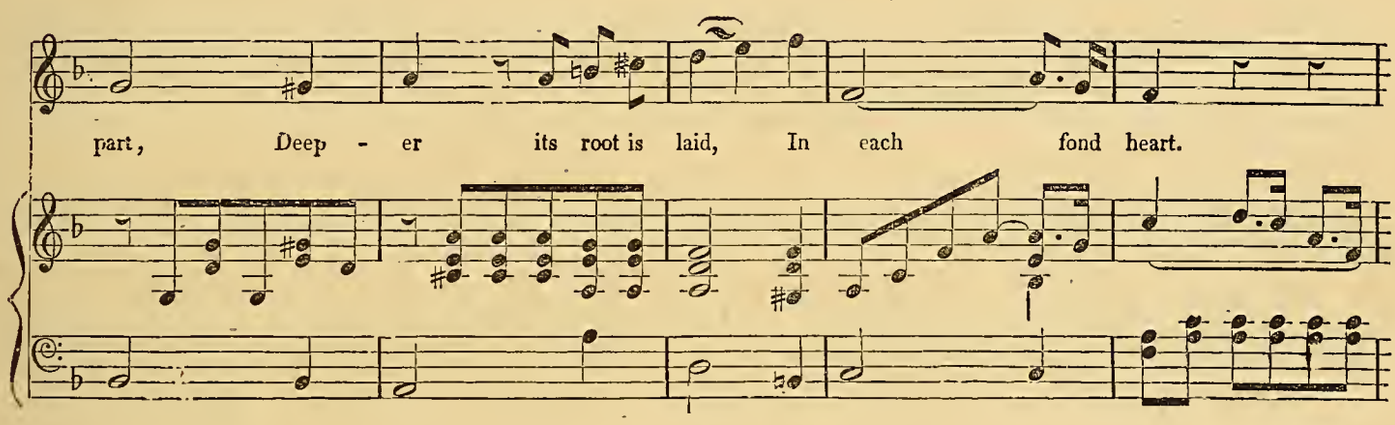
SINCE THAT FIRST HAPPY DAY.

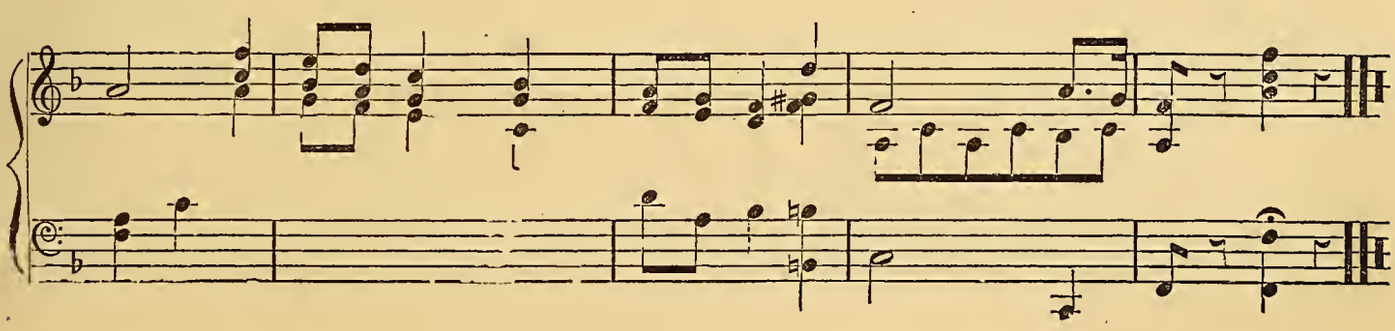
From "The Daughter of St. Mark."

By Balfe.









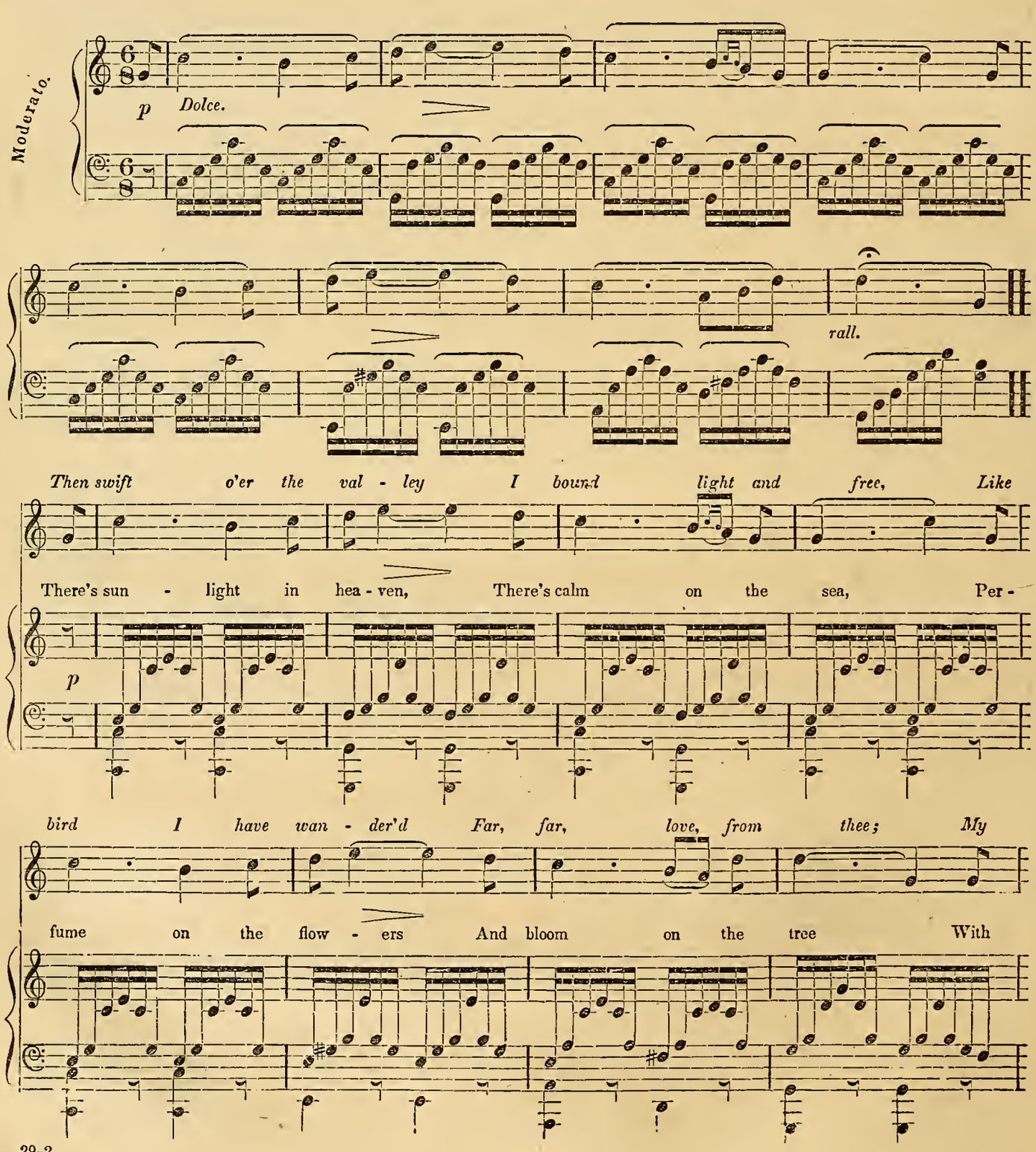
2.

Love's pure undying flame
Clearer shall burn,
When Death's o'ershadowing night
Bids us return.

Still to a brighter day
Love onward flies;
Though all else pass away,
Love never dies.

THERE S SUNLIGHT IN HEAVEN.

From "The Daughter of St. Mark." By Balfe.



steps now I has - ten T'wards home, love, and thee, - - - - And

na - ture as beam - ing As beau - ty can be, - - - - - And

all round looks smil - ing, &c.

all a - round smil - ing, Oh! smile thou on me. - - - - - Oh! smile thou on

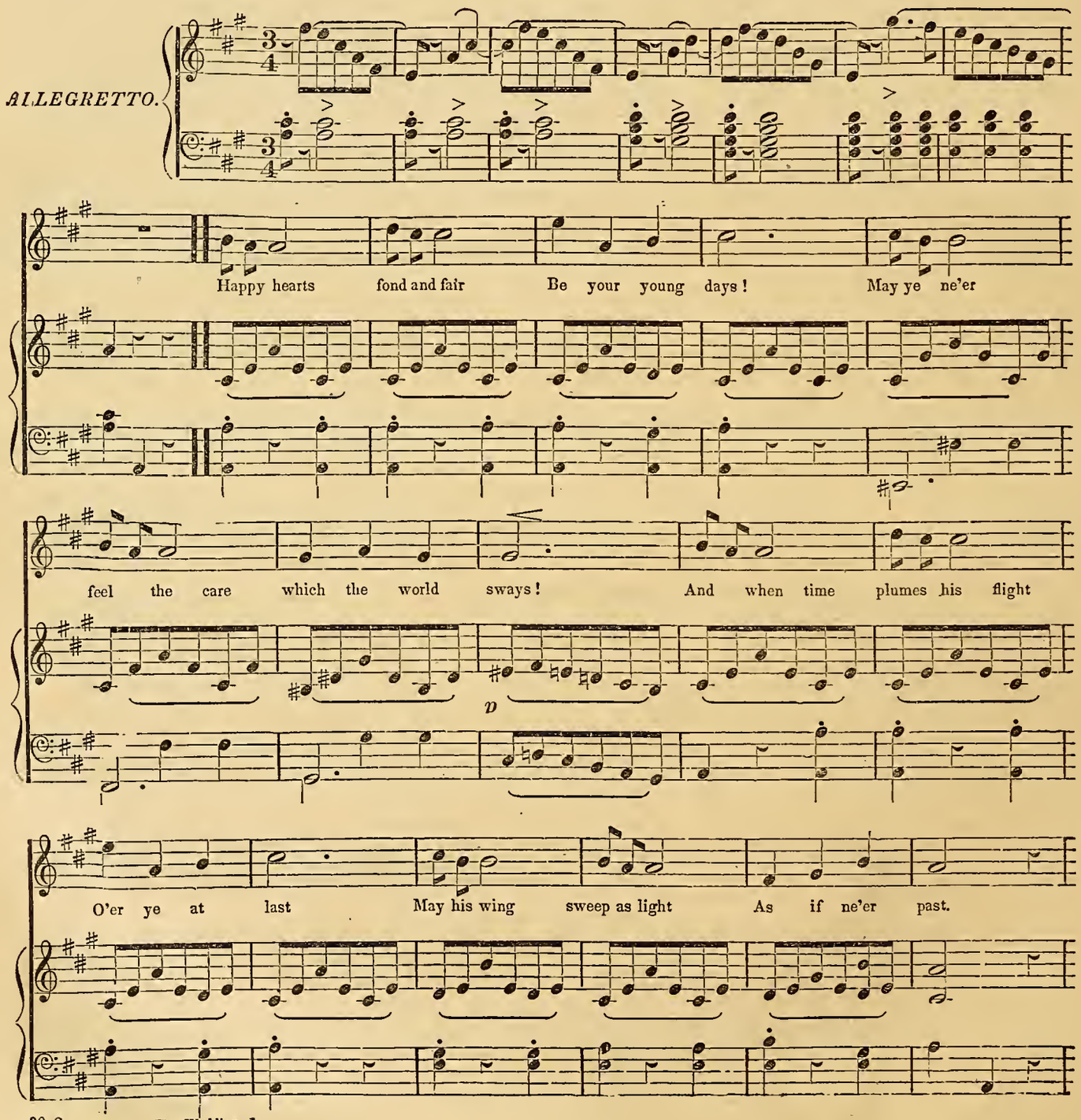
cres

me, - - - - Oh! smile - - - - - - - - - thou on me.

mf

THE WEDDING.

From "The Daughter of St. Mark." Arranged from the Chorus.



CRES.

And should grief ev - er mar, Scenes that so love-ly are Hope shall still

DECRES. *pp*

dash a - far Clouds o'er ye cast: Happy hearts fond and fair

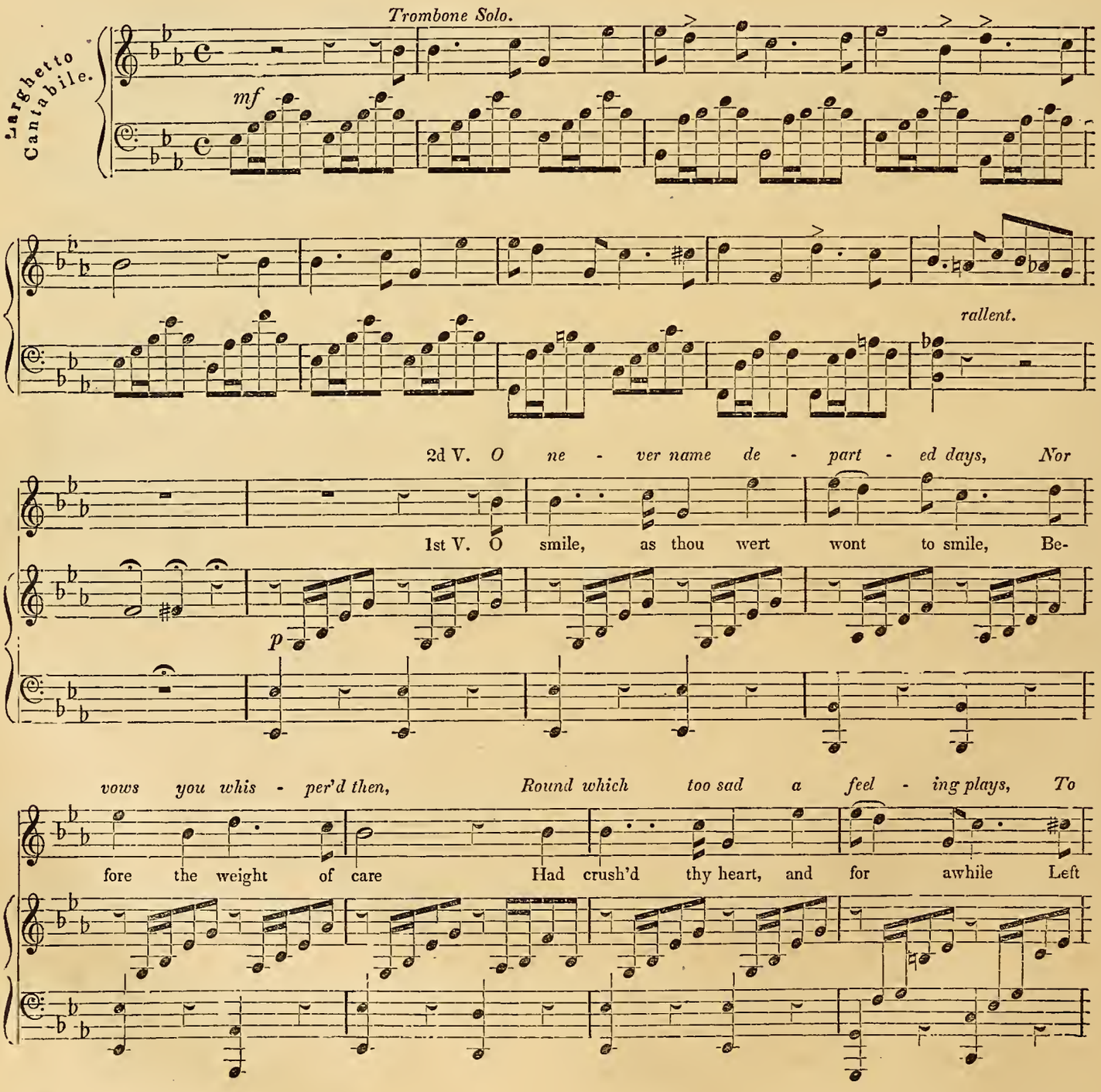
Be your young days May ye ne'er feel the care which the world sways

Glide along, light and gay,
'Neath love's bright skies,
Distant far be the day
When storms arise,
Let each joy earth can give
Still be your share,

And sweet peace while you live
Shield you from care;
And though gloom without cheer
Cast its shadows dark and drear,
Light again shall appear,
Brighter and fair.
Happy hearts, &c.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

From "The Daughter of St. Mark." By Balfe.



trust their tones a - gain. Re gard their sha - dows round thee cast, As

accelo.

on - ly sor - row there; Some thoughts, per - chance, 'twere best to quell, Some

accelo.

if we ne'er had met, And thus, unmind - ful of the past, We

im - pulse to for - get, O'er which, should mem' - ry cease to dwell, We

f *p*

may be hap - py yet. We may be hap - py, we may be hap - - - - - py

cres. rallo.

may be hap - py yet. We may be happy, we may be hap - - - - - py

f *p*

yet.

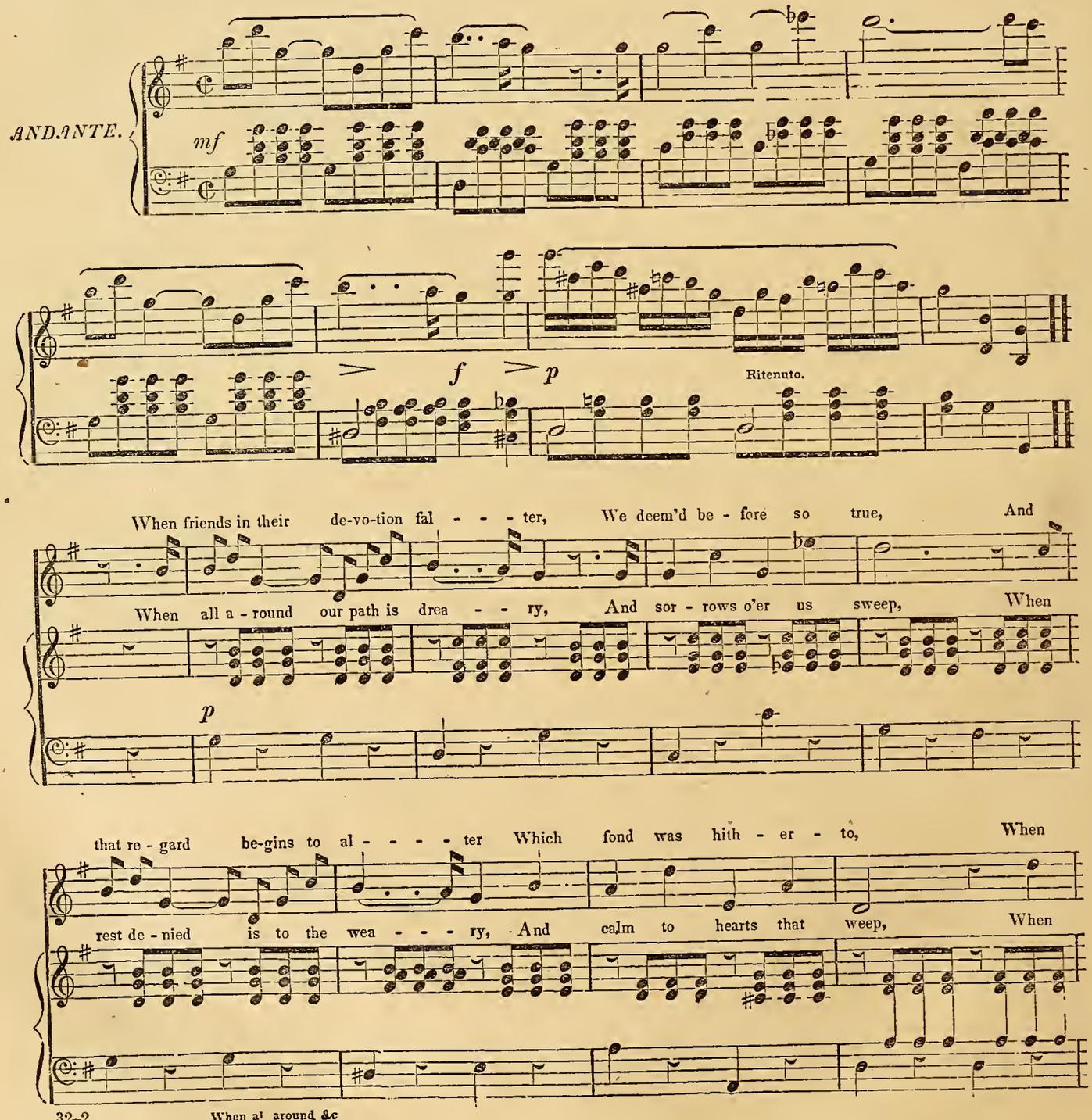
yet.

mf

WHEN ALL AROUND OUR PATH IS DREARY.

From "The Daughter of St. Mark."

By Balfe.



time which heals all griefs re-spect - - - - - eth No more the ills we see Then

those the bit - - - - ter world neg-lect - - - - - - eth But ru - - in near them see Then

Heav'n the in - - - no-cent pro - tect - - - - - eth If pure their spi - - rit be Then

Heav'n the in - - - no-cent pro - tect - - - - - eth If pure their spi - - rit be Then

Heav'n the in - - - - - - - no - - cent pro - - - - tect - - - - eth If - - - - - - - - - - - pure their spi - - rit

Heav'n the in - - - - - - - no - - cent pro - - - - tect - - - - eth If - - - - - - - - - - - pure their spi - - rit

Cres.

bc.

f *p*

Ritenuto.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF LIFE ARE O'ER

From the "Enchantress." By Balfe.

LARGHETTO CANTABILE.

The hap - - - py days of life are o'er The hopes they nursed as

well the hopes they nursed as well. And she is gone who

O'er them cast - - - - - - - her all re - sist - - less spell her all re - - - sist - - - - - - - - - - - - less

spell. Poor Pi - - rate now thy course is sped - - - - - - seek once a - - gain the

sea seek once a - - - gain the sea - - - - - - - - - - That in - - - grate heart will ne - - - - ver

shed, will never shed a single tear for thee, a single tear for thee.

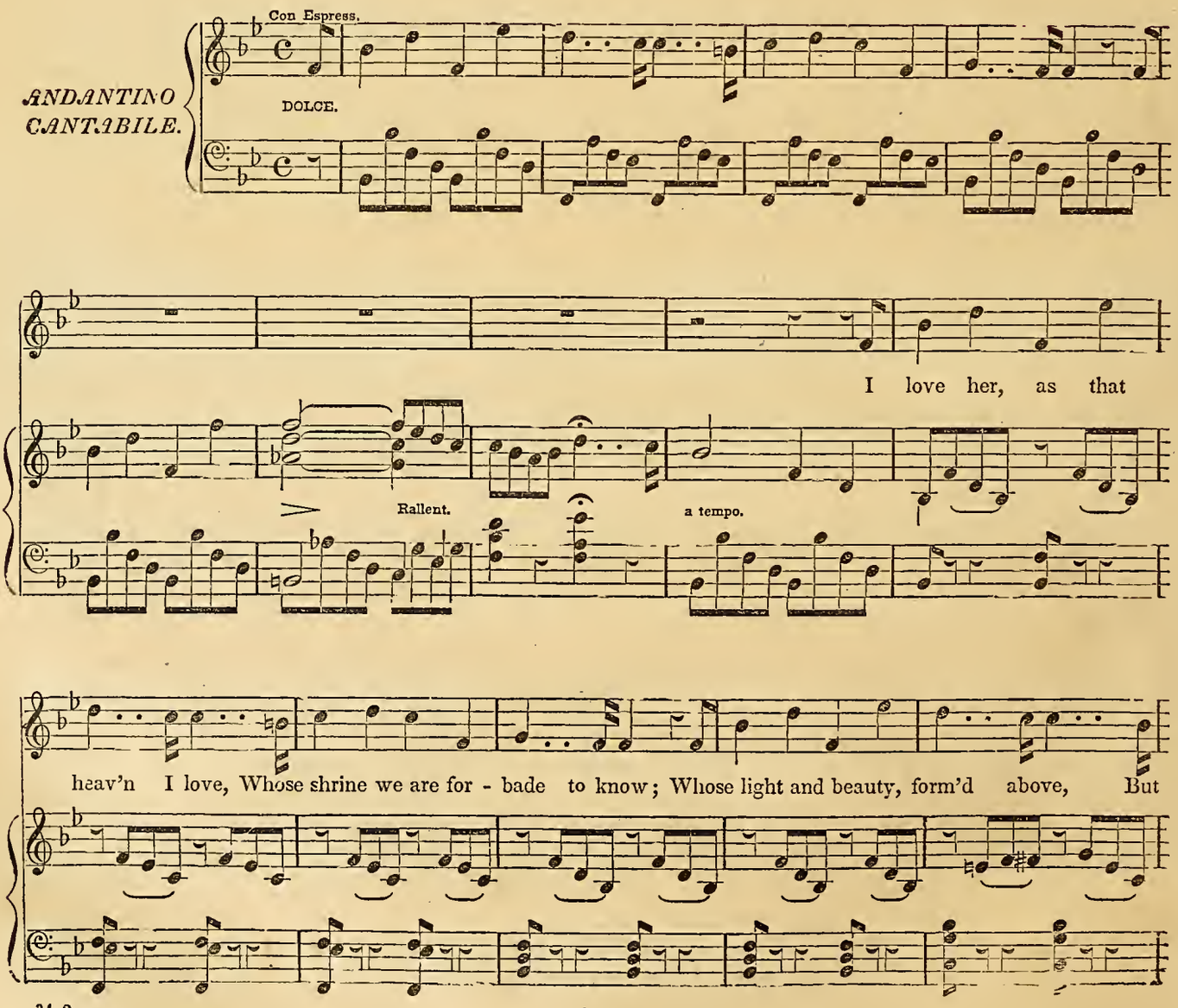
CRES.

DIM.

The throbbing pulse, the fevered brain.
And her the cause of all,
The dreams of bliss now sought in vain
'Twere idle to recall.
Poor Pirate, now thy course is sped, &c.

I LOVE HER; OR, "WHEN SLUMBER'S PINIONS O'ER ME PLAY."

From the "Enchantress." By Balfe.



rarely blends with aught below. When slumber's pinions o'er me play, In dreams her form appears to

a tempo.

Rallent.

me - - - - - - - - And when these visions pass away, Its image still I seem to see, And

Rallent. a tempo.

uc

when those visions pass away, Its image still I seem to see.

f *mf*

3 3

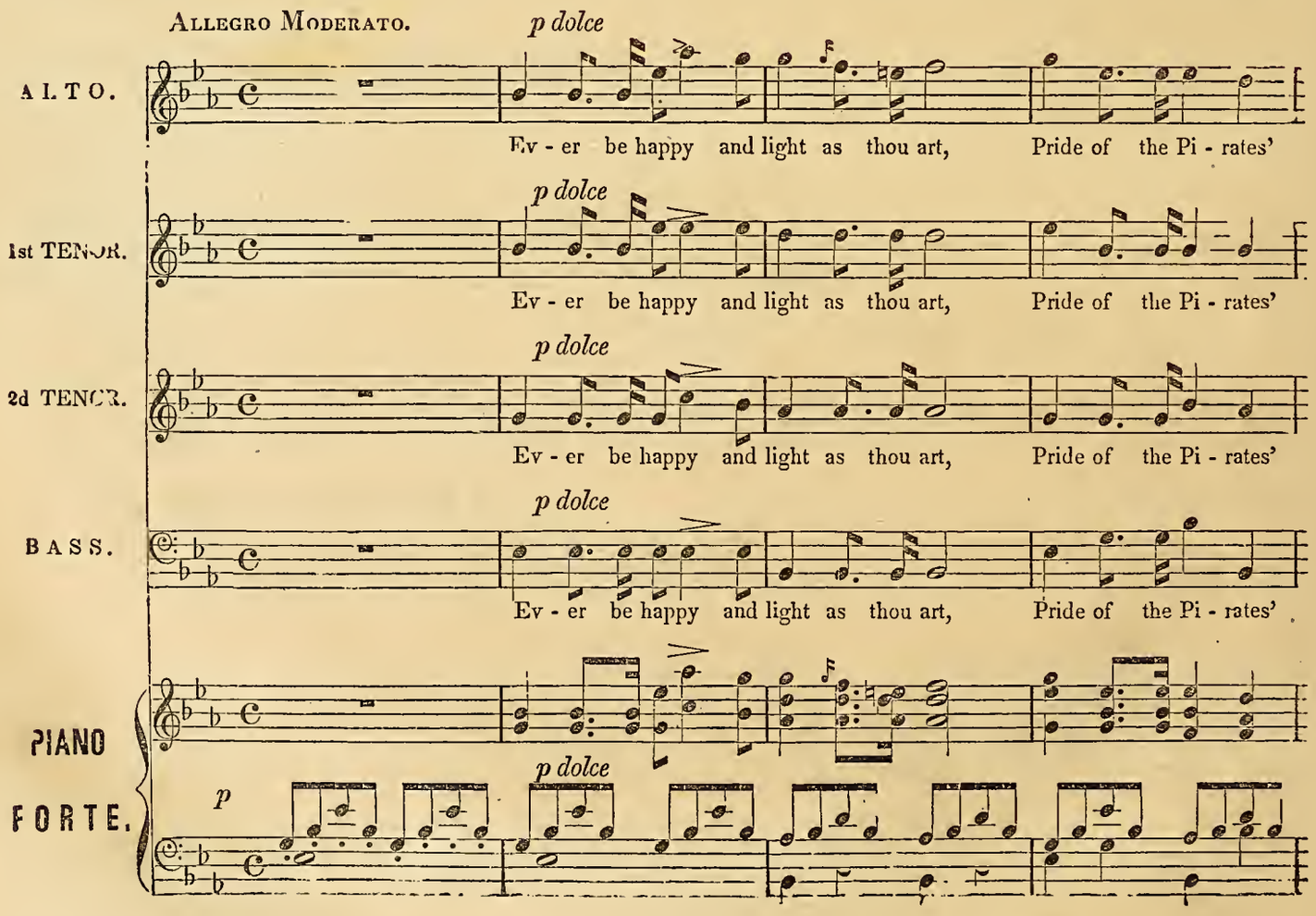
p

2

In hour of joy, or of distress.
She is my heart's presiding star;
And by her unmatched loveliness.
I feel how worthless others are.
When slumber's pinions o'er me play.
In dreams her form appears to me,
And when those visions pass away,
I s image still I seem to see.

THE PIRATES' CHORUS.

From the "Enchantress." By Balfe.



p dolce

heart! Ev er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - - rates'

p dolce

heart! Ev - - er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - - rates'

p dolce

heart! Ev - - er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - - rates'

p dolce

heart! Ev - - er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - - rates'

p dolce

f

heart! Long be thy reign O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

f

heart! Long be thy reign O'er land and main, By the glaive, By the chart, Queen

f

heart! Long be thy reign O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

f

heart! Long be thy reign O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

cres:

p dolce *f*

of the Pirates' heart, Queen! Ev - er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rates' heart, Pride,

p dolce *f*

of the Pirates' heart, Queen! Ev - er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rates' heart, Pride,

p dolce *f*

of the Pirates' heart, Queen! Ev - er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rates' heart, Pride,

p dolce *f*

of the Pirates' heart, Queen! Ev - er be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rates' heart, Pride,

f *p dolce* *f*

ff

pride of the Pi - - rates' heart, Pride, pride of the Pi - - rates' heart.

ff

pride of the Pi - - rates' heart, Pride, pride of the Pi - - rates' heart.

ff

pride of the Pi - - rates' heart, Pride pride of the Pi - - rates' heart.

ff

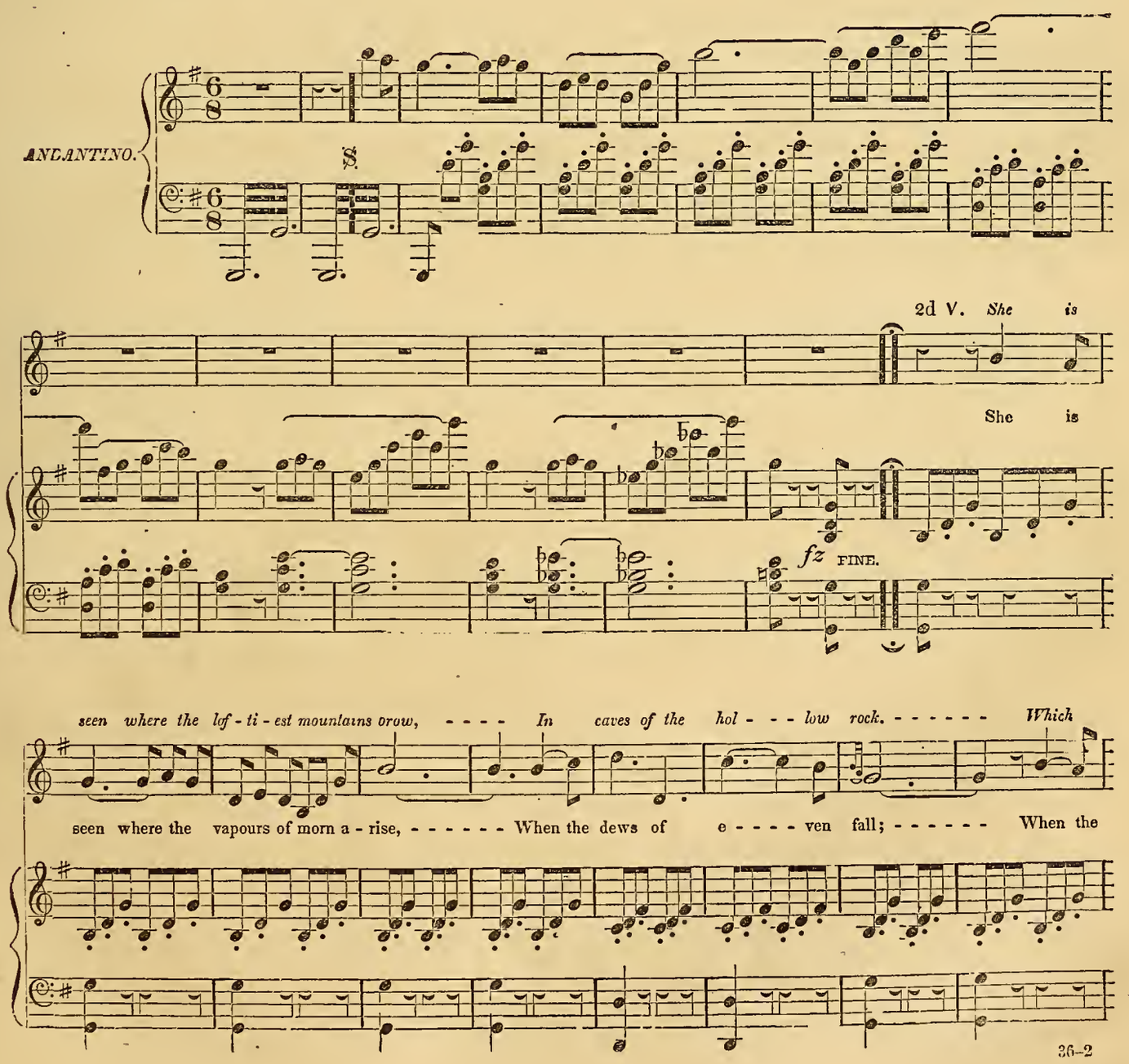
pride of the Pi - - rates' heart, Pride, pride of the Pi - - rates' heart.

8va.

ff

"SHE IS SEEN WHERE THE VAPORS OF MORN ARISE."

From the "Enchantress." By Balfe.



mor - - tal footsteps do never plough, - - - - And mor - tal ap - proach doth mock, - - - - - - And

moonbeams break thro' the cloudy skies, - - - - And shine on the clois - ter's wall, - - - - - - - And

mor - tal ap - proach - - doth mock. *When earth, &c.*

Cres.

shine on the clois - ter's wall. When earth is troubled or thick the air, - - - - - - - - The

fp *fp*

Rall. Lento. Tempo Primo.

pp

sorrow to some, On many may come, On many may come; For the Sor - ceress then is dwelling there - - - - - - For the Sorceress

f Rallent. *p* *pp*

1st. 2d. *f*

then - - - is dwell - - ing there, there, For the Sorceress then is dwell - ing dwell - - ing there.

1st. 2d.

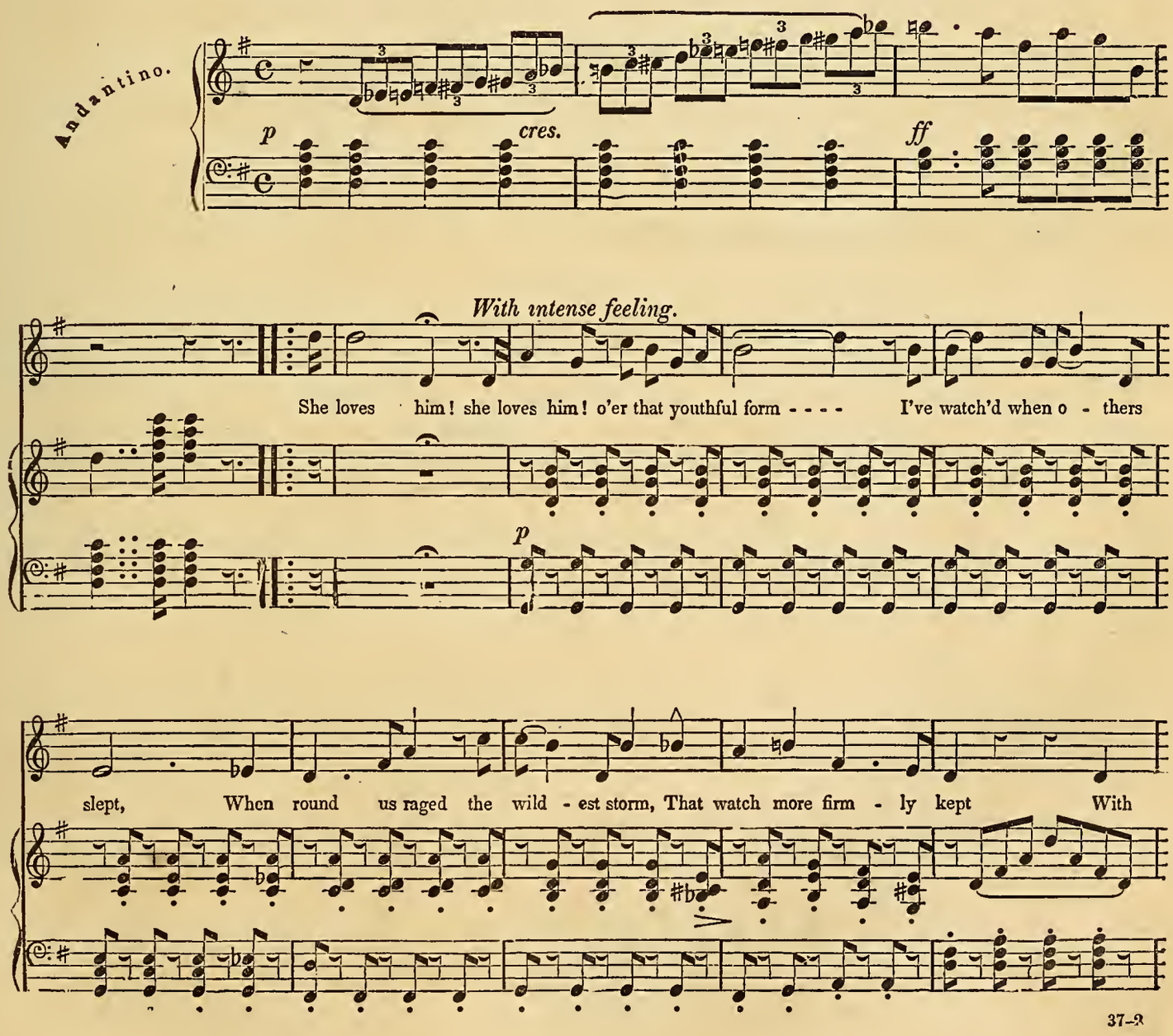
f

D. C.

"SHE LOVES HIM!"

From the "Enchantress."

By Balfe.



thoughts which neither tongue nor pen Have ev - er dared a - vow, - - - And what I felt as

cres.

bro - ther then, And what I felt as bro - ther then, I feel as lo - ver now, I feel, I

feel as lo - ver now, I feel, I feel as lo - ver now, I feel, I feel as

pp *cres.*

lo - - - - - ver now.

8va *loco*

f *ff* *p*

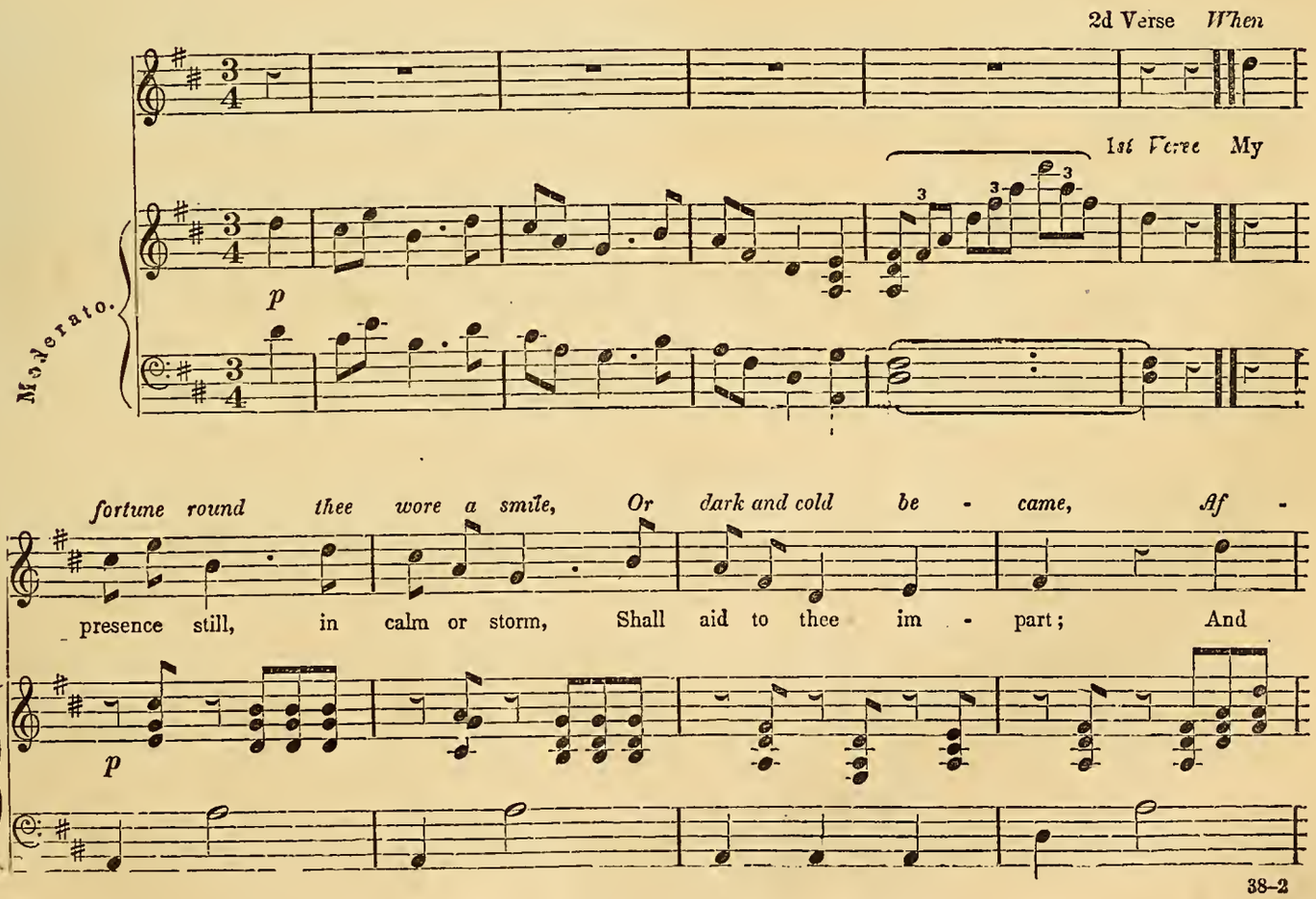
2d Verse.

She loves him! that absorbing spell
To find as true and deep,
Is one which those alone can tell
Who smile when they should weep;

That smile which often does bespeak
A happy heart and gay,
While tears upon the self-same cheek
Are wasting it away.

SONG OF THE ENCHANTRESS.

From the "Enchantress." By Balfe.



fec - tion guard - ed thee the while, My heart was still the same. My

learn, that if I change my form, I nev - er change my heart. My

presence still, &c.

presence still, in calm or storm, Shall aid to thee im - part; And

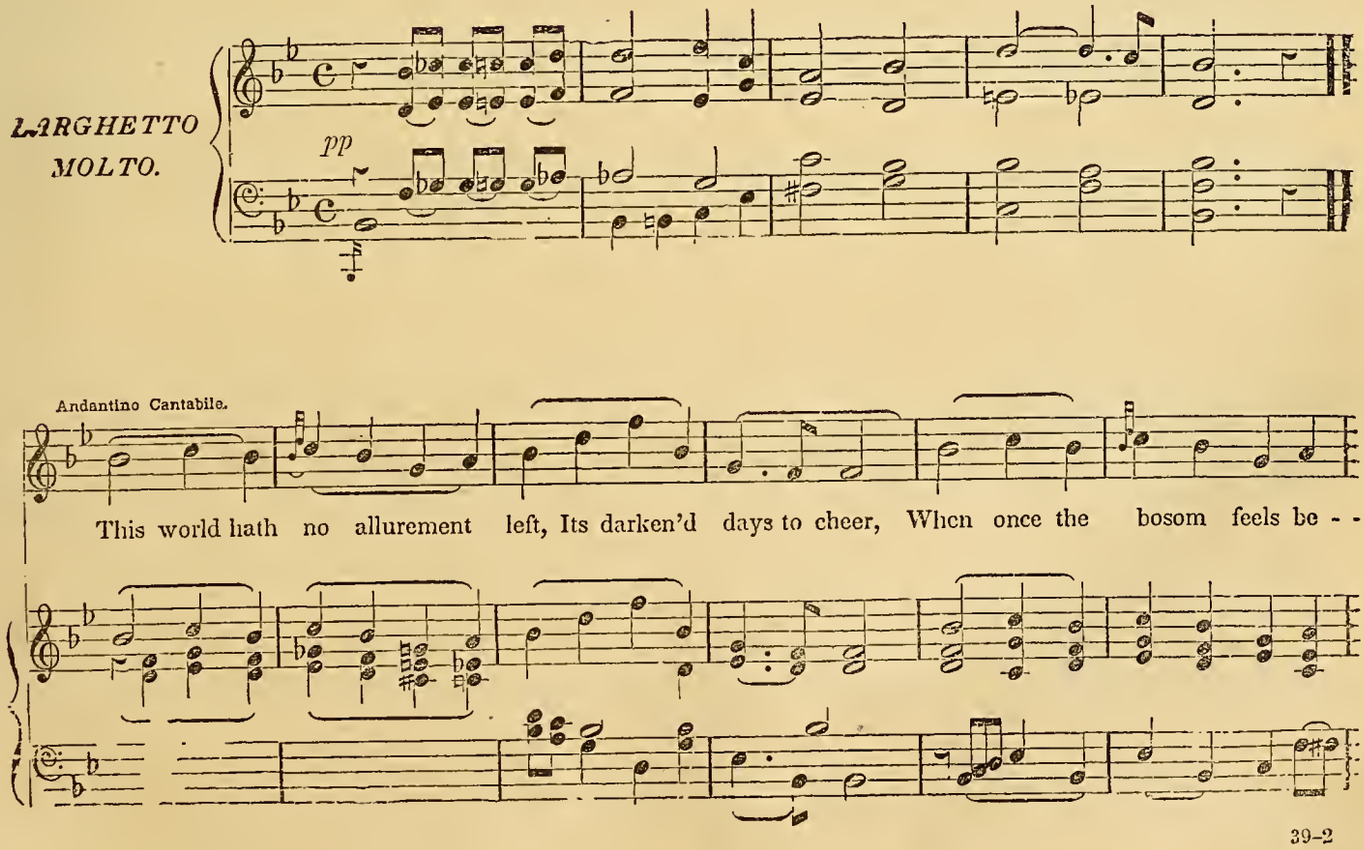
learn, that if I change my form, I nev - er change - - - my

heart.

"THIS WORLD HATH NO ALLUREMENT LEFT."

From the "Enchantress."

By Balfe.



- - reft ot that which made it dear; And dis - re - - gard - ed now 'twould be, My cup should

pp

Rallent.

sor - row brim - - - - For let the tem - pest rage on me, If sun - light smile on him,

pp

Yes, let the tem - pest rage on me, If sun - light smile - - - - - - on him.

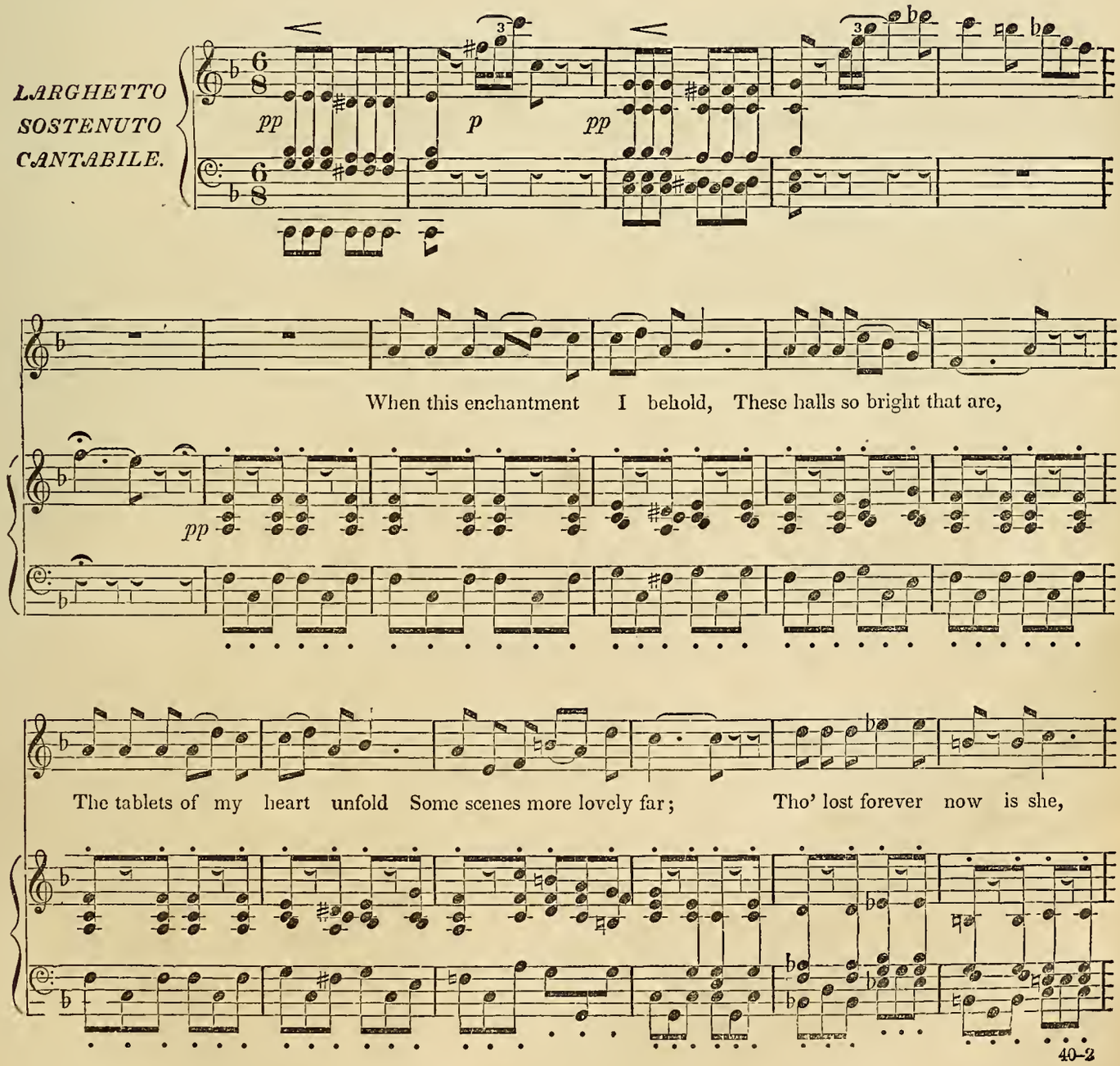
Rallent.

2

If hope, the tie we latest wean,
Could yet avail me aught,
'Twould be therein the brightest scene
He cast on me one thought;
And disregarded now 'twould be,
My cup should sorrow brim,
For let the tempest rage on me
If sun-light smile on him

'WHEN THIS ENCHANTMENT I BEHOLD."

From the "Enchantress." By Balfe.



Who gave them such a grace, Yet only one like her can be The spirit of this

ppp

place, Yet on - ly one like her can be The spirit the spi - rit of this

Cres. *f* Rall.

place.

2

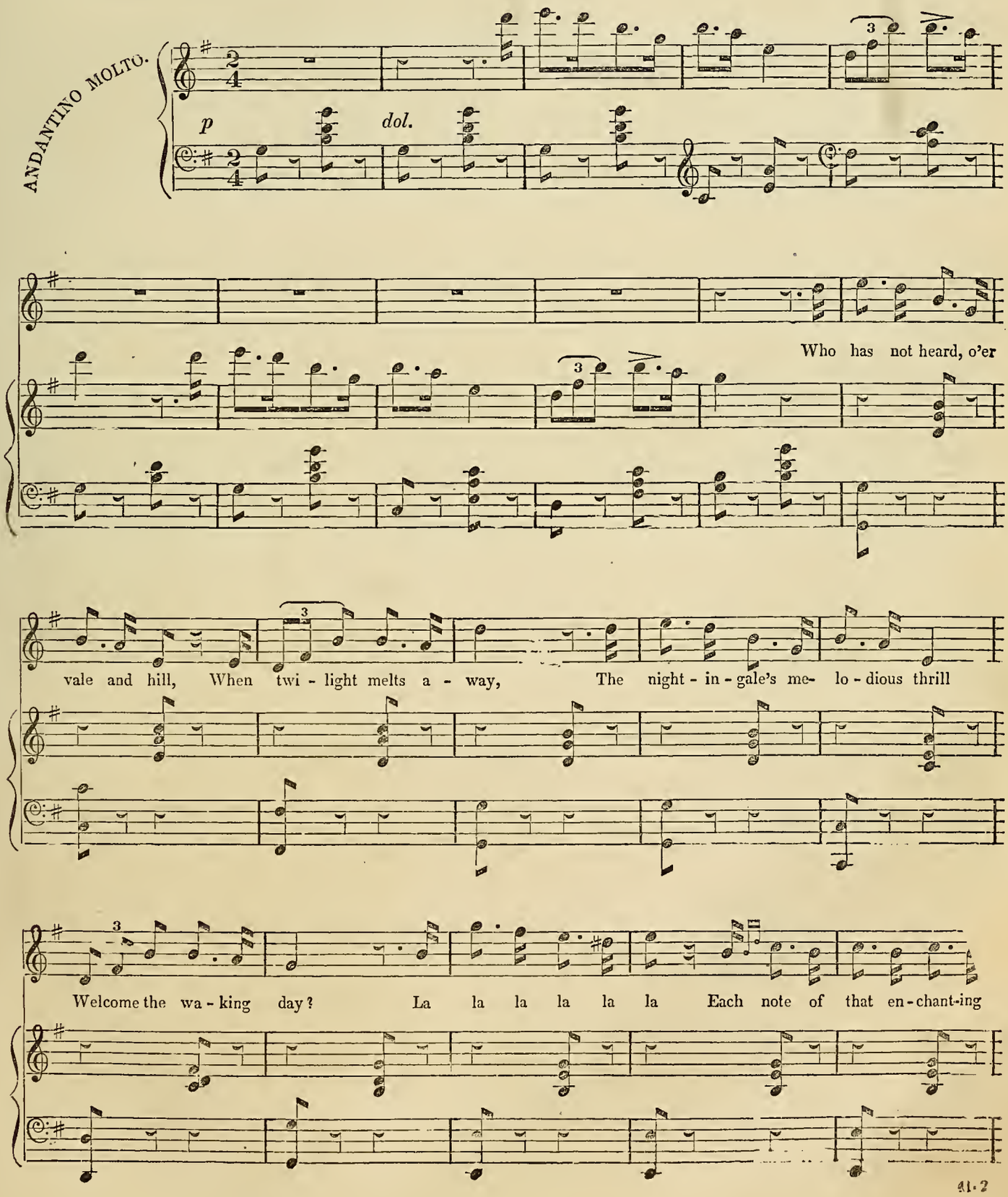
It is not that I hope to find,
Tho' earth were travers'd o'er,
A being of that perfect kind
Which met my sight before;

But some resemblance there might be
For memory to trace,
If once my aching eyes could see
The spirit of this place.

WHO HAS NOT HEARD, O'ER VALE AND HILL.

From the "Enchantress."

By Balfe.



song, la la la la la la, On lip of e - cho float a - long. Who

has not heard, o'er vale and hill, When twi-light melts a - way, The night-in-gale's me - lo - dious thrill

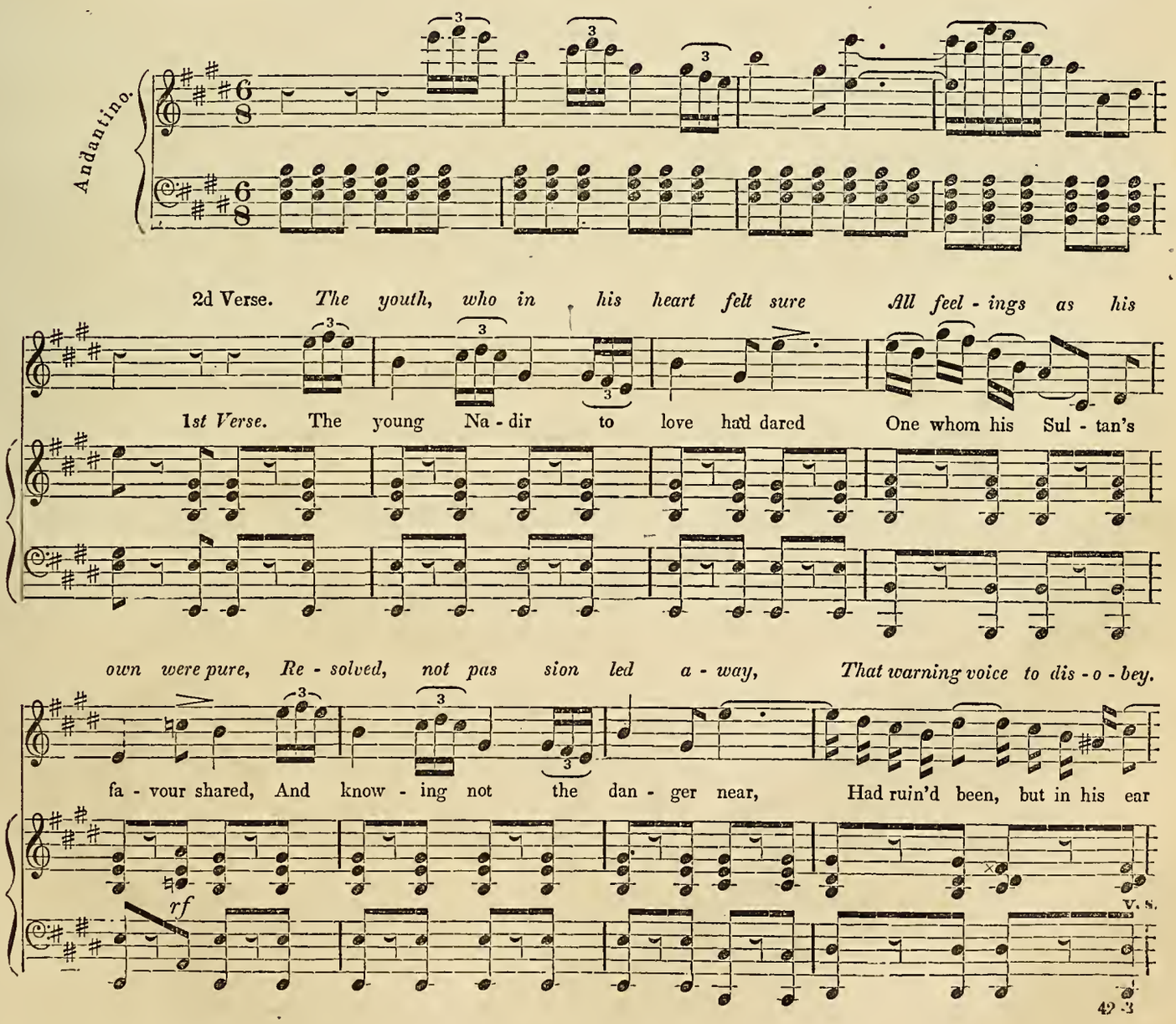
Welcome the wa - king day?

2.

But soon as dawn has thrown its light
Along the verdant plain,
The songstress waits the coming night,
To swell that note again,
La la la la la la.
And then till dawn once more draws nigh,
La la la la la la,
She warbles forth her melody,
La la la la la la.
But soon as morn, &c.

THE YOUNG NADIR.

From the "Enchantress." By Balfe.



- - - *When bent on saving one so young, The spi - rit once more sweet - ly sung, sweet-ly sung.*

p *pp*

- - - A spi-rit, who ne'er warn'd in vain, In soft - est whisper breathed this strain, breathed this strain:

pp

For your de - vo-ted life, &c.

cres

For your de-vo-ted life Thirsts the as-sas-sin's knife; Of those with studied care Who smile on you beware;

f *ff*

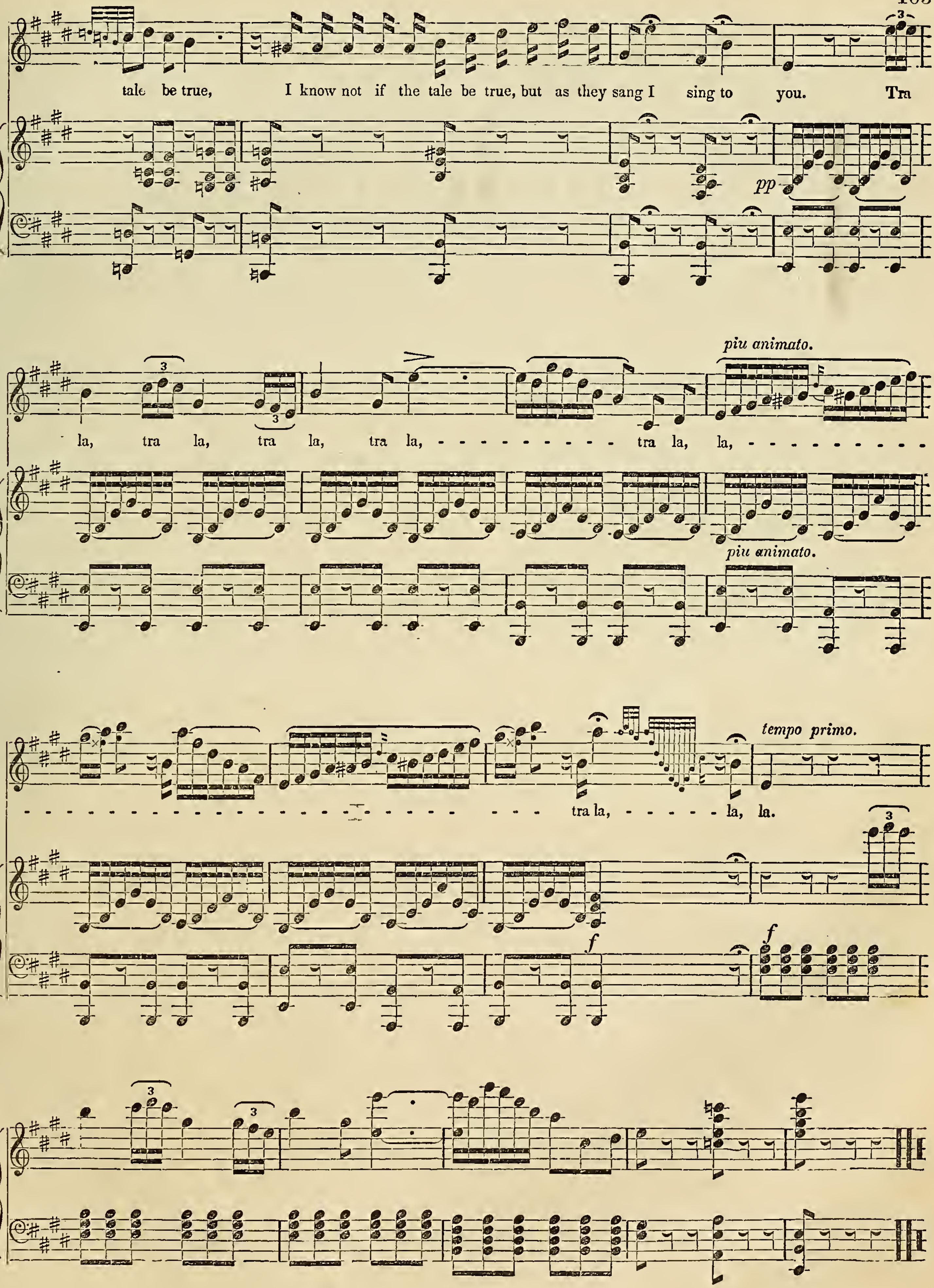
Beneath each flower you tread, A serpent hides its head, a ser - pent hides its head.

rallent.

piu animato.

I know not if the tale be true, But as they sang I sing to you, I know not if the

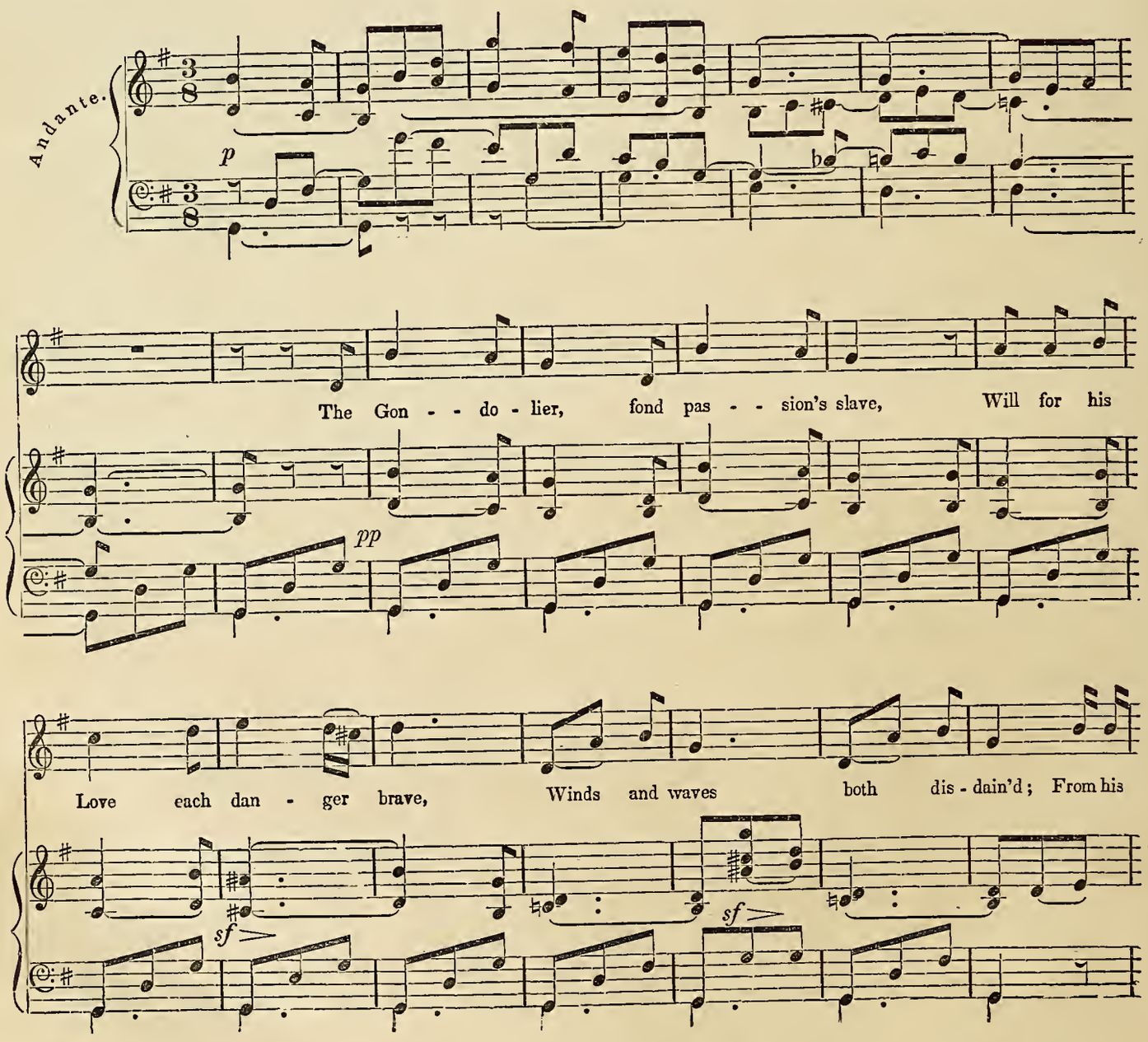
piu animato.


tale be true, I know not if the tale be true, but as they sang I sing to you. Tra
pp
la, tra la, tra la, tra la, - - - - - - - - - - - tra la, la, - - - - - - - - - -
piu animato.
piu animato.
- tra la, - - - - - - la, la.
tempo primo.
f
f

THE GONDOLIER.

Barcarolle, from "Fra Diavolo."

By Auber.



Fair one's bright eyes Be a glance but his prize, It is still

some - - thing, some - thing gain'd; It is still, it is still, it is

sf

still some - thing gain'd.

ff

2.

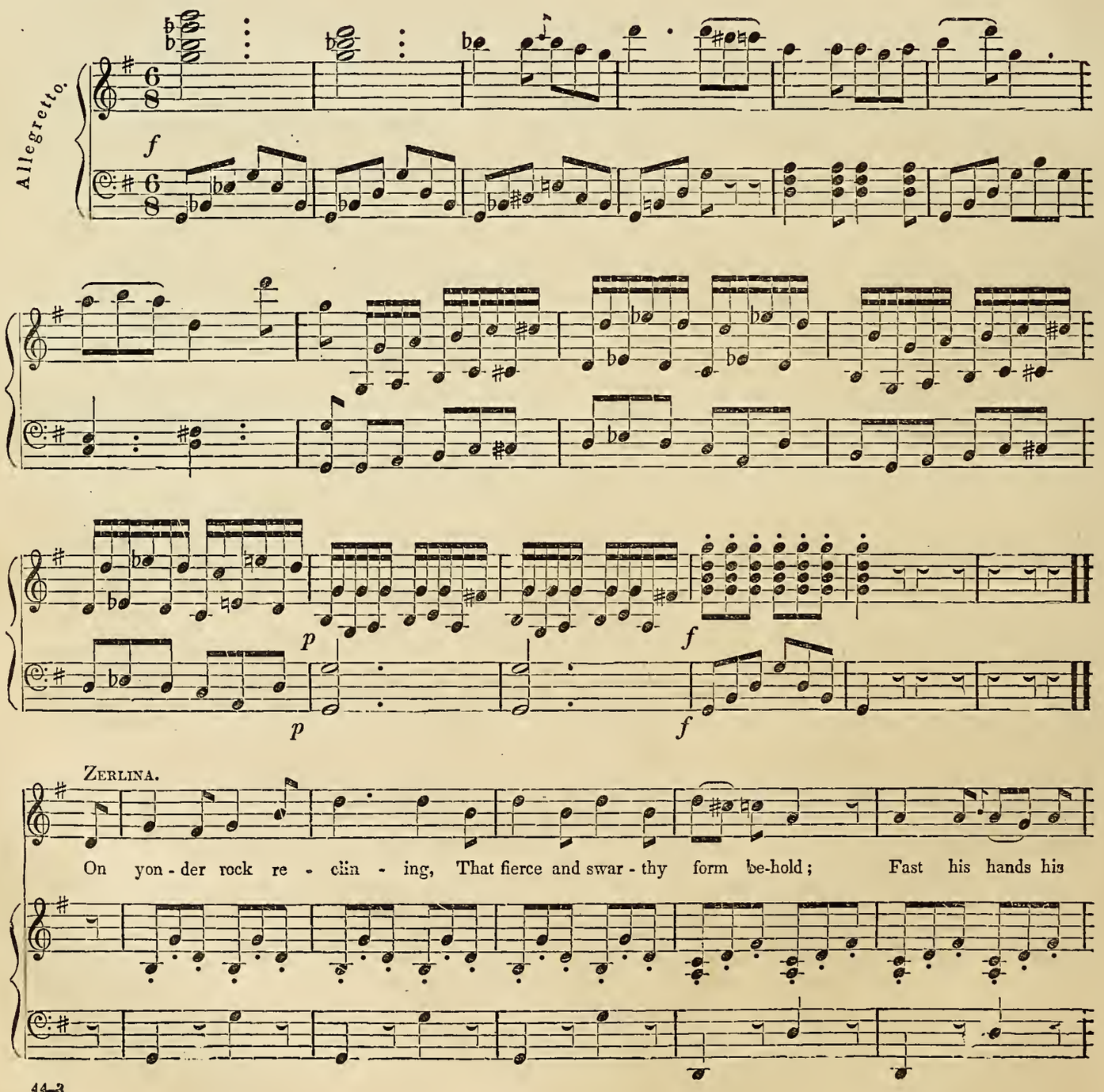
The Gondolier, fond passion's slave,
Will in his bark each danger brave,
By jealous snares unrestrain'd;
From the lips of his Fair
Let a smile soothe his care,
It is still something gain'd.

3.

The Gondolier, fond passion's slave,
Will through the storm the billows brave,
By sweet Hope still sustain'd:
If at last to his breast
He folds her he loves best,
It is still something gain'd.

ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING.

From "Fra Diavolo." By Auber.



car - bine hold, 'Tis his best friend of old! This way his steps in - clin - ing, His

scar - let plume waves o'er his brow, And his vel - vet cloak hangs low, Playing in grace - ful

flow! Trem - - - - - ble! E'en while the storm is beat - ing, A-far hear Echo re-

f

peat - ing, Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo! Trem - - - - - - - ble!

p *f*

p *f*

E'en while the storm is beat - - - ing, A - far hear E - cho re - peat - - ing,

Dia-vo-lo! Dia-vo-lo! Dia-vo-lo! Diavolo!

p *p* *p* *pp*

p *f*

Diavolo! Diavolo!

ff

2.

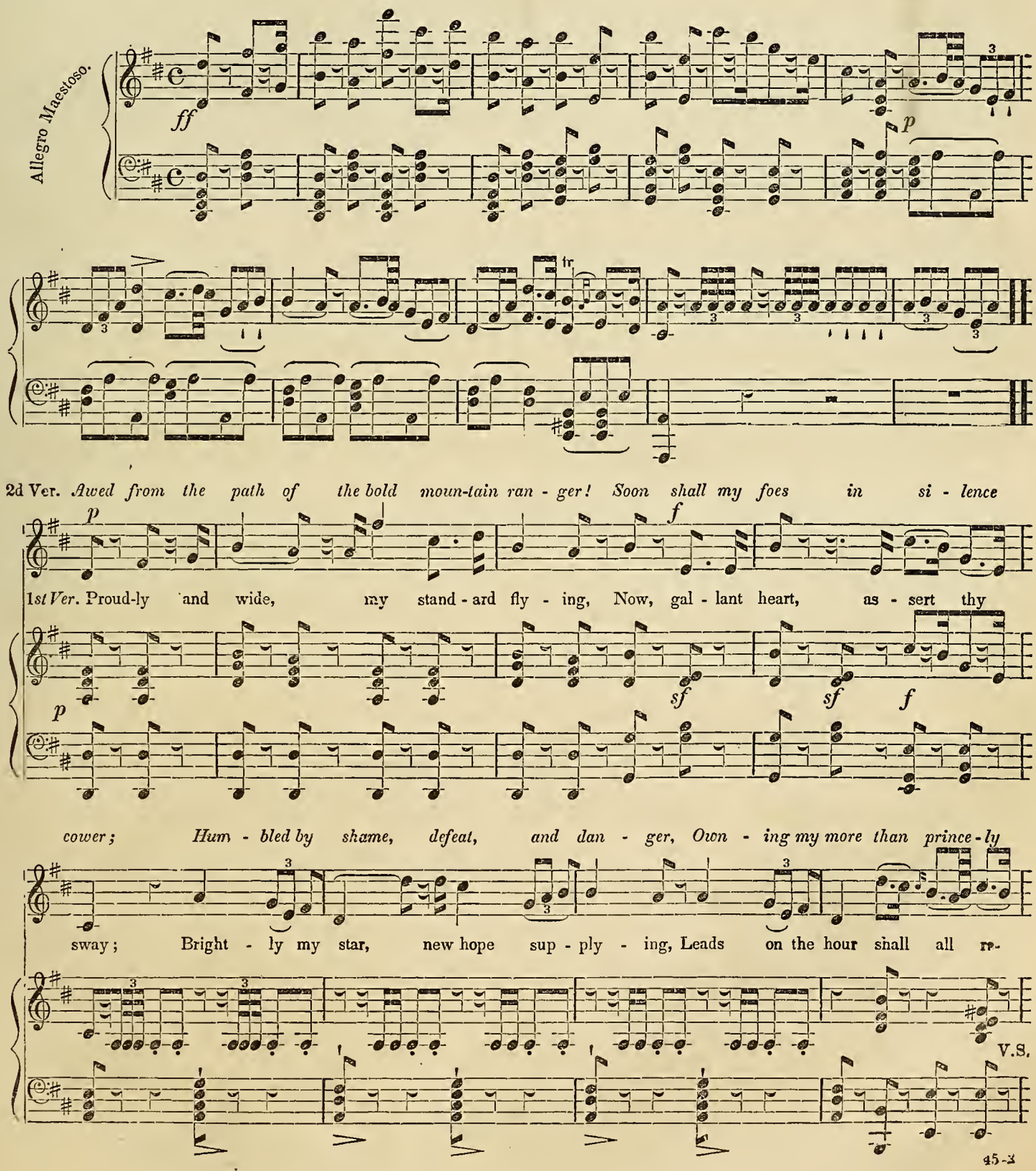
Although his foes waylaying,
He fights with rage and hate combin'd,
Towards the gentle fair they find
He's ever mild and kind:
The maid too heedless straying
(For one, we Pietro's daughter know)
Home returns full sad and slow,
What can have made her so?
Tremble! each one the maiden meeting
Is sure to be repeating,
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

3.

DIAVOLO. While thus his deeds accusing,
Let justice too at least be shown;
All that's lost here, let us own,
May'nt be his prize alone:
Full of his name abusing,
Perchance some young and rustic beau
Whilst with love he feigns to glow,
At beauty's shrine bows low!
Tremble! each sighing lover dread
For of him more truly may be said,
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

PROUDLY AND WIDE.

From "Fra Diavolo." By Auber.



power; Awed from the path of the bold mountain ran - ger! Soon shall my foes in si - lence

pay Proud - ly and wide, my standard fly - ing, Now, gal - lant heart, as - sert thy

cower; Hum-bled by shame, de - feat, and dan - ger, Own - ing my more than prince - ly

sway; Bright-ly my star, new hope sup - ply - ing, Leads on the hour shall all re-

power, And brave re - wards be mine at last, For con - - flicts dared and per - ils

pay: O'er Al - pine rock, o'er hill and plain, My will is law, a king I

past, For con - - flicts dared and per - ils past, for per - ils past. Proud - ly, &c.

reign, My will is law, a king I reign, a king I reign Proud - ly and

wide, my standard fly - ing, Now, gal-lant heart! as - sert thy sway; Bright - ly my

f *pp* *sf*

star, new hope sup-ply - ing, Leads on the hour shall all, all re-pay, Bright-ly my

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *f* *p*

star, new hope sup-ply - ing, Leads on the hour shall all, all re - pay, Leads on the

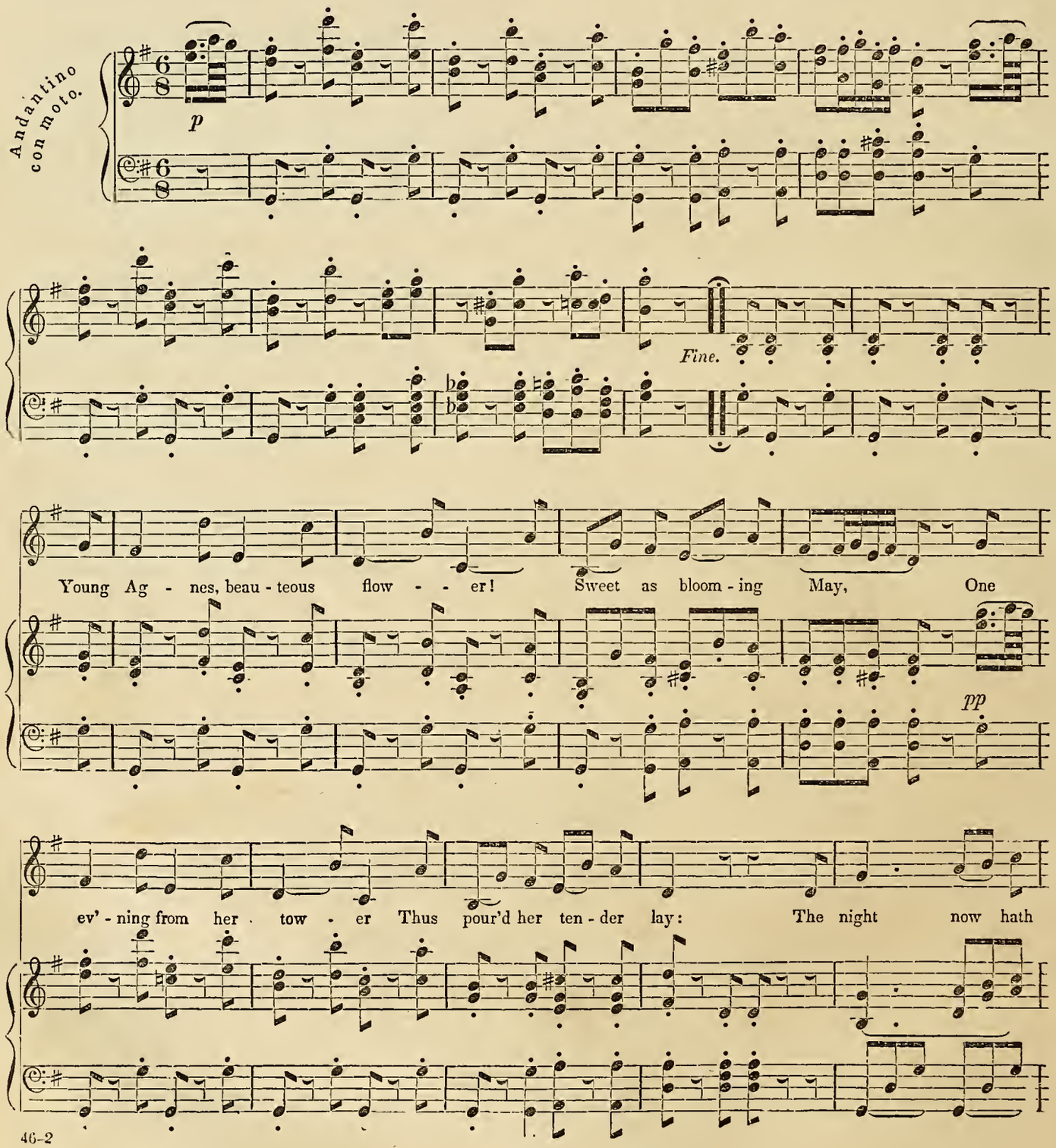
sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *f* *f* *f* *sf*

hour shall all - - - - - - - re - pay.

f *f*

YOUNG AGNES, BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

From "Fra Diavolo." By Auber.



spread its shade, And 'twill hide thee from all; Then haste to thy faith - ful maid;

Dark - ness veils bower and hall; Oh! haste be-neath her tow - - - er, Dost

pp

thou not hear love's call? -

Dost thou not hear love's call? - Dost thou not hear love's call?

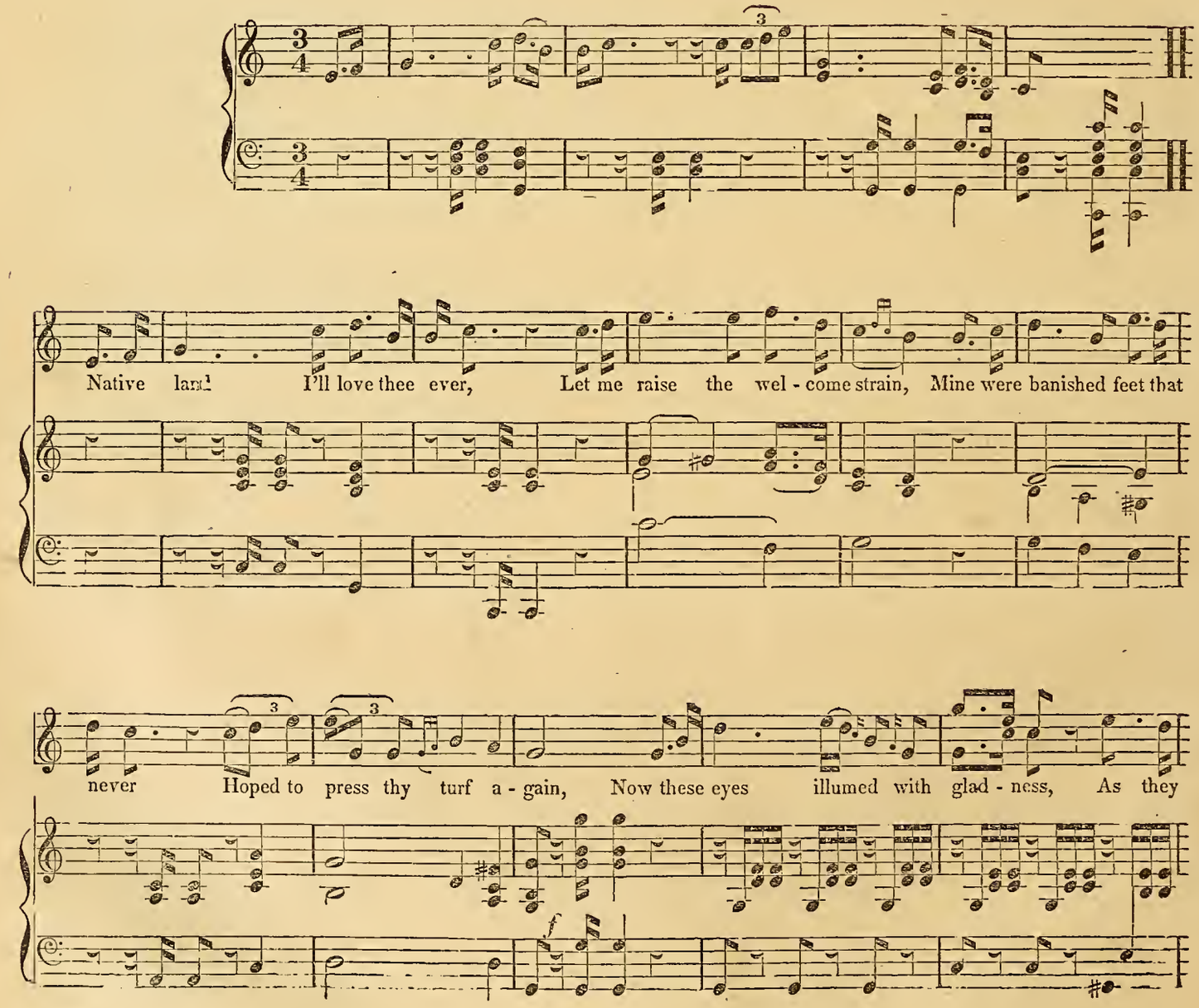
D. C.

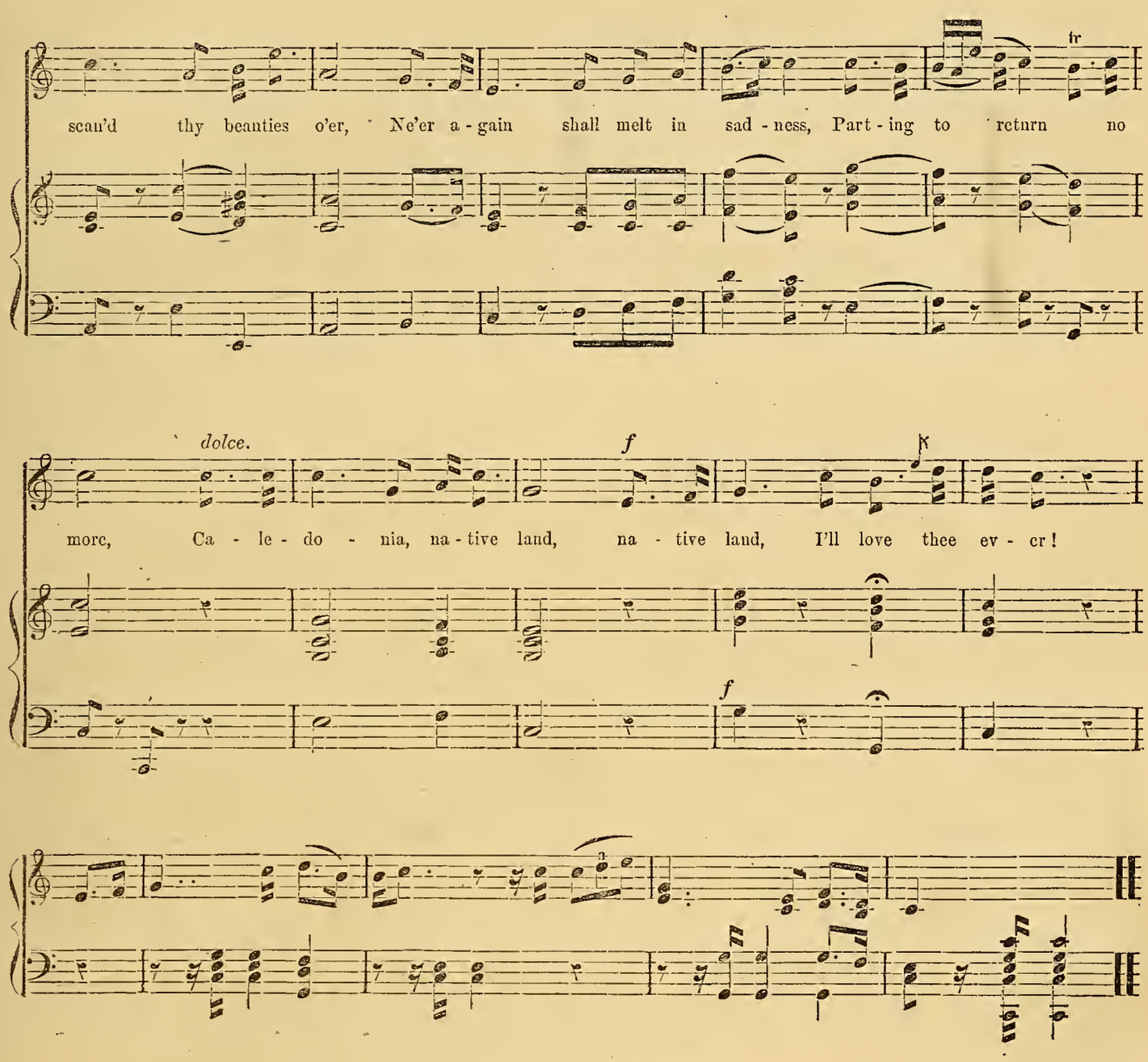
The silent hour invites thee,
No star sheds its ray,
No danger, love, affrights thee,
Wherefore, then dost thou stay?
When sunbeams illume the sky,

Guardians then may appal,
But now closed is every eye,
Let thy steps gently fall!
The silent hour invites thee,
Dost thou not hear love's call?

CALEDONIA NATIVE LAND.

By Bishop.

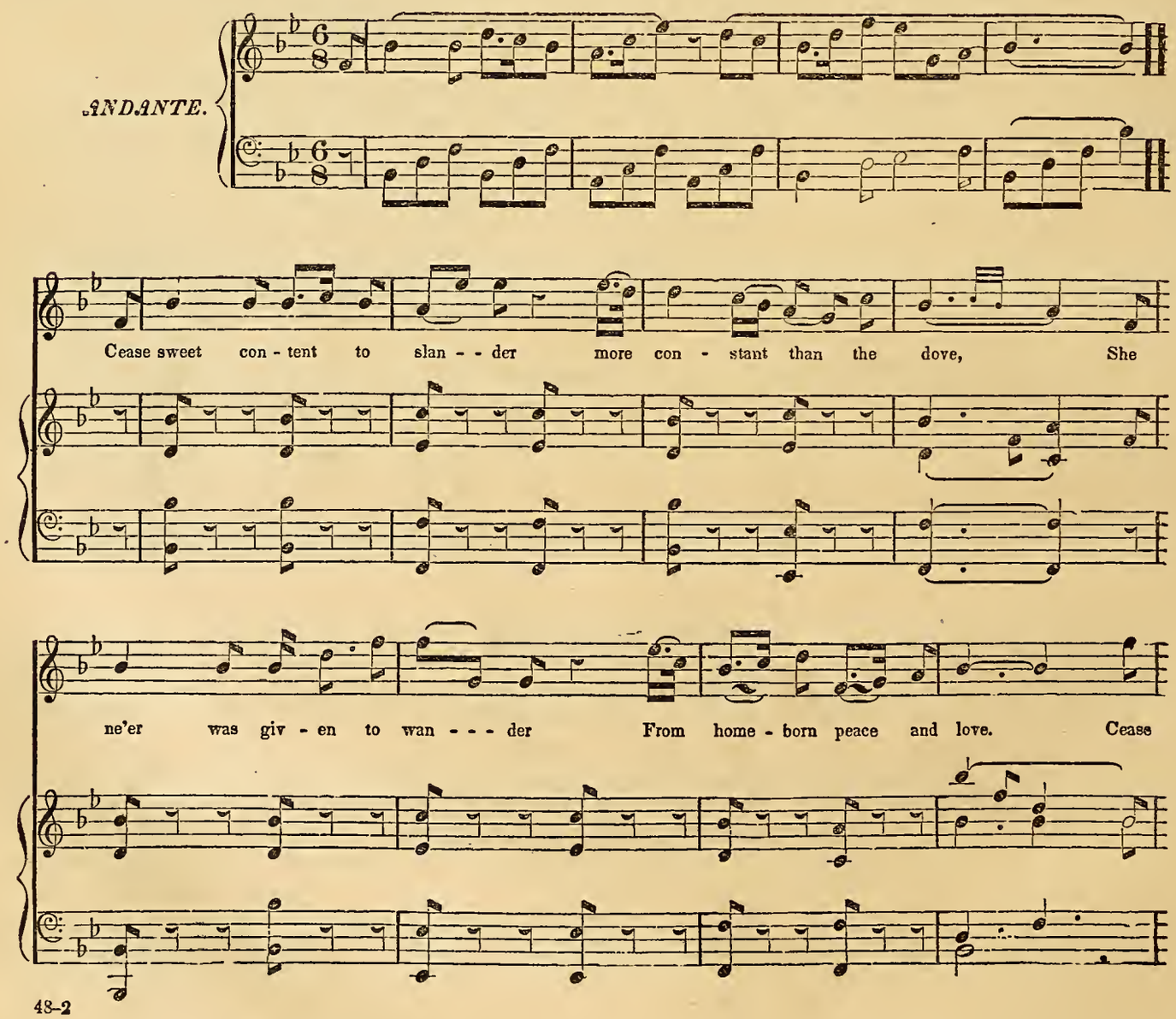


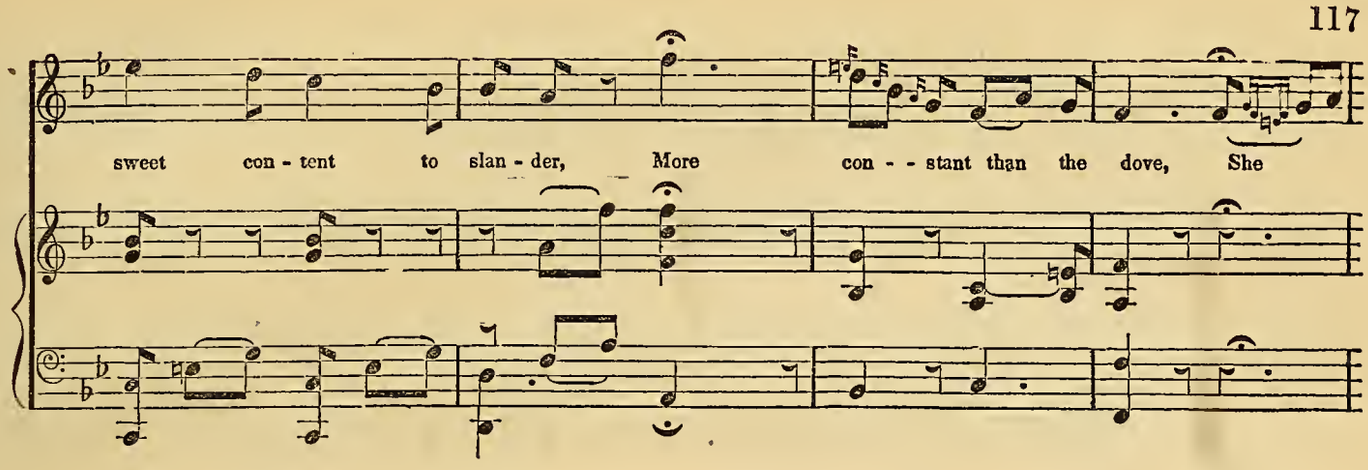


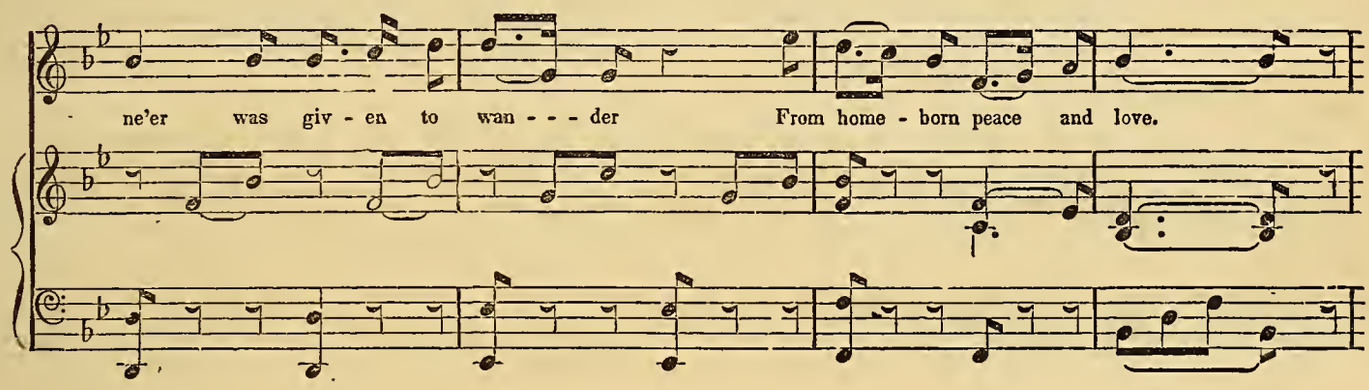
Native land! tho' fate may banish,
And command me far to part,
Never can thy mem'ry vanish
From this glowing, grateful heart.
Let an Indian solstice burn me,
Or the snow of Norway chill,
Hither still my heart I turn thee,
Here my country thou art still.
Caledonia, native land, native land I'll love thee ever.

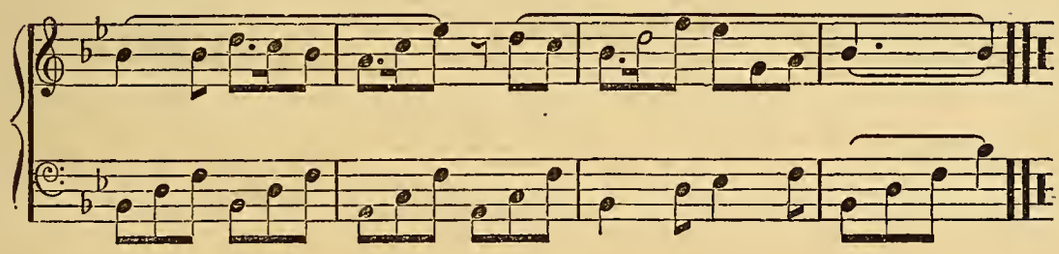
CEASE SWEET CONTENT.

From "Guy Mannering." By Bishop.









2

Oh! 'tis not in the palace
That joys like her's abound,
'Tis not 'midst wealth and glory
And fame, that she is found.

3

But seek her in the cottage
Of some secluded dell,
'Tis 'neath its peaceful shelter
She most is wont to dwell.

4

She loves to soften sorrow,
To drive each care away,
And o'er the hour of darkness
To shed a cheering ray.

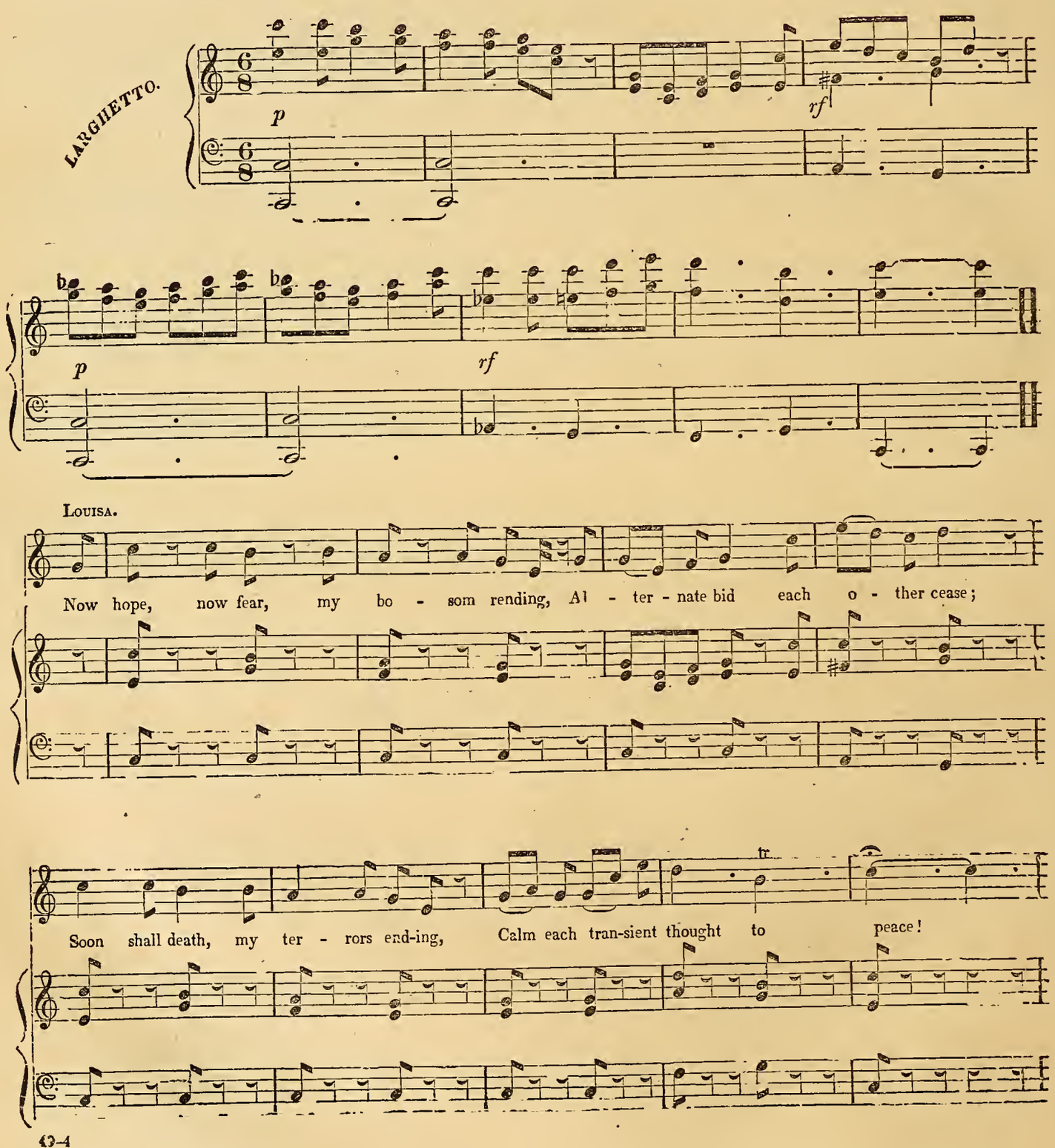
5

Then cease content to slander,
More constant than the dove,
She ne'er was given to wander
From home-born peaco and love.

THE ECHO DUETT.

Sung in "Guy Mannering."

By Braham.



WILMOT. LOUISA. WILMOT.

Peace! Hark! a murm' - ring sound re-peating Ev' - ry sti - fled sigh, I hear! Hear!

LOUISA.

What can set this bo - som beat-ing? A - las! 't is min - gled hope and fear!

WILMOT. LOUISA.

Hope and fear! Now they cease, this way re - tir - ing, And all is aw - ful

WILMOT

si - lence round! Si - lence round!

rf

Ah! sure, those notes, dear maid, were thine, The e - cho - ing sounds a-

p

LOUISA. WILMOT.

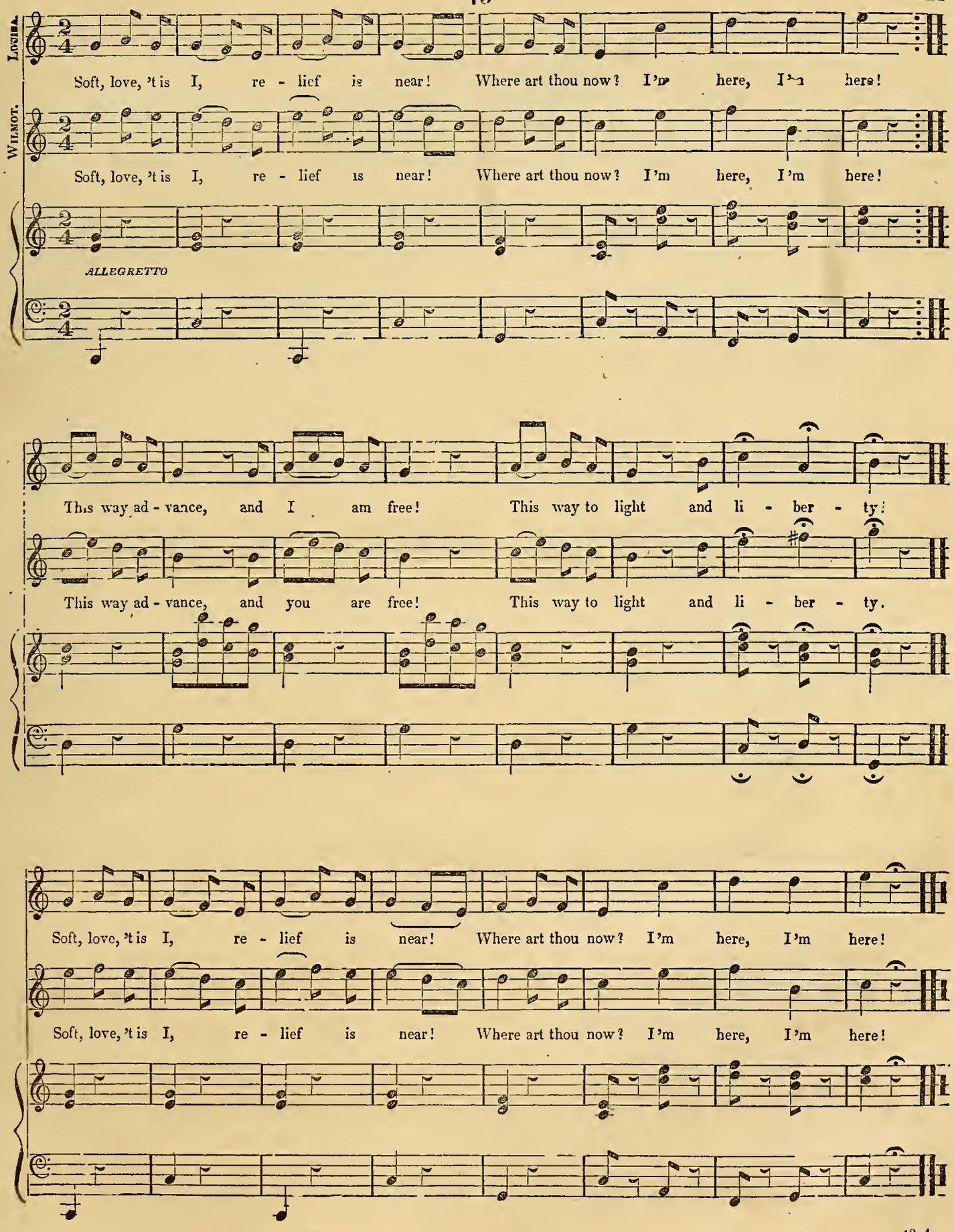
lone were mine; Mine; 'Tis, 't is her voice that meets my ear! Say, where art thou whose

LOUISA. WILMOT. LOUISA. WILMOT.

voice I hear? Here! Oh! quickly speak, Speak, no longer roam;

LOUISA.

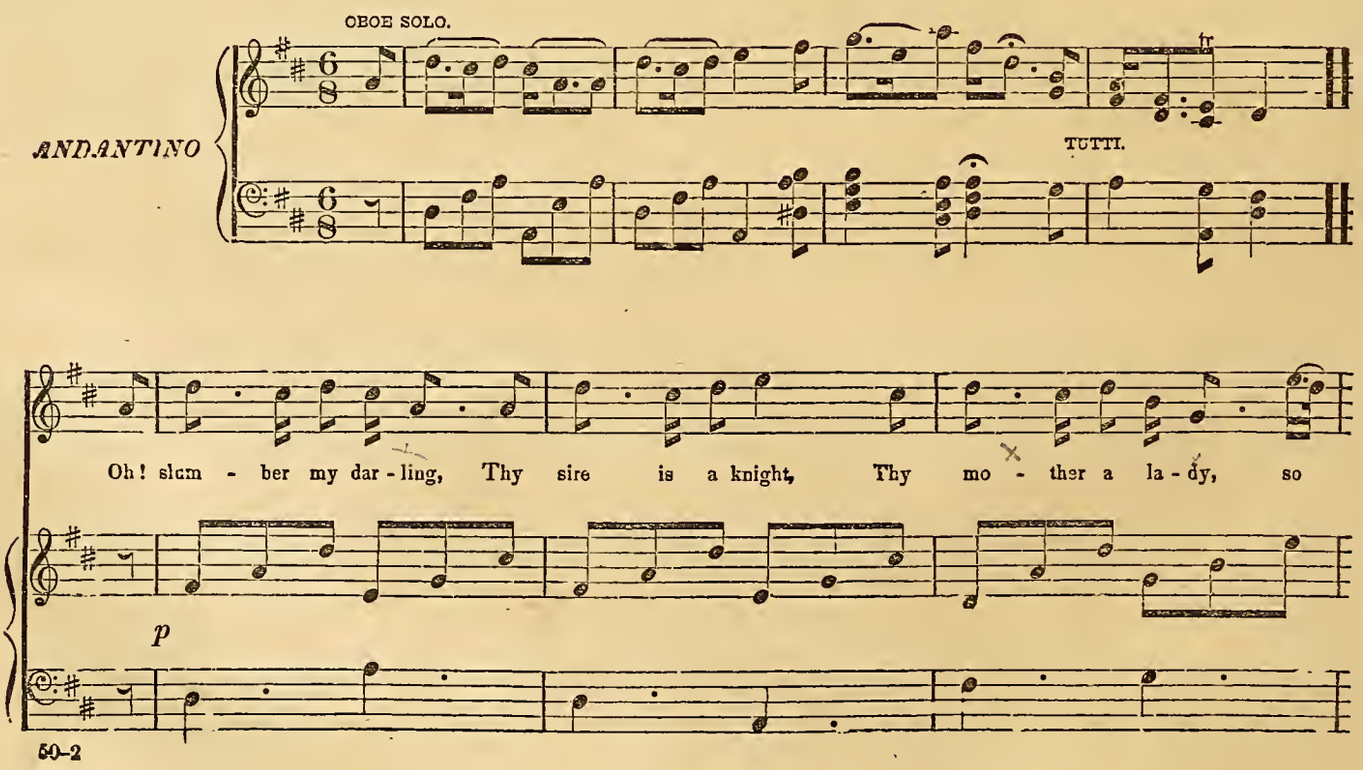
To give thee li - ber - ty I come! I come!

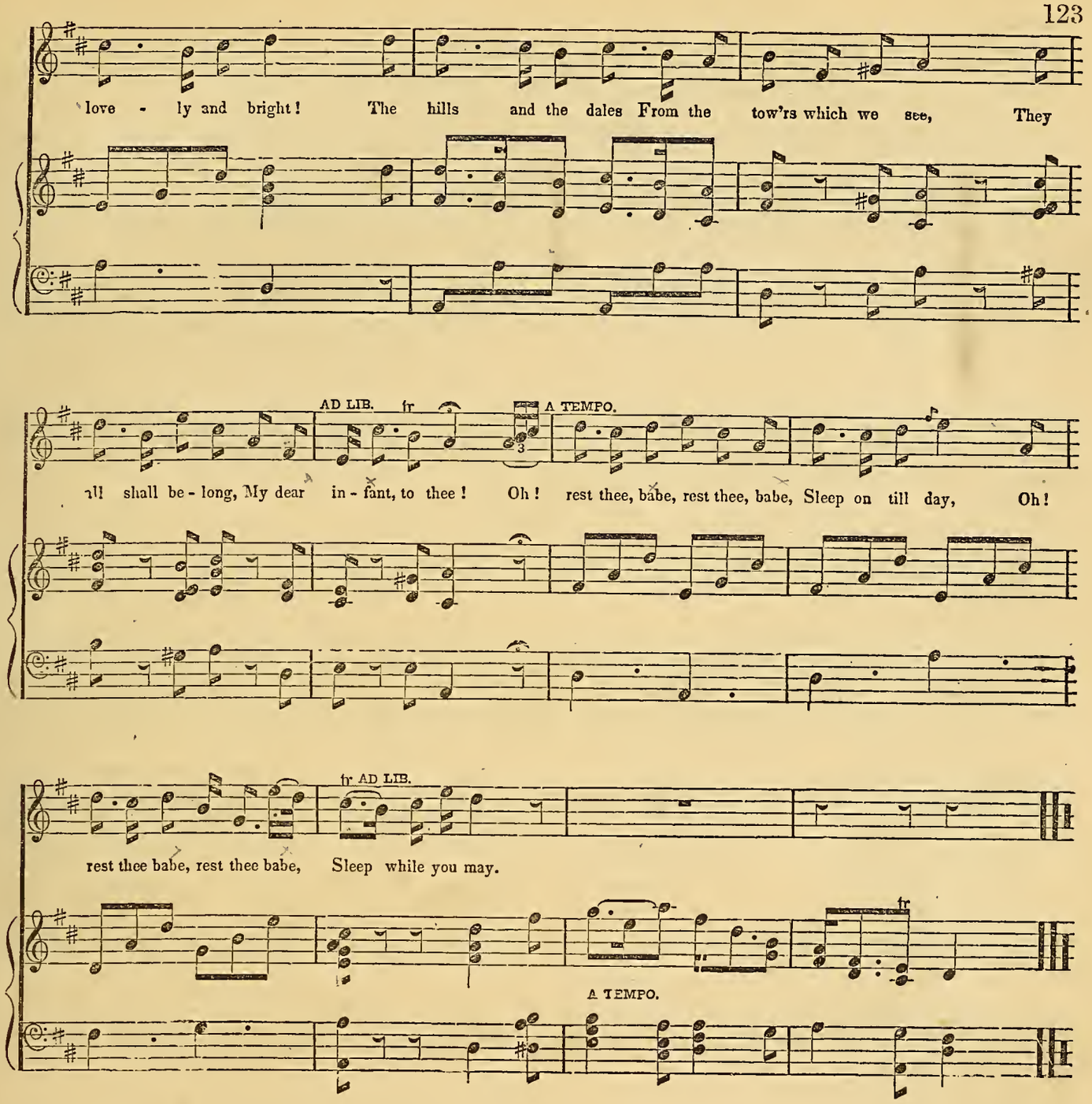

Louisa.
Soft, love, 't is I, re - lief is near! Where art thou now? I'm here, I'm here!
Wilmot.
Soft, love, 't is I, re - lief is near! Where art thou now? I'm here, I'm here!
ALLEGRETTO
This way ad - vance, and I am free! This way to light and li - ber - ty!
This way ad - vance, and you are free! This way to light and li - ber - ty.
Soft, love, 't is I, re - lief is near! Where art thou now? I'm here, I'm here!
Soft, love, 't is I, re - lief is near! Where art thou now? I'm here, I'm here!

OH! REST THEE, BABE.

Sung in "Guy Mannering."

Arranged by John Whitaker.





2

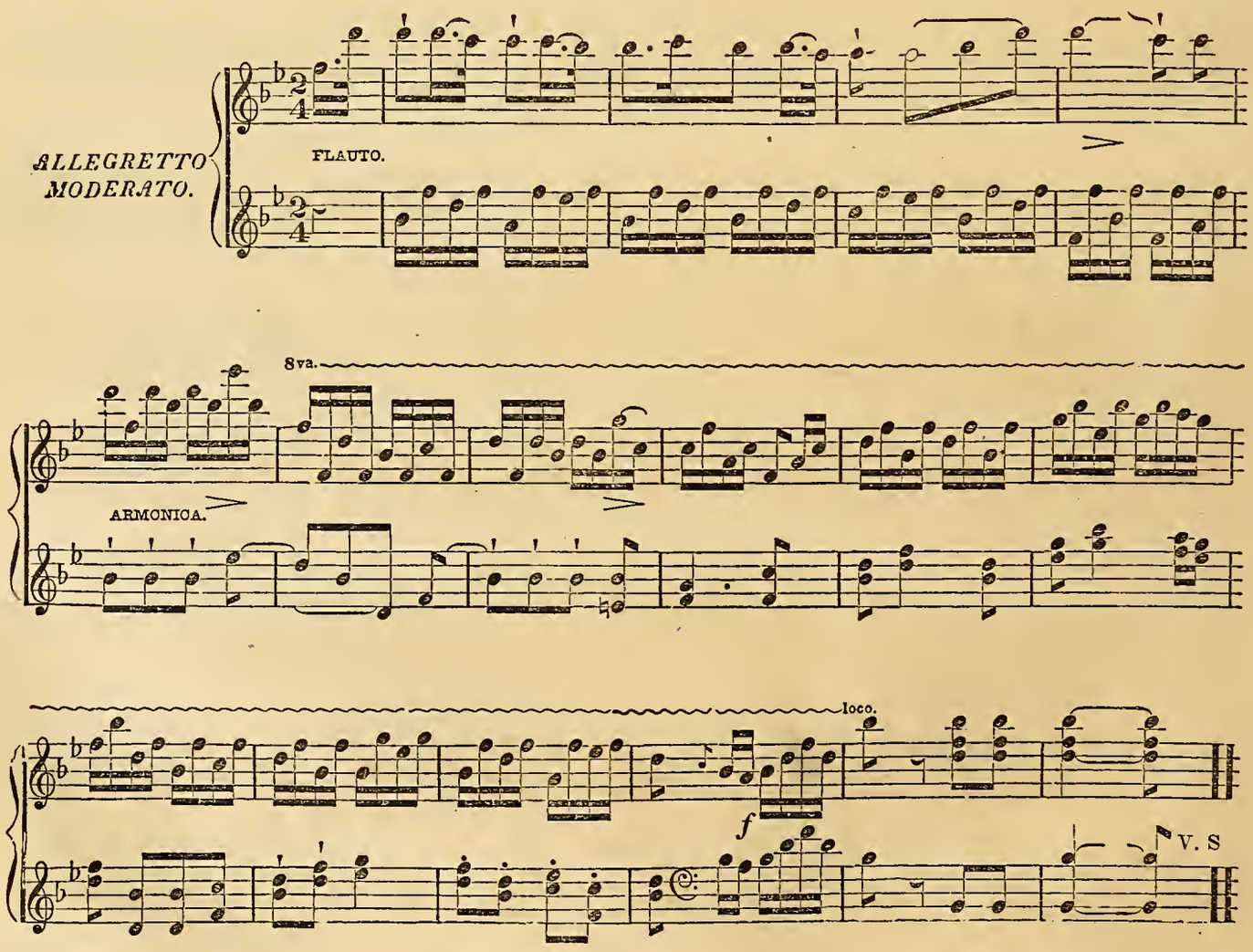
Oh! rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum:
Then rest thee, my darling,
Oh! sleep while you may;
For war comes with manhood
As light comes with day.
Oh! rest thee babe, &c.

3

Oh! hark thee, young Henry,
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother, a lady
So lovely and bright!
The hills and the dales
From yon tow'rs that I see,
They all shall belong
My young Henry to thee.
Oh! rest thee babe, &c.

TO LOVE THEE; NIGHT AND DAY, LOVE.

From "Guy Mannering." By Bishop.



Bo mine, dear maid, This faith - - ful heart Can ne - ver prove un - - true; 'Twere ea - sier far from life to part, Than

8va

p ARMONICA.

cease to live for you! Then turn thee not a - - way my love; Oh

loco

8va

f p

turn thee not a - - way; For by the light of truth I swear To love thee night and day, love! To

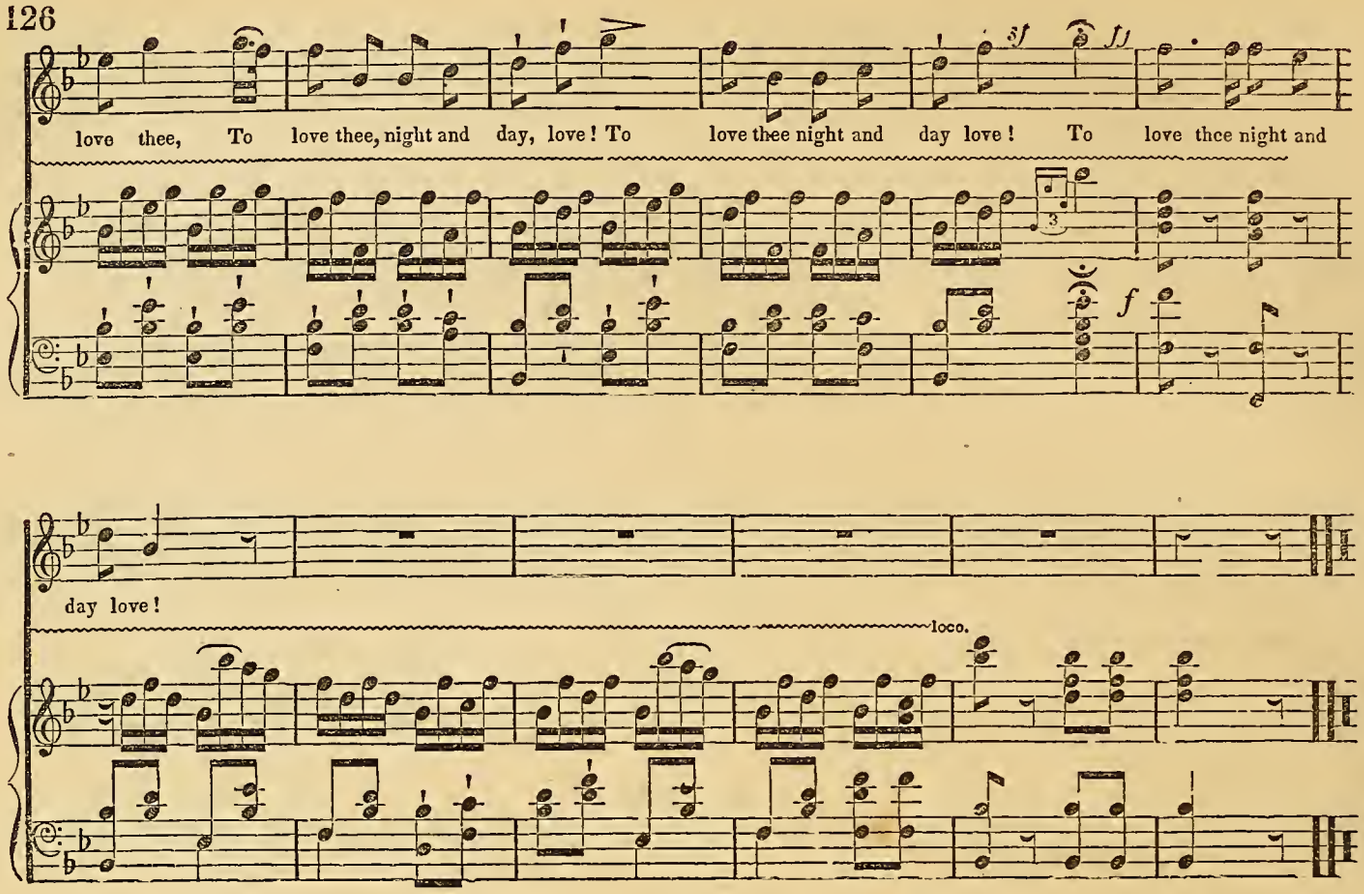
CRES. f

love thee, night and day, love, To love thee night and day! To love thee! To

sf

8va

p



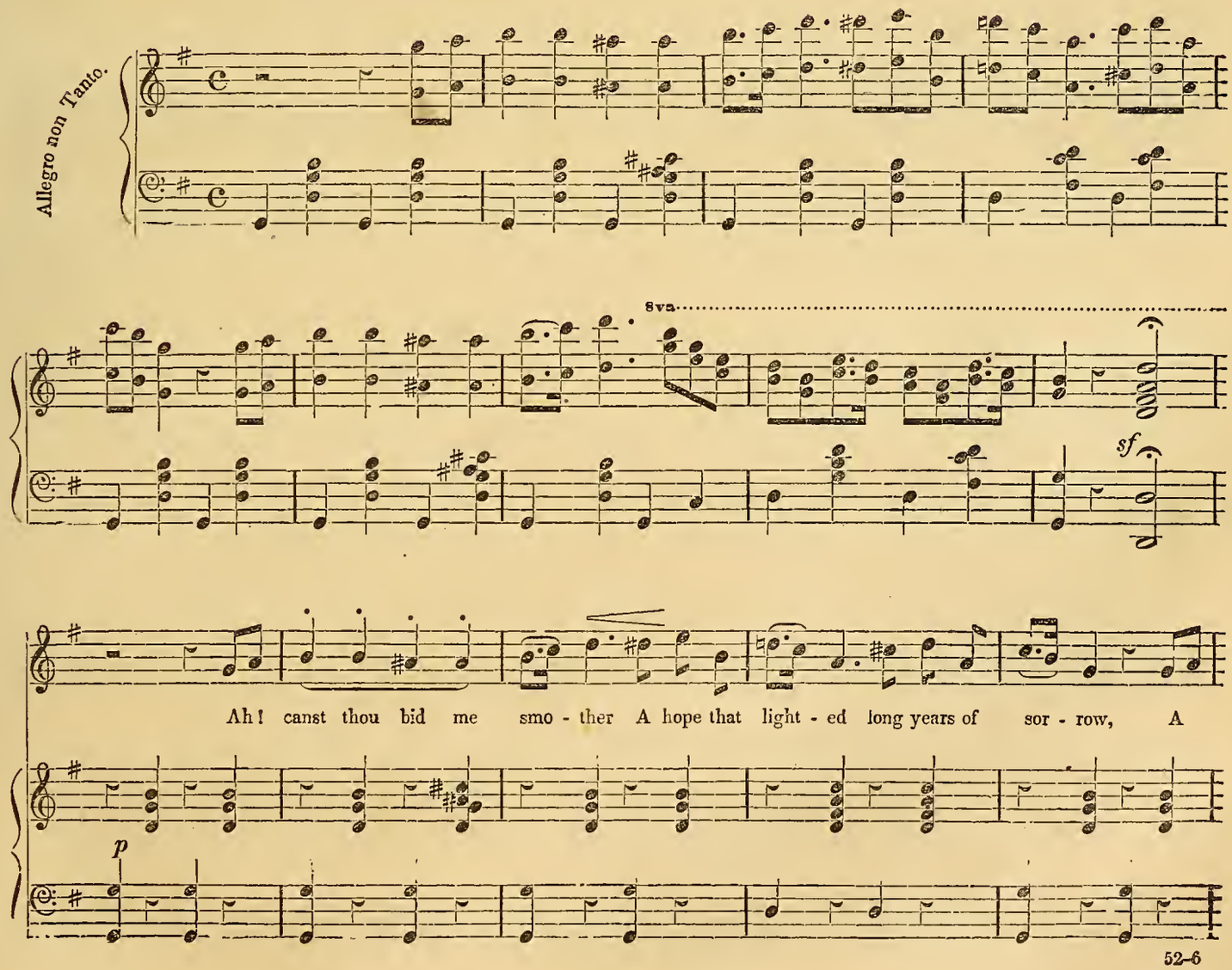
2

The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the East,
E'er I, by chance or coldness, wring,
Thy fond confiding breast!
Then turn thee not away my love;
Oh! turn thee not away;
For by the light of truth I swear
To love thee, night and day, love!

AH! CANST THOU BID ME SMOTHER?

Aria, from "Leonora."

By Fry.



hope that leaves none o - ther, When it is blight - ed, to make life dear. No,

let me, though in - sane - - - - ly, Feel it the mo - ment cheer; Still

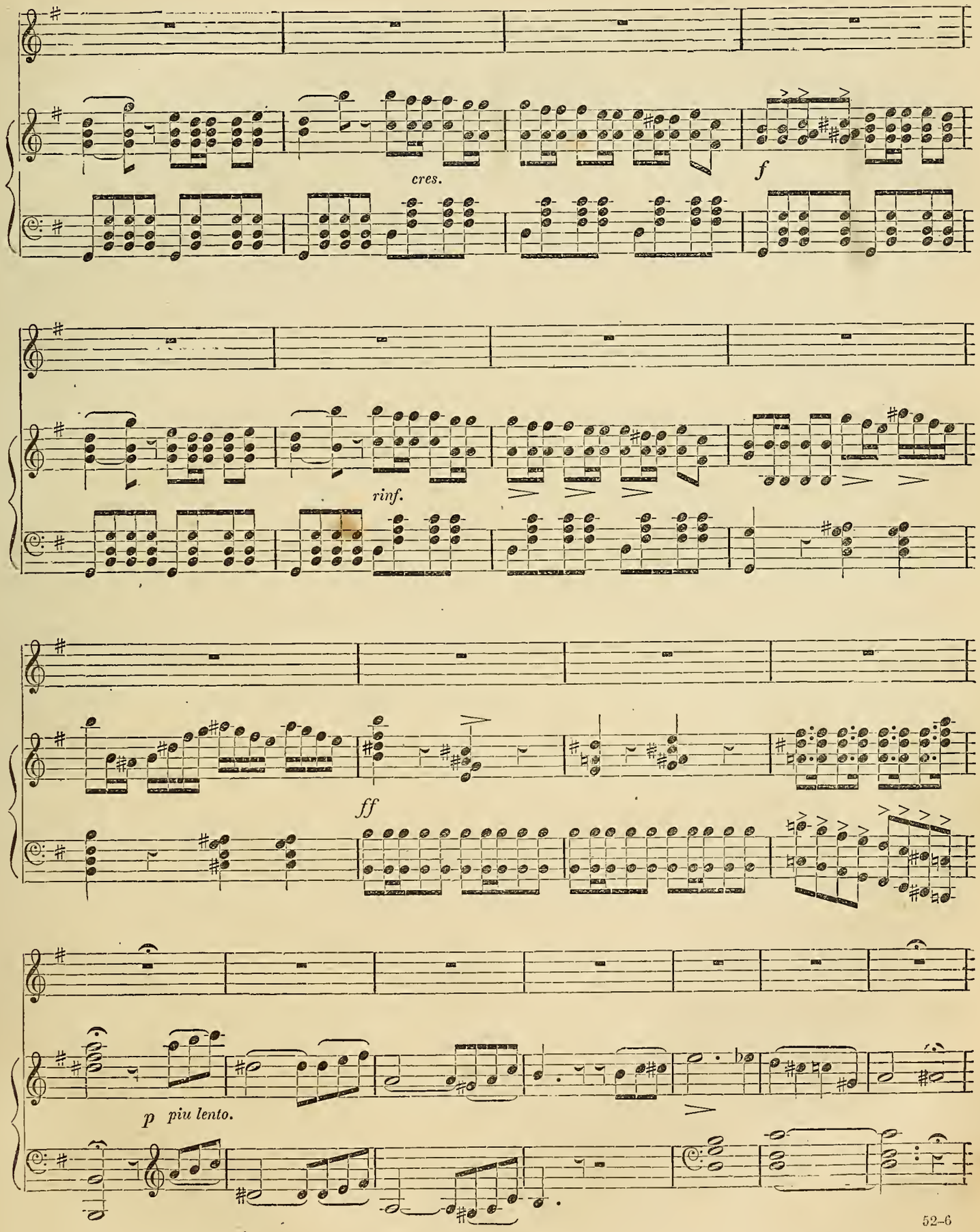
let me hope, though vain - ly, E'en though the mor - - row bring ru - in here, Still let me, oh!

rallent.

let me, oh! let me hope, tho' vainly, E'en tho' the mor-row, tho' the mor-row bring ru - - in here.

col. canto.

più mosso. *mf*


cres.
f
rinf.
ff
p piu lento.

Ah! canst thou bid me smo - ther A hope that light - ed long years of sor - row, A

p

hope that leaves none o - ther, When it is blight - ed, to make life dear. No,

let me, though in - sane - - - - ly, Feel it the mo - ment cheer; Still

let me hope, though vain - ly, E'en though the mor - row bring ru - in here, Still let me, oh!

rallent.

let me, oh! let me hope, tho' vainly, E'en tho' the mor-row, tho' the mor-row bring ru - - in here.

Piu mosso.

f

rf

meno mosso.

Ah! no, let me, tho' in - sane-ly, Feel it the moment cheer; Let me, let me, tho' in - sane-ly, Feel it the moment

p

cheer, Ah! still let me hope, though vain-ly, Ah! let me hope, though vain-ly, E'en though the morrow,

sost.

Piu mosso.

though the morrow bring ru-in here, though the mor - - row bring ru - in

8va

ff

8ve sempre.

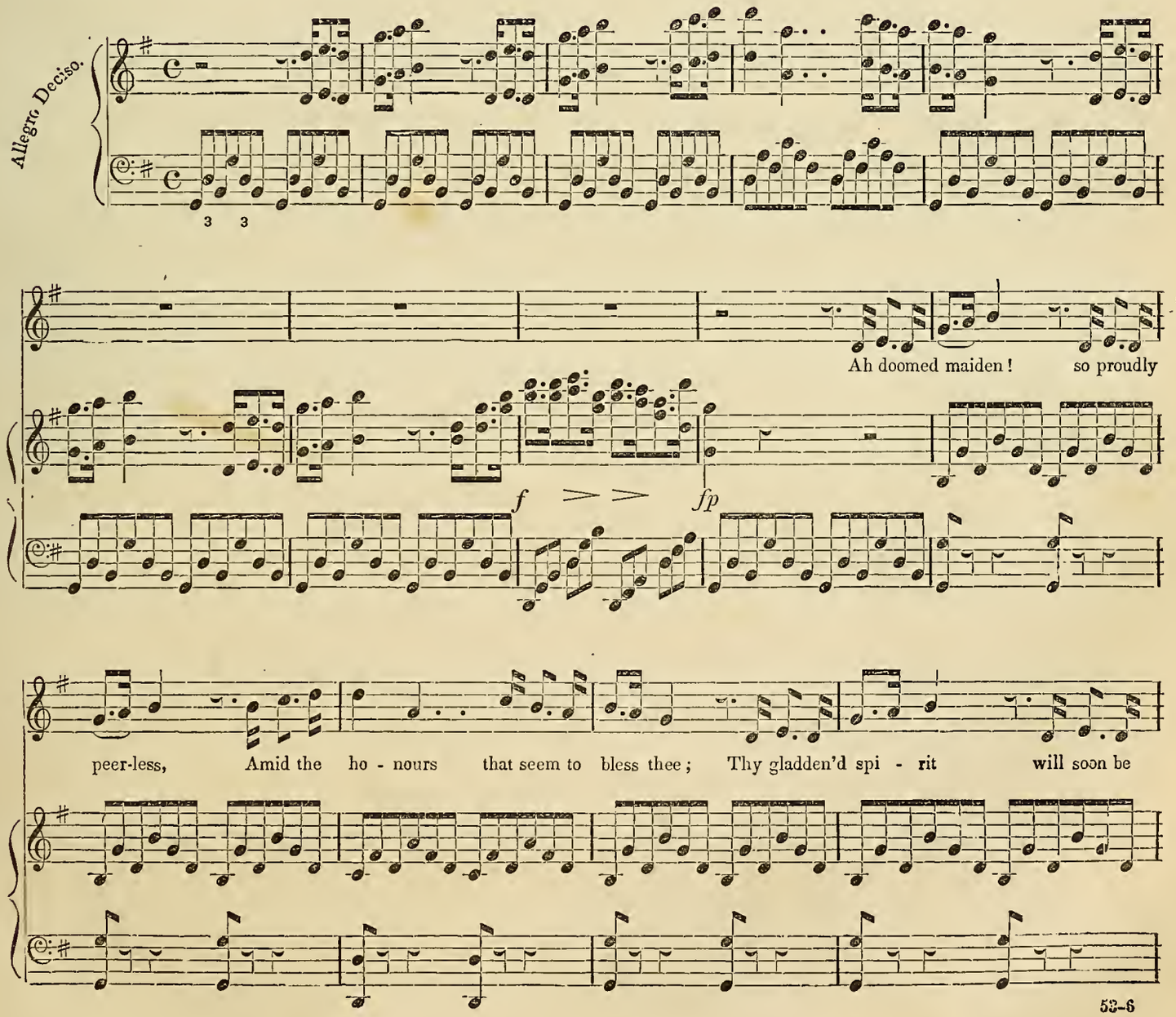
here, though the mor - - row - - - - - bring ru - - - in

here, E'en though the mor - row bring ru - in here, bring ru - - in

here.

AH DOOMED MAIDEN.

Aria, from "Leonora." By Fry.



vibrato *f* *dol.*

cheerless, Thy love be changed, thy love be changed to bit-ter hate: And all who en - vy, all who ca-

f *dol.* *cres.*

ress thee, Ex-ult to wit - ness thy hapless fate. Yes, and all who en - vy, all who ca-

cres.

stent.

ress thee, Ex-ult to wit - ness thy hap - less fate.

col. canto. *a tempo.* *f*

p

True! I did love thee,

p *p*

f

did humbly of - fer Rank, name, and

cres. di forza.

trea - sure, all to pos - sess thee: But as .hou 'st spurn'd me,

now live to suf - - - fer The shame - - - - and an - - guish that

cres.

on thee wait, - the an - guish and

rres. *f*

rinf.

shame that on thee wait

ff

Ah Le-o-no - - - - ra, doom - - ed

sf

maid - - - - - - - - - - en. Ah doomed maid-en, so proudly

for.

p

peer-less, Amid the ho - nours that seem to bless thee; Thy gladden'd spi - rit will soon be

vibrato. *f* *dol.*

cheerless, Thy love be changed, thy love be changed to bit-ter hate: And all who en - vy, all who ca-

f *dol.* *cres.*

- ress thee, Ex-ult to wit - ness thy hapless fate. Yes, and all who en - vy, all who ca-

stent.

ress thee, Ex-ult to wit - ness thy hap - less fate. Come, Le - - o-

col. canto. *più mosso.*

no - - ra, nor will I fal - - - ter, While mem - 'ry's

ve - - - - nom ran - - - - kles here, Come, Le - - o-

f

no - - - ra, nor will I fal - - - ter, While mem - 'ry's

ve - - - - - - nom still ran - - - kles here, Nor will

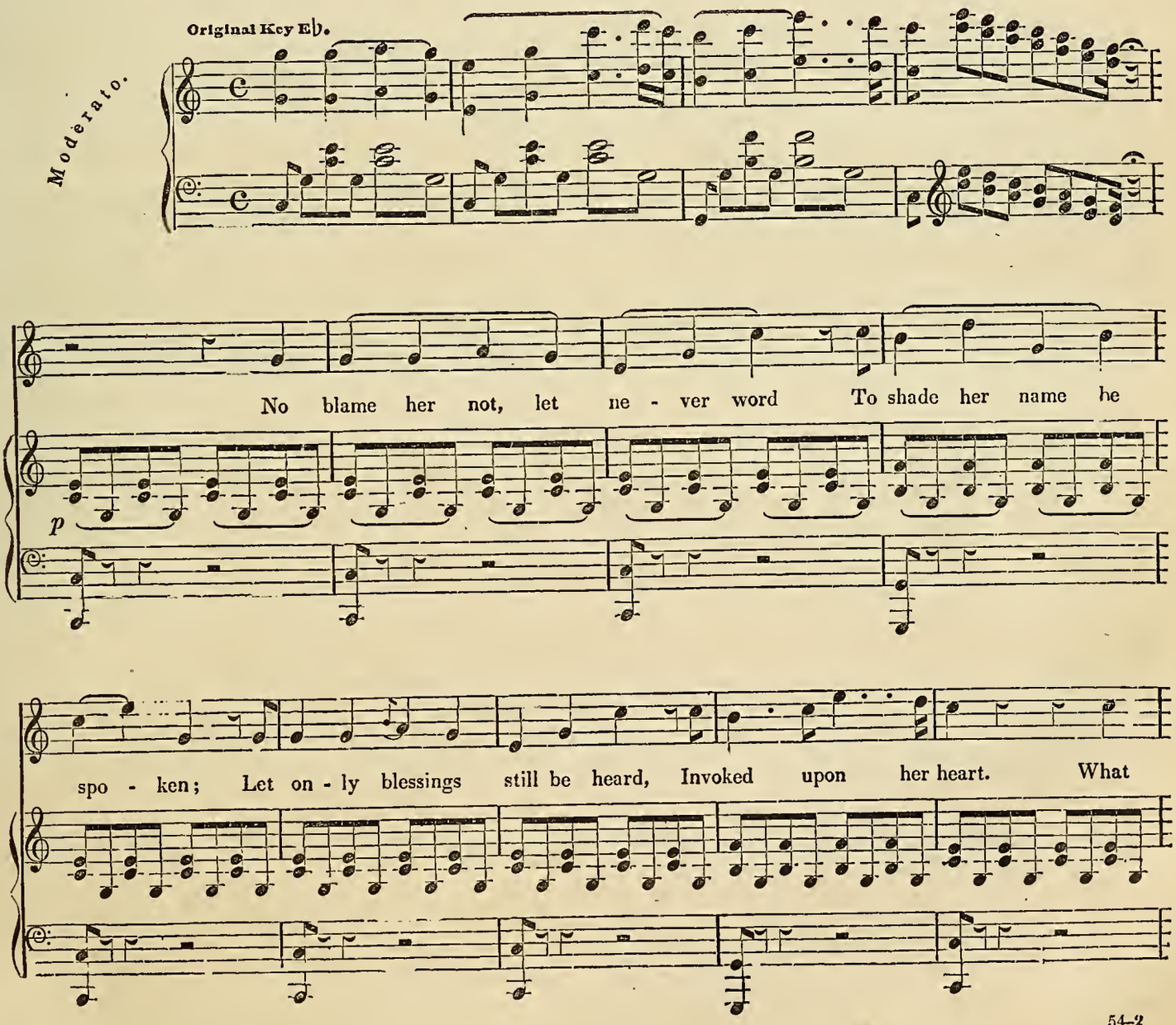
f

I fal - - - - - - ter, While mem - 'ry ran - - - kles here.

NO, BLAME HER NOT.

Aria, from "Leonora."

By Fry.



though to smiles be chang'd her tears, What though her plight be bro - - ken, Could love re - sist the

tide of years, Love rear'd by false - hood's art? No, till her wrongs may be for - got— Till then, till

then, oh blame her not.

f *sf*

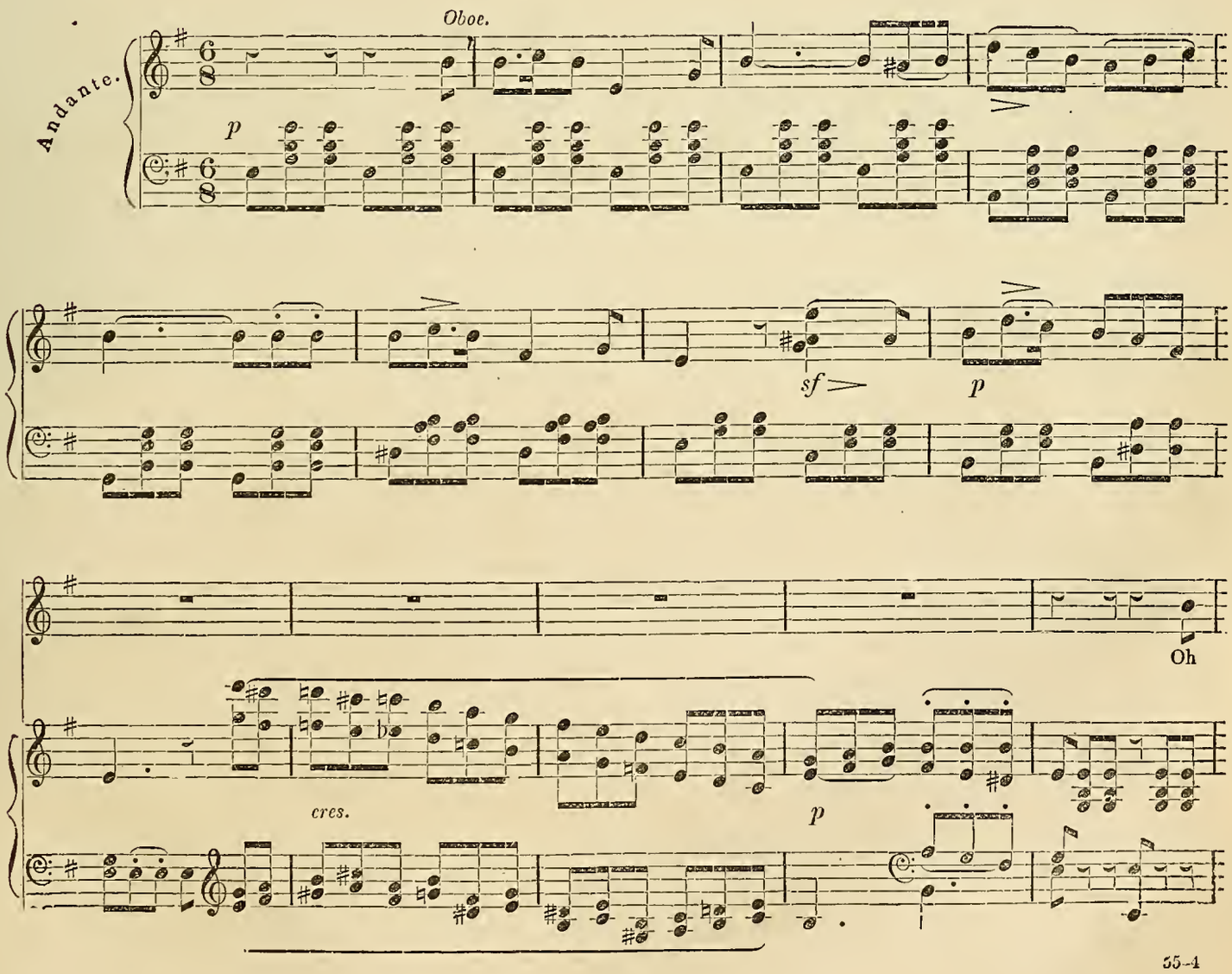
2d Verse.

Ah! how oft with extatic sense
I've pictured this returning,
When holy love should recompense
My faith, my toil, my pain.
On weary march, in deadly fray,
By watch-fires stilly burning,
I thought—I dream'd but of this day,
Oh heaven how all in vain!
Still blame her not whose forfeit vow
Makes hoarded honor so bankrupt now.

OH FORTUNE! IN THY FROWN.

Aria, from "Leonora."

By Fry.



for - tune! in thy frown How ma-ny a spi - rit fair, By

cold neg - lect cast down, Know none its fate to share.

Yes, - - - now

ma - ny like mine own, Live un - lov'd, un - blest, un - known; All can

sf *f*

deciso.

this be true for ev - - - er, That life can be so drear, And

mf

on its path - way ne - - - ver One ray of joy ap - pear.

f *col canto.* *f*

Ah - - - - - - - - - - - -

cres.

p

- - - For - tune! in thy frown How ma-ny a spi - rit

f sosten.

fair, - - - - - - - By cold neg - lect cast down, Knows

none its faith to share; Yes, how -ma - ny like mine

con abbandono.

f

own, Live un - blest, un - blest, un - lov'd, un - known; By cold neg - lect cast

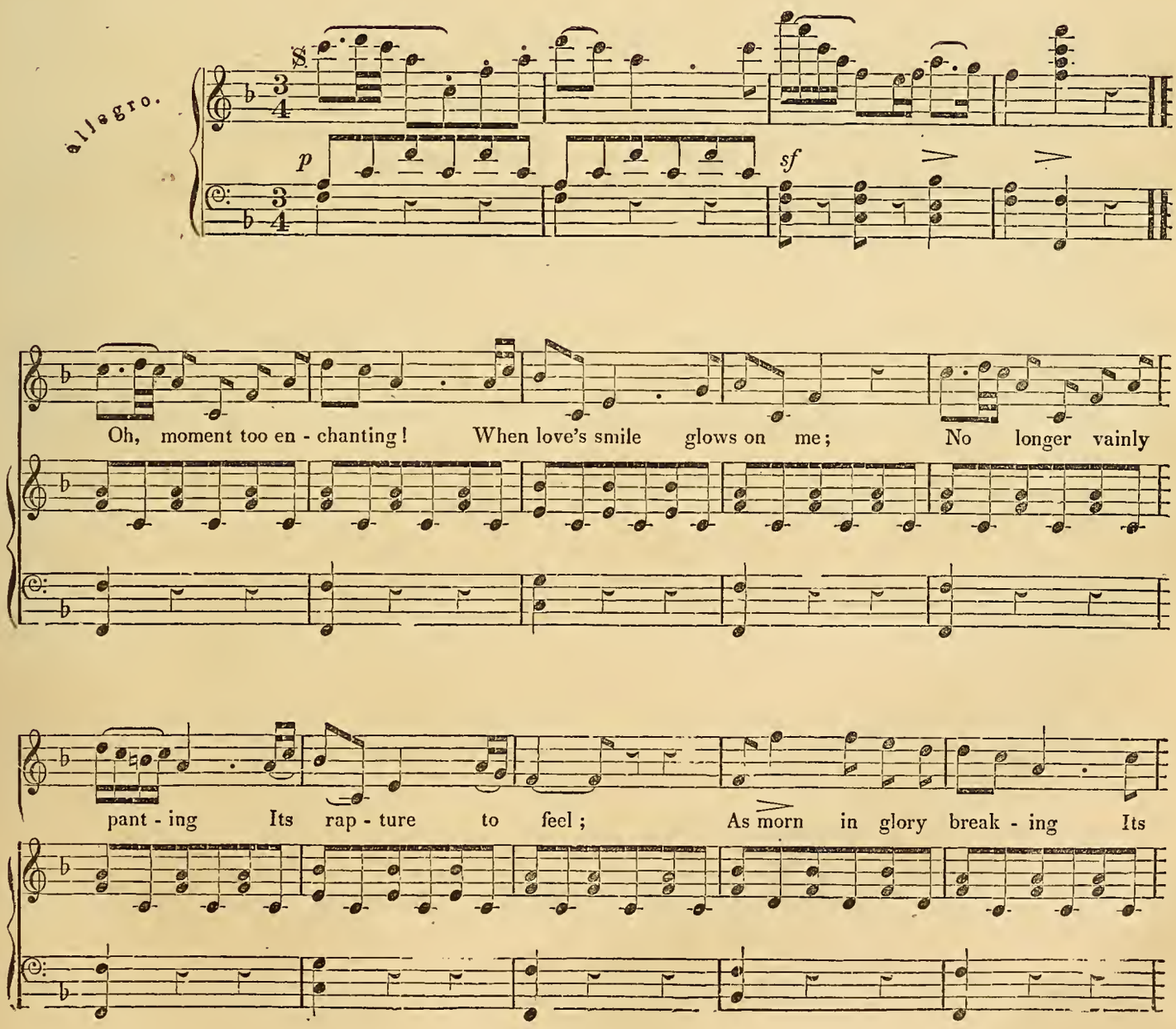
f *p col canto.*

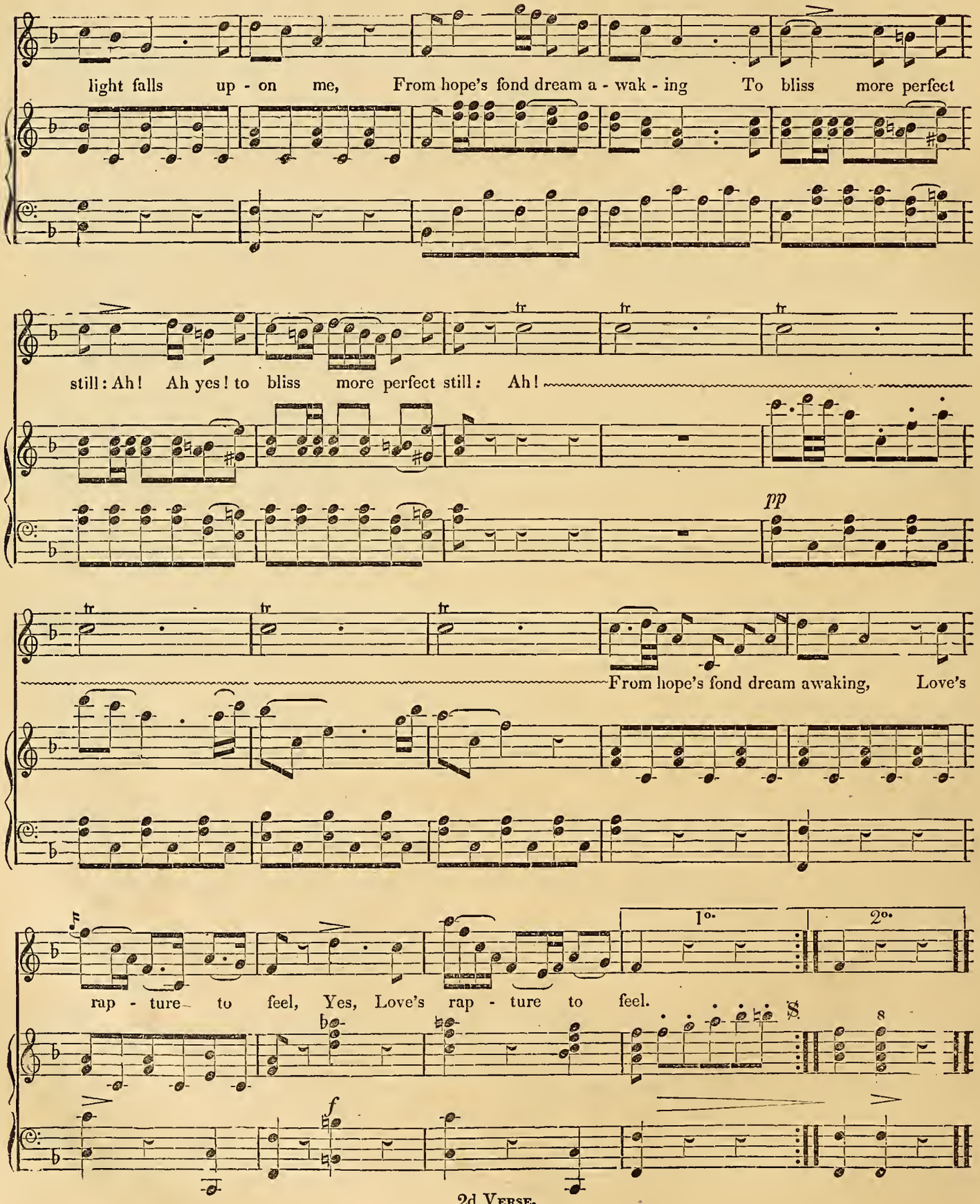
down, Live un - blest, un - blest, un - lov'd, un - known. - -

OH, MOMENT TOO ENCHANTING

Aria, from "Leonora."

By Fry.





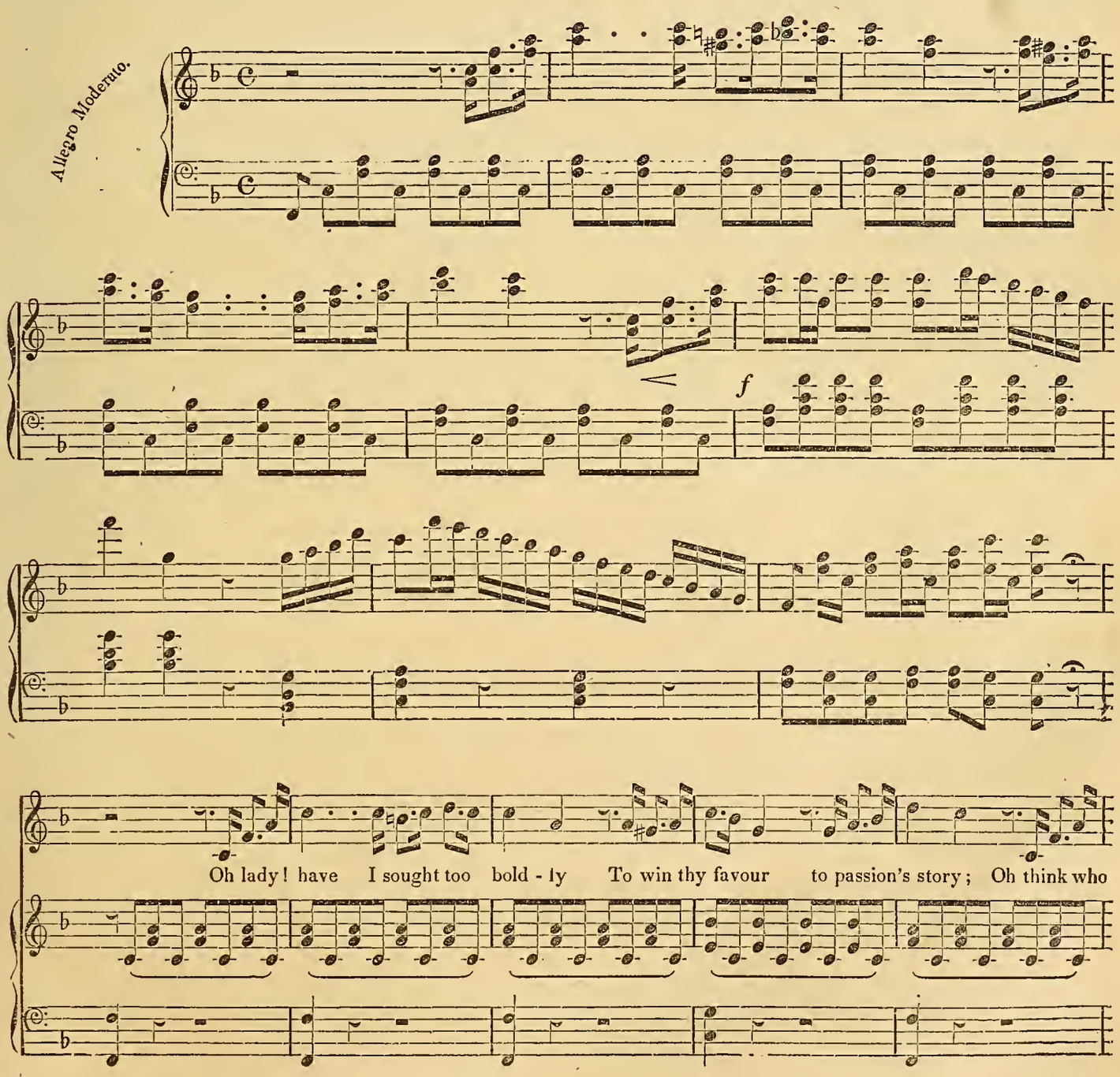
2d Verse.

Oh! who no joy can borrow
From hopes that dawn so brightly
And promise on the morrow
Content assured for aye!
As morn, &c.

OH LADY! HAVE I SOUGHT TOO BOLDLY.

Cavatina, from "Leonora."

By Fry.



f

could regard thee cold - ly That e'er bore incense to beauty's shrine, A monarch's sceptre, a hero's

p

glo - ry Would I fain yield for heart like thine; Then bid one ray of hope dawn o'er me, One sigh re-

f

abband. à piacere.

sponsive give to my prayer, And tho' death frown'd - - dark before me, For thy love 'twere bliss that frown to

f

f col. canto.

dare; Ah! la - dy, One

f p

cres.

sigh now re - sponsive— now

sf *f*

give my prayer. *lento.* *Tempo* 1*mo.* Where heav'n with genial light is glowing, And winds are

p

la - den with tribute flowers, Where chrystal founts, melo - dious flowing, Respond to mu - sic in ev'ry

dol.

f

grove, To trophied halls and to banner'd towers, That fame and power ances - tral prove, Ah! there with

thee too hap' - ly dwelling, Could love, dear lady, fulfil its prayer, My life, its deep - - - devotion

f

f

abband. à piacere.

tell - ing, Save thee should know nor joy nor care, Oh la - dy! bid one ray of hope dawn o'er me, Give one

f *f* *col. canto.*

ff *ritard.*

sigh responsive to my prayer, And tho' e'en death frown dark before, For thy smile 'twere bliss that

sf *ff*

col. 8

frown to dare.

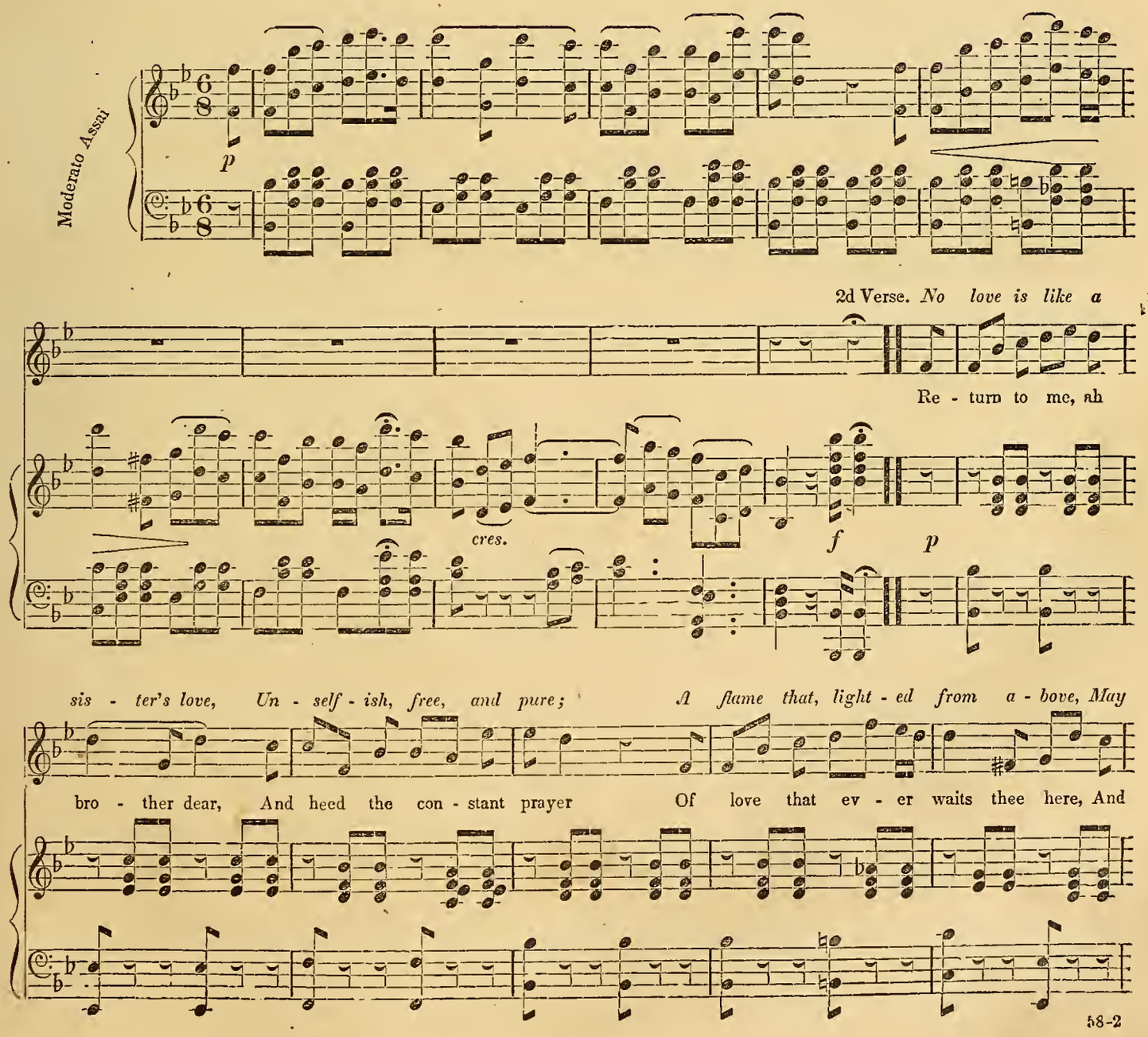
8va *loco* 8va *loco*

ff

col. 8

RETURN TO ME, AH BROTHER DEAR.

Romance, from "Leonora." By Fry.



guide but ne'er al-lure. It knows no frown of jea - lous fear, No blush of con-scious guilt; Its

longs but thine to share. The wrongs that prey up - on thy heart I'll teach thee to for - get; And

wrongs are par-don'd through one tear, Its hope crown'd by one smile: Ah! then, dear bro - ther, come to me, And

win thee back by gen - tle art From pas-sion's vain re - gret: And time shall bring on faith - ful wing, From

heed the con-stant pray - er, Of love that ev - er waits on thee, And longs but thine to share.

ritard.

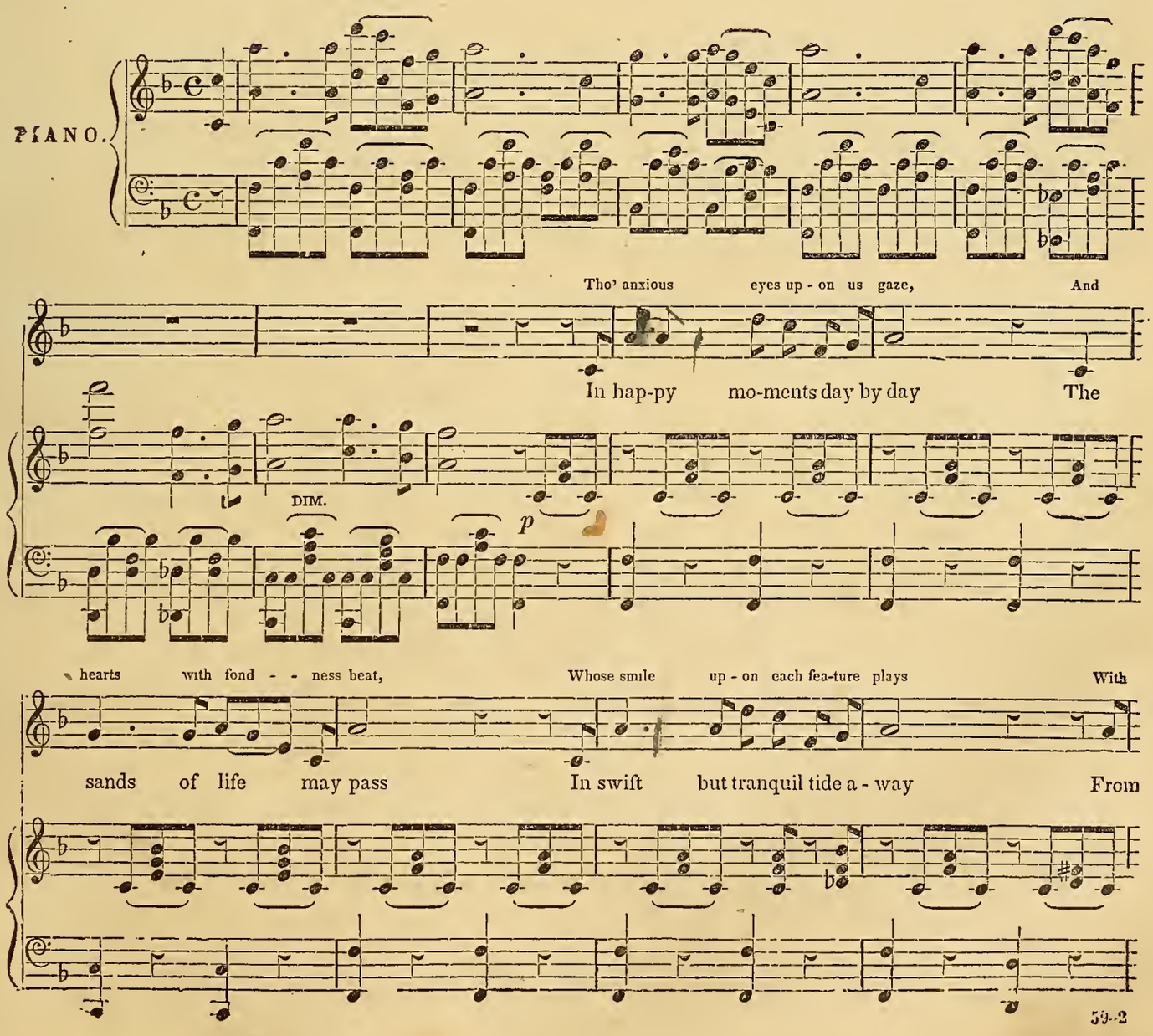
o'er thy flood of tears, The pledge of peace, when grief will cease, And joy light af - ter years.

sf *sf*

IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

From "Maritana."

By W. V. Wallace.



truth - - - - - ful - ness re - plete. Some thoughts none o - - - - ther can re place, Re

time's un-er - - - - ing glass. Yet hopes we used as bright to deem, Re -

mem - - - brance will re - call Which in the flight of years we trace Is

mem - - brance will re - call Whose pure and whose un-fad-ing beam Is

dear - - er than them all, Which in the flight of years we trace Is dear - - - er than them

dear - - er than them all, Whose pure and whose unfading beam Is dear - - er than them

Rall:

all.

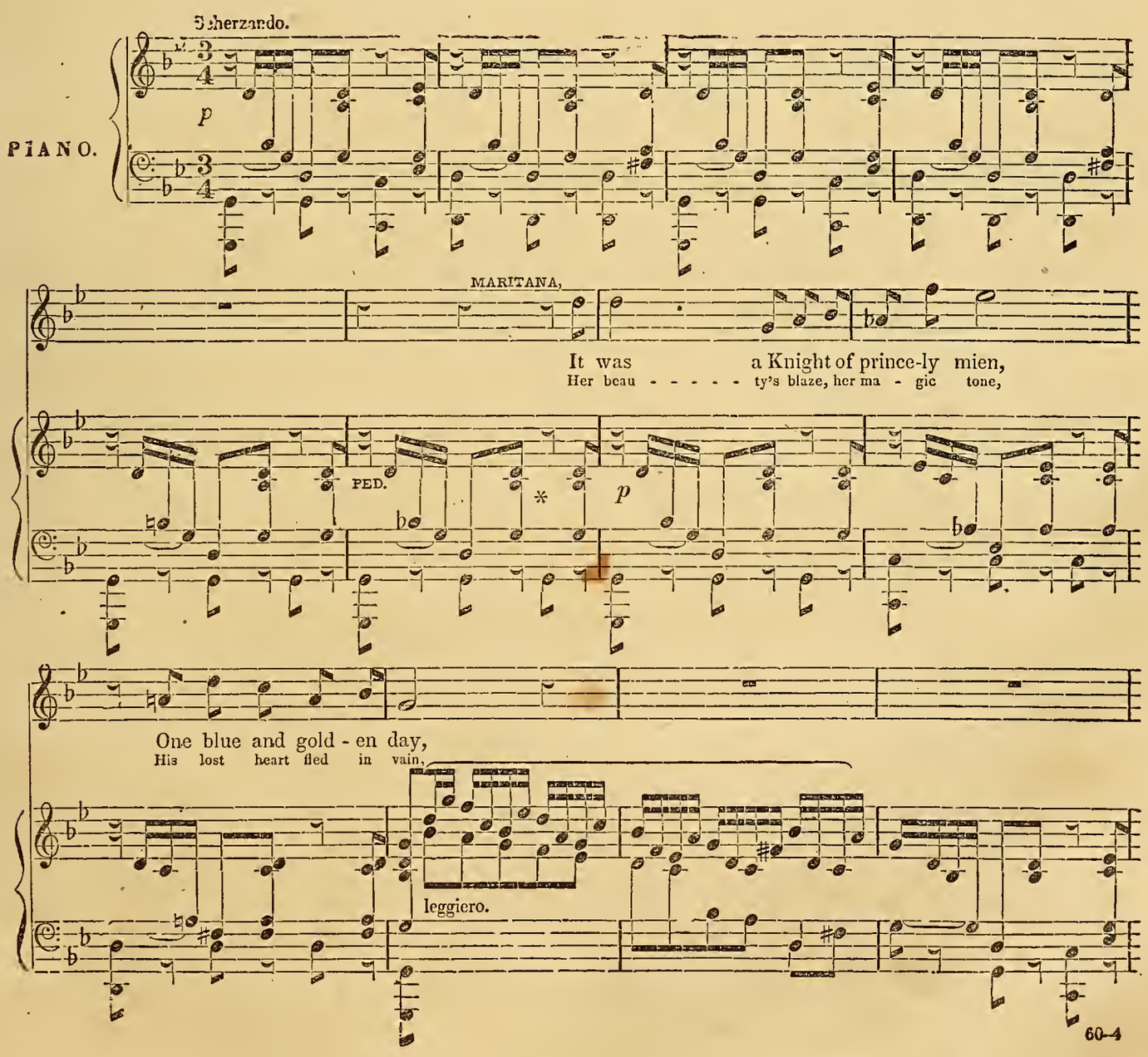
all.

mf

'n happy moments.

IT WAS A KNIGHT

From "Maritana." By W. V. Wallace.



came ri - - - - ding thro' the fo - rest green, That round his cas-tle
And soon he rais'd her to a throne, O'er fair Cas - tile to

lay. And there heard he a
reign. And so it chanc'd a

Gip - sy maid Her songs of love - - - re - veal, And there heard he a
Gip - sy maid As le - gends old - - - - re - veal, And so it chanc'd a

Gip - sy maid Her songs of love re - veal, And there heard he a
Gip - sy maid As le - - - - - gends old re - veal, And so it chanc'd a

Gip-sy maid Her songs of love re - veal.
Gip-sy maid As le - - - gends old re - veal.

PED: DOLCE. PED.

Like a spi - - - - rit, a spi - - - - rit of
Like a spi - - - - rit, a spi - - - rit of

PED. *pp*

light She en - - chant - - ed, en - chant - - ed the Knight, 'Twas a
light For en - - - chant - - - ing, en - chant - - - - ing a Knight, Was a

CHORUS. MARITANA.

King, 'Twas a King, 'twas the King, 'twas the King of Cas - tile.
Queen, Was a Queen, was a Queen, was a Queen of Cas - tile.

ff *ff*

ff CHORUS.

Sing sing Ma - ri - ta - - - na, no de - lay no de - - - - lay, Love's

ff

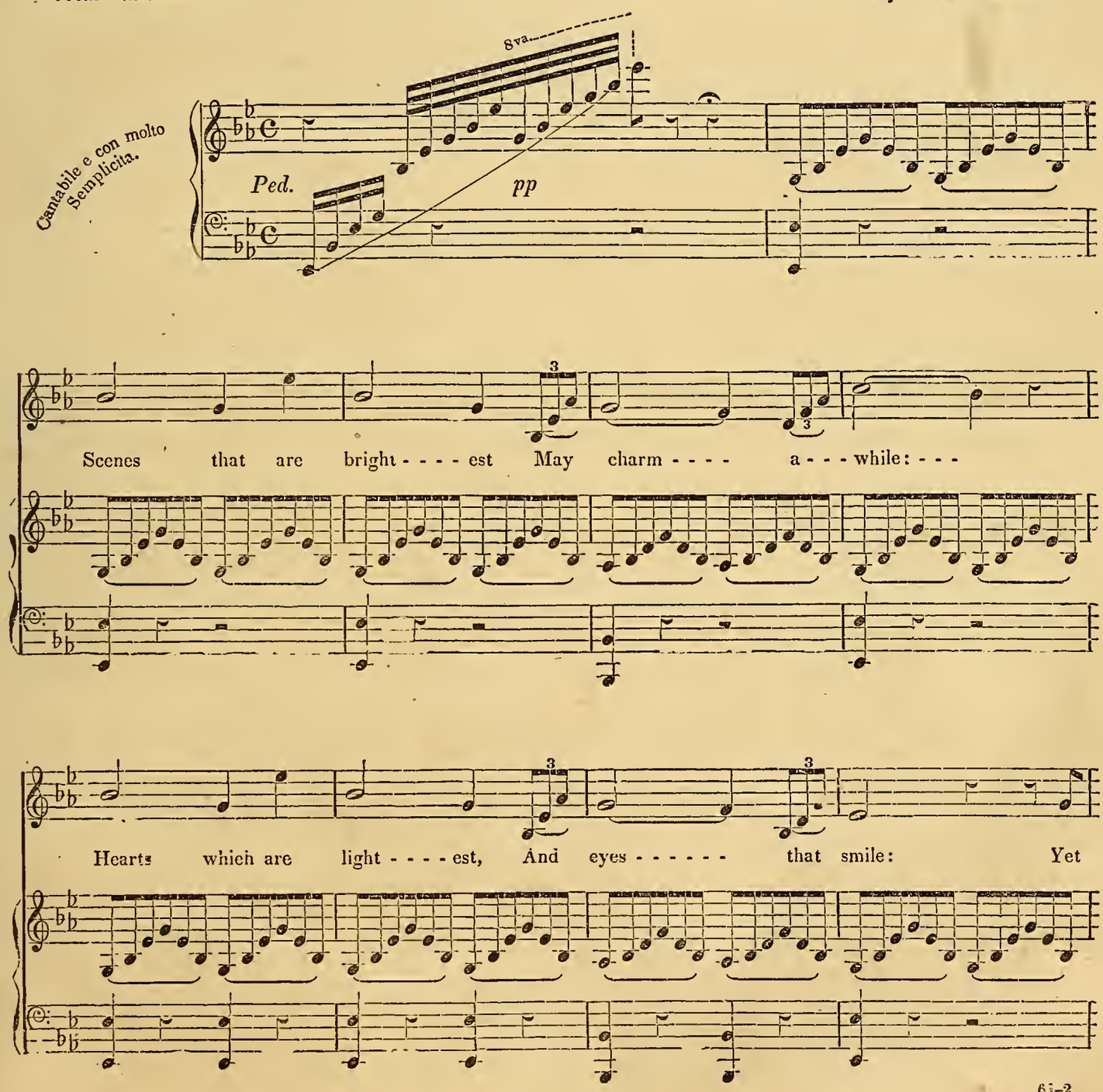
min - - strel Ma - ri - - ta - - - na, we will pay thus we pay thus we

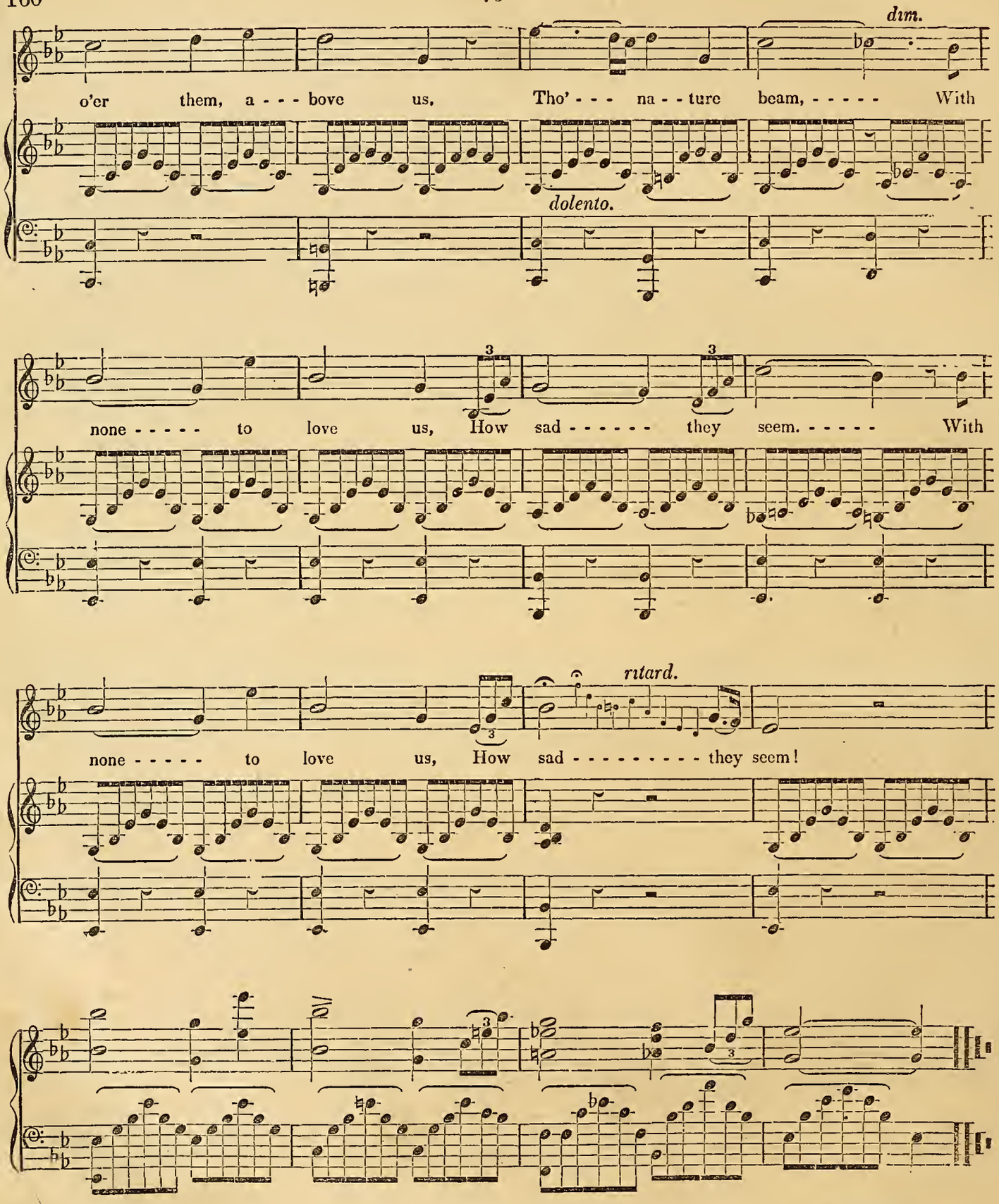
pay thus we pay.

PED. *ff* *

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

From "Maritana." By W. V. Wallace.





2d Verse.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear;
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear.

Hopes will still deceive us
With tearful cost,
‖: And when *they* leave us
The heart is lost. :‖

THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH.

From "Maritana." By W. V. Wallace.

PIANO.

p *dim.*

It waft - - eth per - fume o'er us, Which few can e'er for - get,

There is a flow'r that bloom - - eth When au - tumn leaves are shed,

Staccato.

pp

Of the bright scenes gone be-fore us, Of sweet, though sad re - gret. Let

With the si-lent moon it weep - - - - eth The spring and sum - - mer fled. The

no heart brave its pow - - - - er By guil - - - ty thoughts o'er - cast, For

ear - - - ly frost of win - - - - - ter Scarce its brow hath over-cast, Oh!

then a poi - - soned flow-er is the mem'-ry of the past, For

pluck it ere it with-er 'Tis the mem'ry of the past, Oh

then a poi - - - son'd flow - er, - - - - - - - Is the mem' - - ry, the mem'-ry of the past.

pluck it ere it wi-ther - - - - - - 'Tis the mem'-ry, the mem'ry of the past.

pp

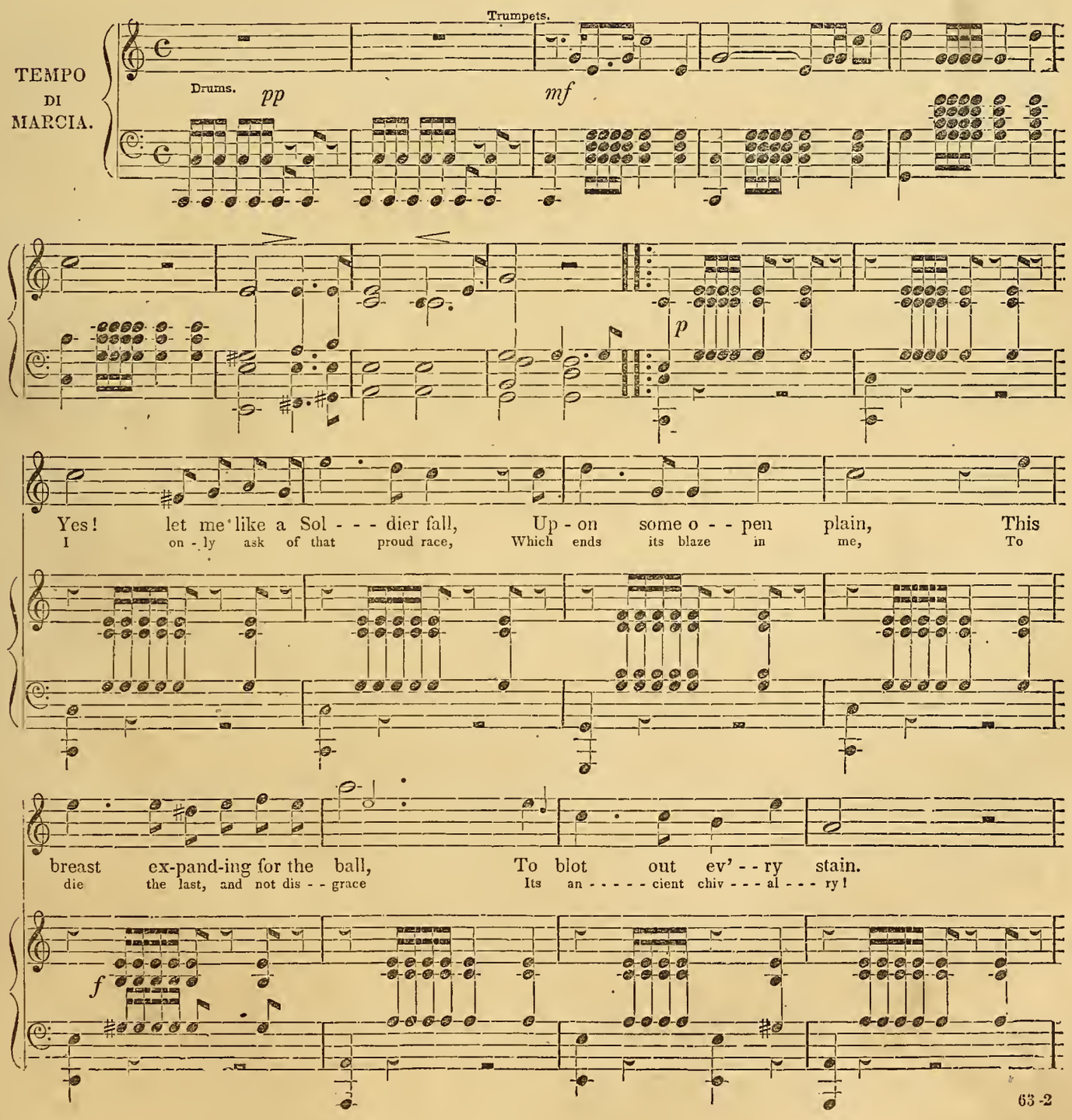
dim.

pp

YES! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

From "Maritana."

By W. V. Wallace.



Brave manly hearts con-fer my doom That gen - - tler ones may tell, How e'er for got un-
Tho' o'er my clay no ban - - - ner wave, Nor trum - - - pet re - - - quiem swell, E - - nough they mur - - - - - mur

pp

f

known my tomb I like a Sol - dier fell. How - e'er for - got un - - knwn my tomb I like a
o'er my grave He like a Sol - dier fell. E - - - nough they mur - mur o'er my grave He like a

CRES.

Sol - dier fell, I like a Sol - - - dier fell.
Sol - - - dier fell, He like a Sol - - - - - dier fell.

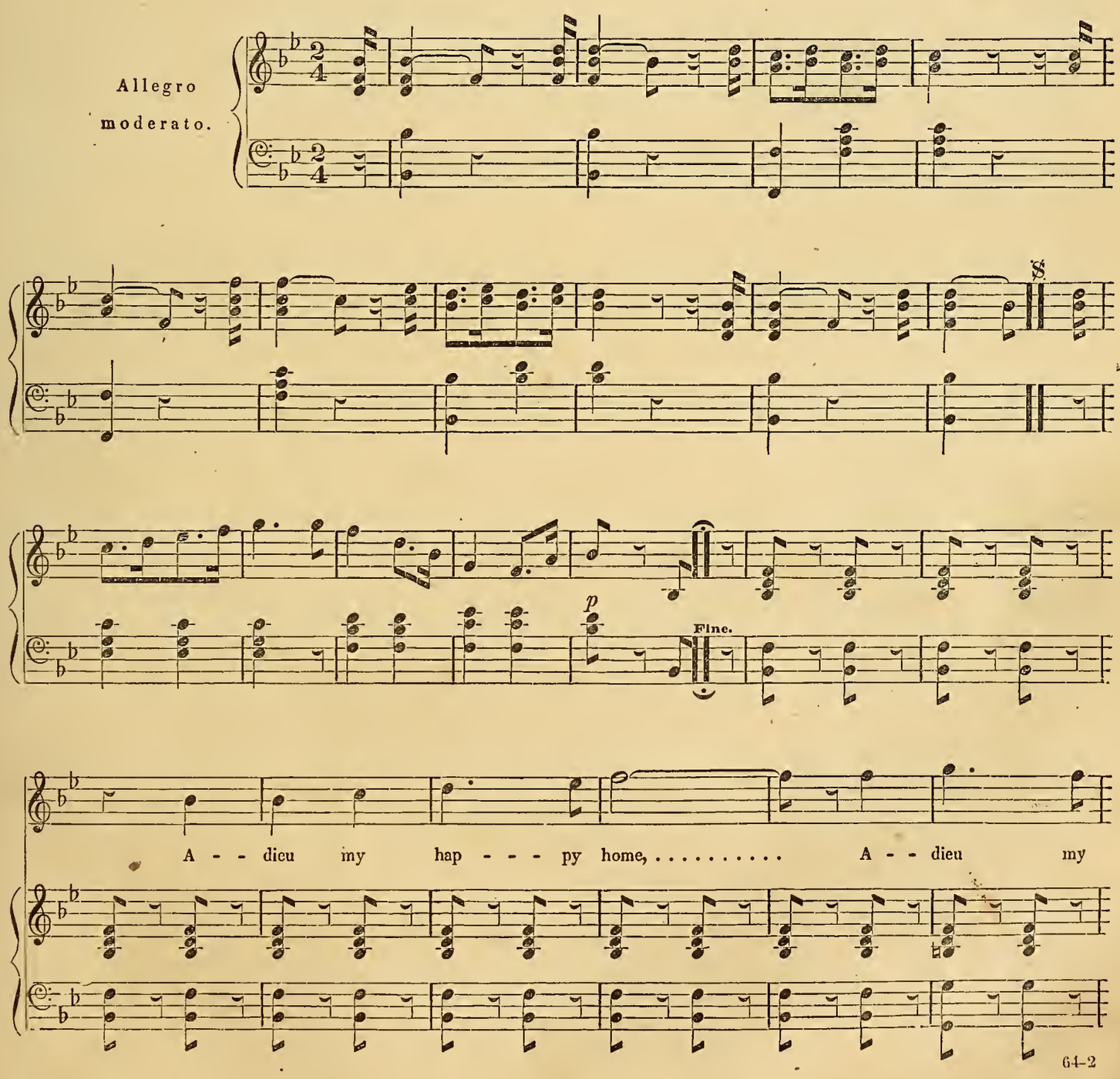
ff *mf*

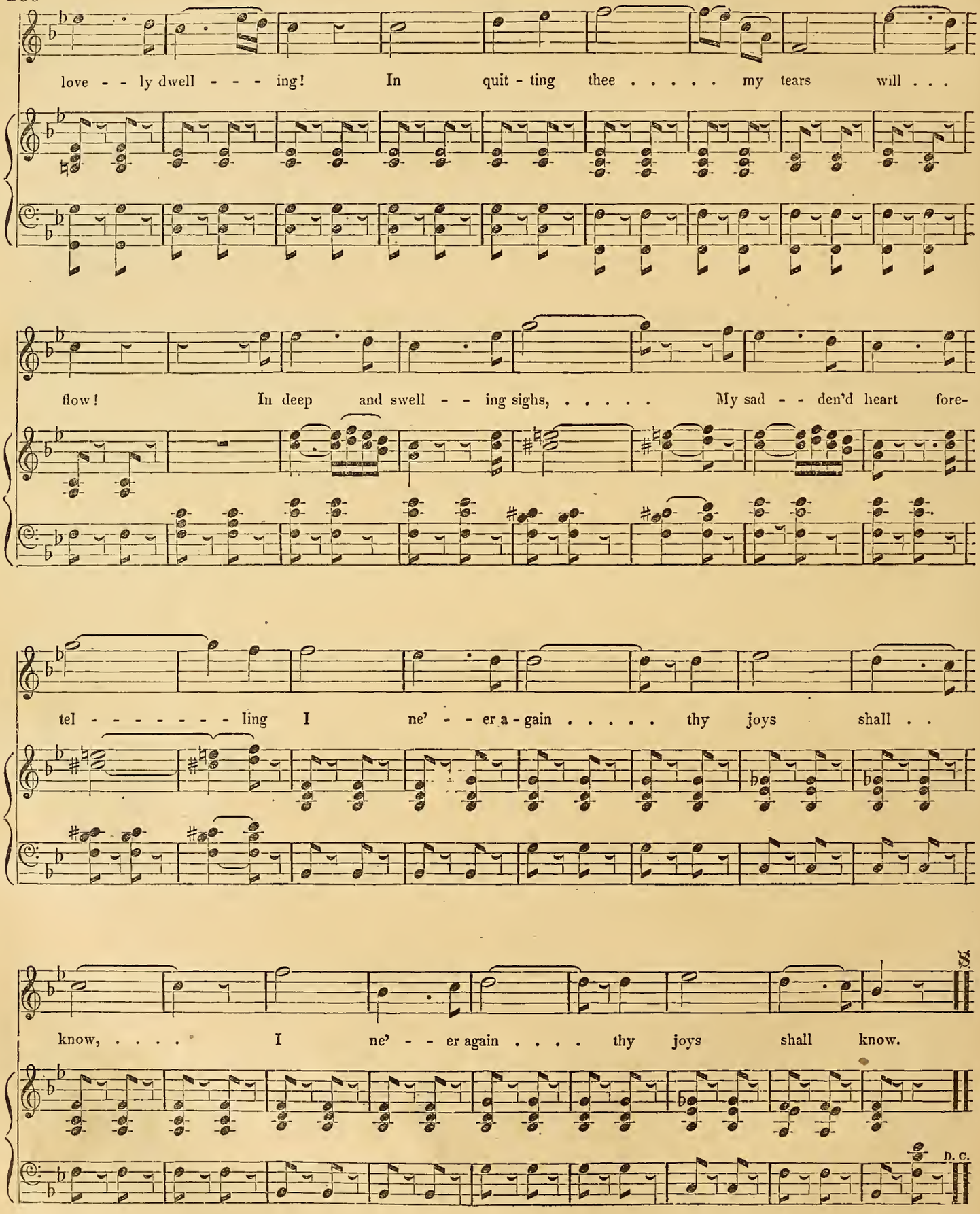
p Drums. *ff*

ADIEU MY HAPPY HOME.

From "Masaniello."

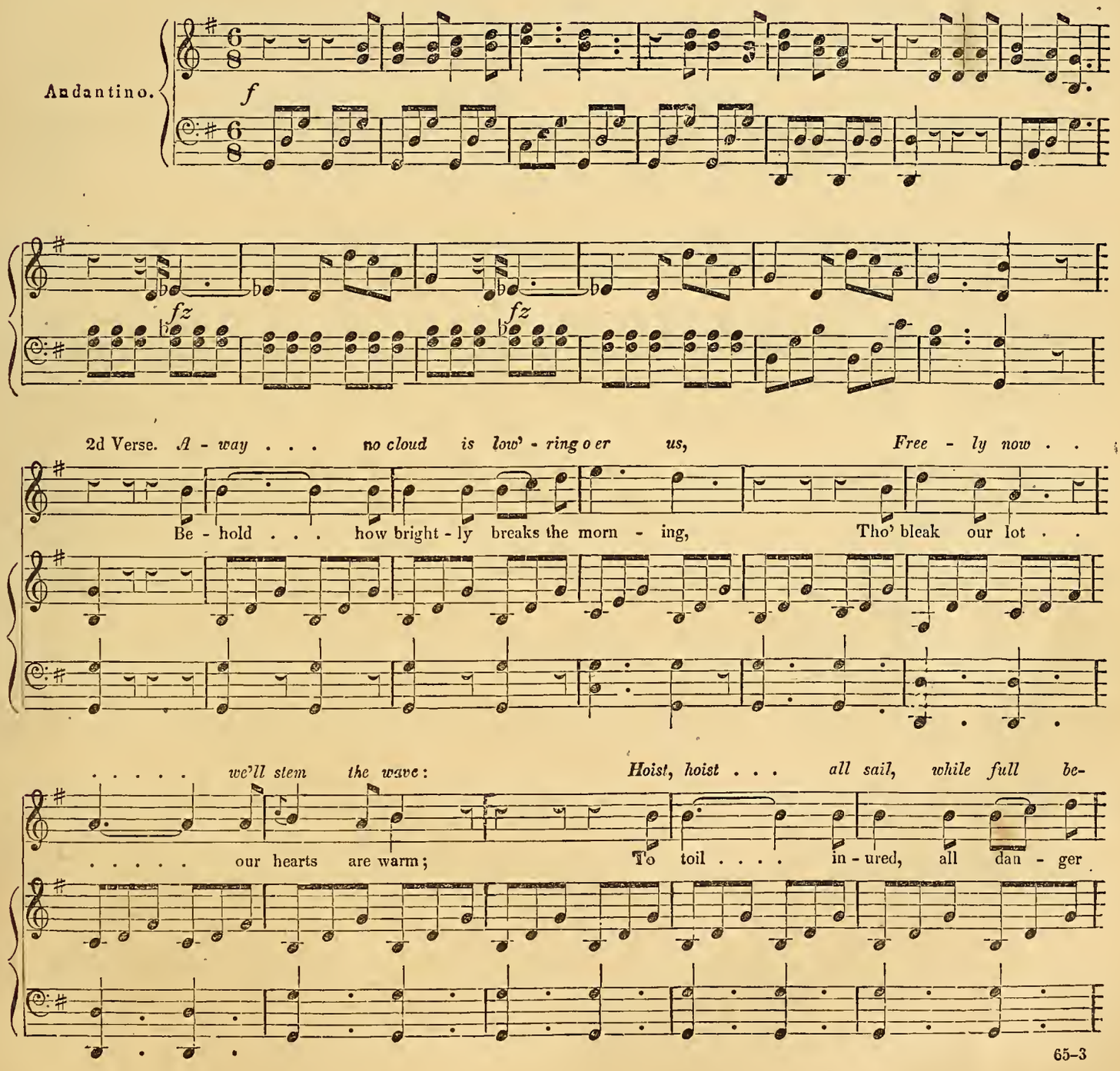
By Auber.




love - - ly dwell - - - ing! In quit - ting thee . . . . . my tears will . . .
flow! In deep and swell - - ing sighs, ... My sad - - den'd heart fore-
tel - - - - - - - - ling I ne' - - er a - gain . . . . . thy joys shall . .
know, ... I ne' - - er again . . . . thy joys shall know.
D. C.

BEHOLD HOW BRIGHTLY BREAKS THE MORNING

Barcarolle, from "Masaniello." By Auber.



fore us, Hope's bea - con shines . . . . . to cheer the brave. Put off, put off, &c.

scorning, We'll hail the breeze, ... or brave the storm, Put off, put off, our

course we know; take heed, ... whis - per low: Look out and spread your

net with care; take heed . . whisper low . . . the prey we seek we'll soon we'll soon en-

snare, . . the prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon en - snare. Take heed, ... whisper

p

low: take heed . . . . . whisper low: Look out, and spread your net with care, Take

pp

heed, . . whisper low: Look out and spread your net with care; take heed . . whisper low . . . the

prey we seek we'll soon we'll soon, we'll soon en - snare, . . the prey we seek we'll soon we'll

soon we'll soon ensnare.

fz *fz*

HARK! O'ER THE STILLY LAKE.

Air, from "Masaniello."

Arranged by Hodson.

Allegretto non tanto.

(Convent bells.)

p e staccato.

f

f

p

p

Hark! o'er the stil - ly lake the con - vent chime is

p

sf *sf* *sf*

sounding, Whilst homeward over the wa - ters clear The fish - ers boat is bounding:

Soon from the glow - ing skies Will the sum - mer moon be glan - - - cing, And the

gold - en bark of the gondo - lier On the ris - ing wave be dancing.

f

The sun that shines a - bove thee, Land of the pur - ple

Fine.

vine, Ne'er warm'd a heart to love thee With pur - er love than mine,

p

D. C.

2.

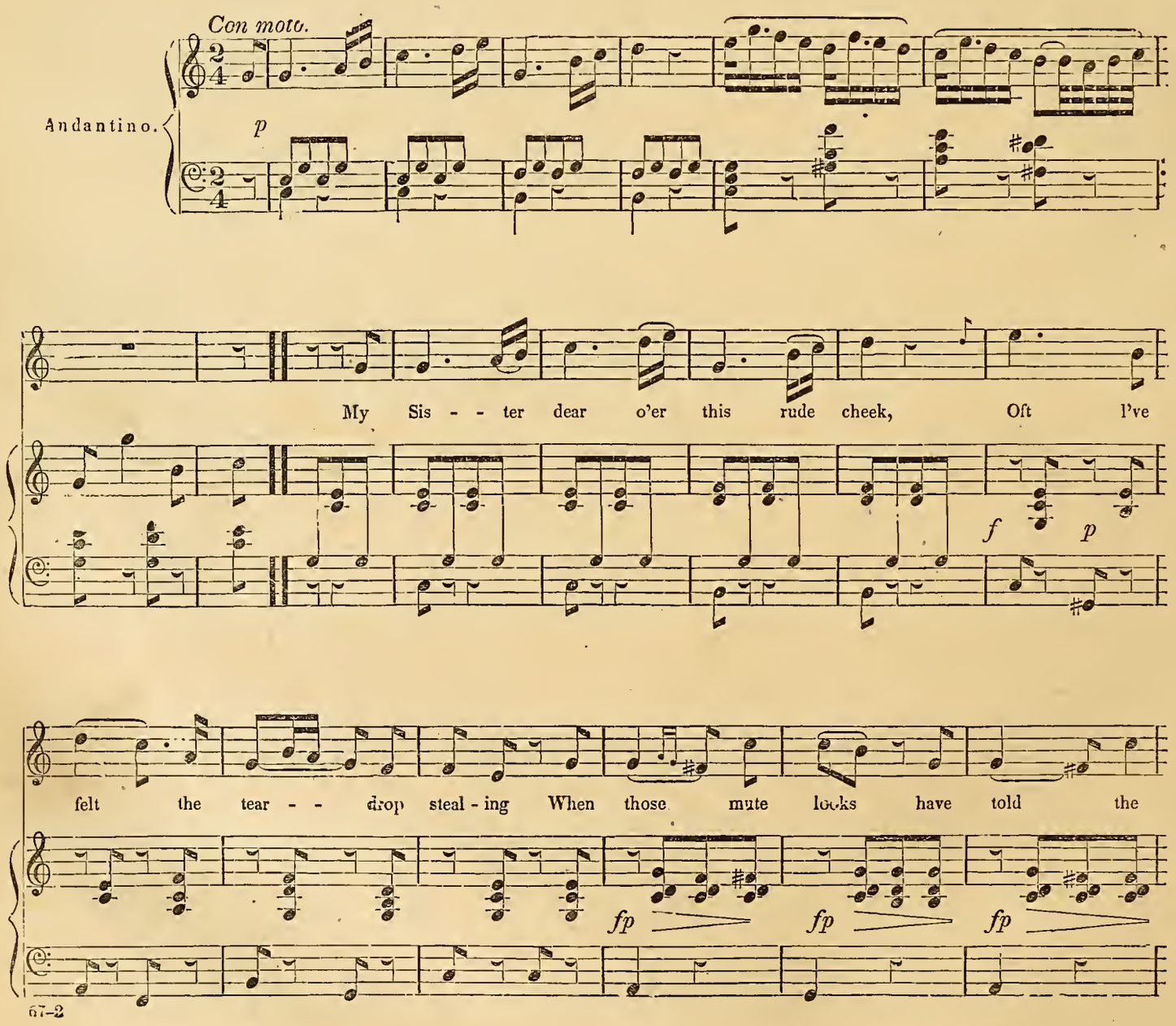
Now is the hour of joy,
The shore resounds with gladness,
The festive dance and the clear moonlight
Leave not a thought of sadness.

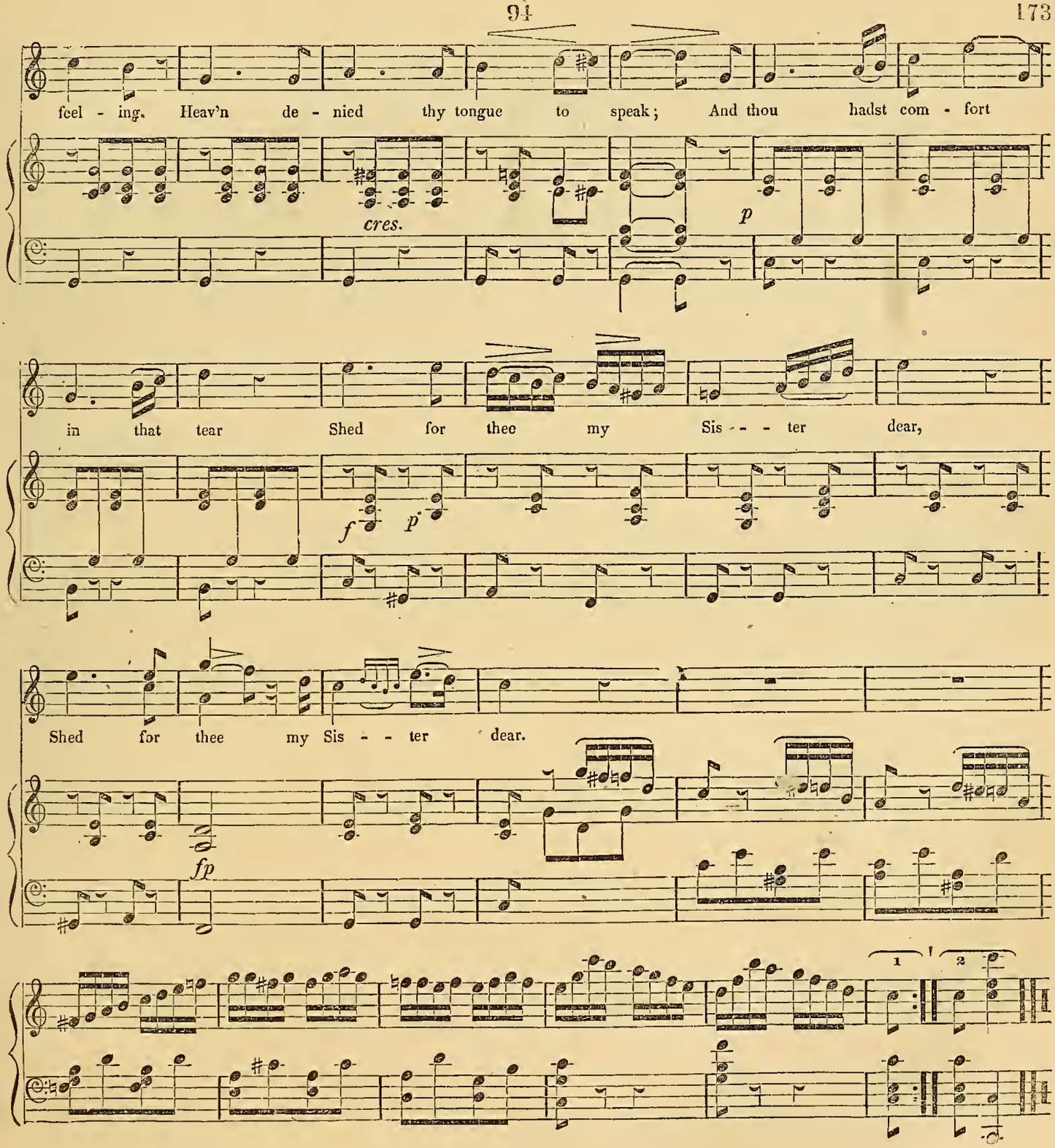
O! for the joyous song,
And the step of fairy lightness,
The lowly lot of that happy throng,
And a home like theirs of brightness.

And O! for a bosom calm
As the lake beside us flowing,
An eye as bright and a heart as light
As the many round us glowing.

MY SISTER DEAR.

From "Masaniello." By Auber.





2.

And now alas! I weep alone,
By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken;
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown;
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee, my Sister dear,
My Sister dear.

SKIES OF UNCLOUDED LIGHT

By Auber.

From "Masaniello."

Allegretto.

p

tr

Love's all re - sist - less reign Lulls ev' - ry bit - ter pain, Swift sor - rows

Skies of un - clou - ded light Shine now in fan - cy's sight, Life seems one

flee a - way, Love's fade - less plea - - sure. Love's all re - sist - less reign

ver - nal day Too swift - ly fleet - - - ing. Skies of un - cloud - ed light,

ff

Lulls ev' - ry bit - ter pain, Swift sor rows flee a - way, Love's fade - less

Shine now in fan - cy's sight, Life seems one ver - nal day, Too swift - ly

plea - - sure No one can mea - - sure: Its . . . boundless trea - sure

flee - - - ting, Hearts fond - ly meet - - ing, Ten - - - derly beat - ing,

p

All toil and care, all toil and care will full re - pay. Skies of un - cloud - ed light, &c.

Proud - ly con - fess, proudly con - fess love's mu - tual sway. Skies of un - cloud - ed light

Shine now in fan - cy's sight, Life seems one ver - nal day Too swift - ly

flee - - - - ting, Hearts fond - ly meet - - - ing, Ten - - - der - ly

p

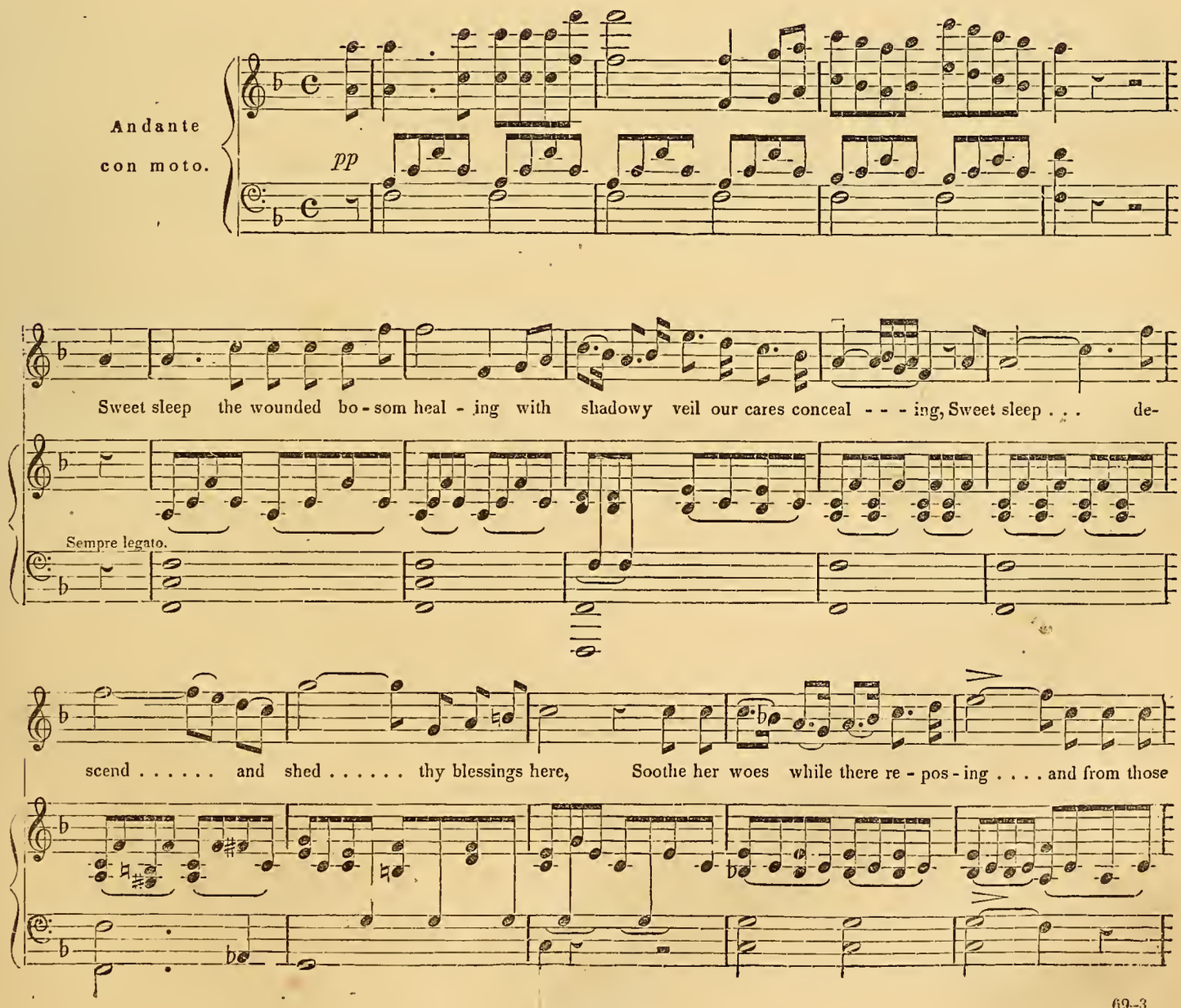
beat - - ing, Proud - - ly con - fess, proud - ly con - fess love's mu - tual

sway.

ff

SWEET SLEEP THE WOUNDED BOSOM HEALING.

Cavatina, from "Masaniello." By Auber.



eye - lids gent - ly clos - - ing Oh chase a - - way the ling' - - - - - ring

tear, O soothe her woes . . . . . and chase oh chase a - way . . . . . pale

un poco ritardando.

Colla voce.

a tempo.

sor - - - row's ling' - - - - ring tear. Sweet sleep the wounded bo - som heal - ing light veil our

Imo Tempo.

cares a - while con - ceal - ing, Soothe her woes while there re - pos - ing, And from those eye - lids gent - ly

clos - - ing Oh chase a - - way the ling' - - - - - ring tear, O soothe her

ritardando. tempo.

woes . . And chase oh chase a - way . . . . . pale sor - - row's ling' - - - - ring

Colla voce. 1mo Tempo.

tear. Chase . . . oh chase a - way . . . . . the ling'ring tear.

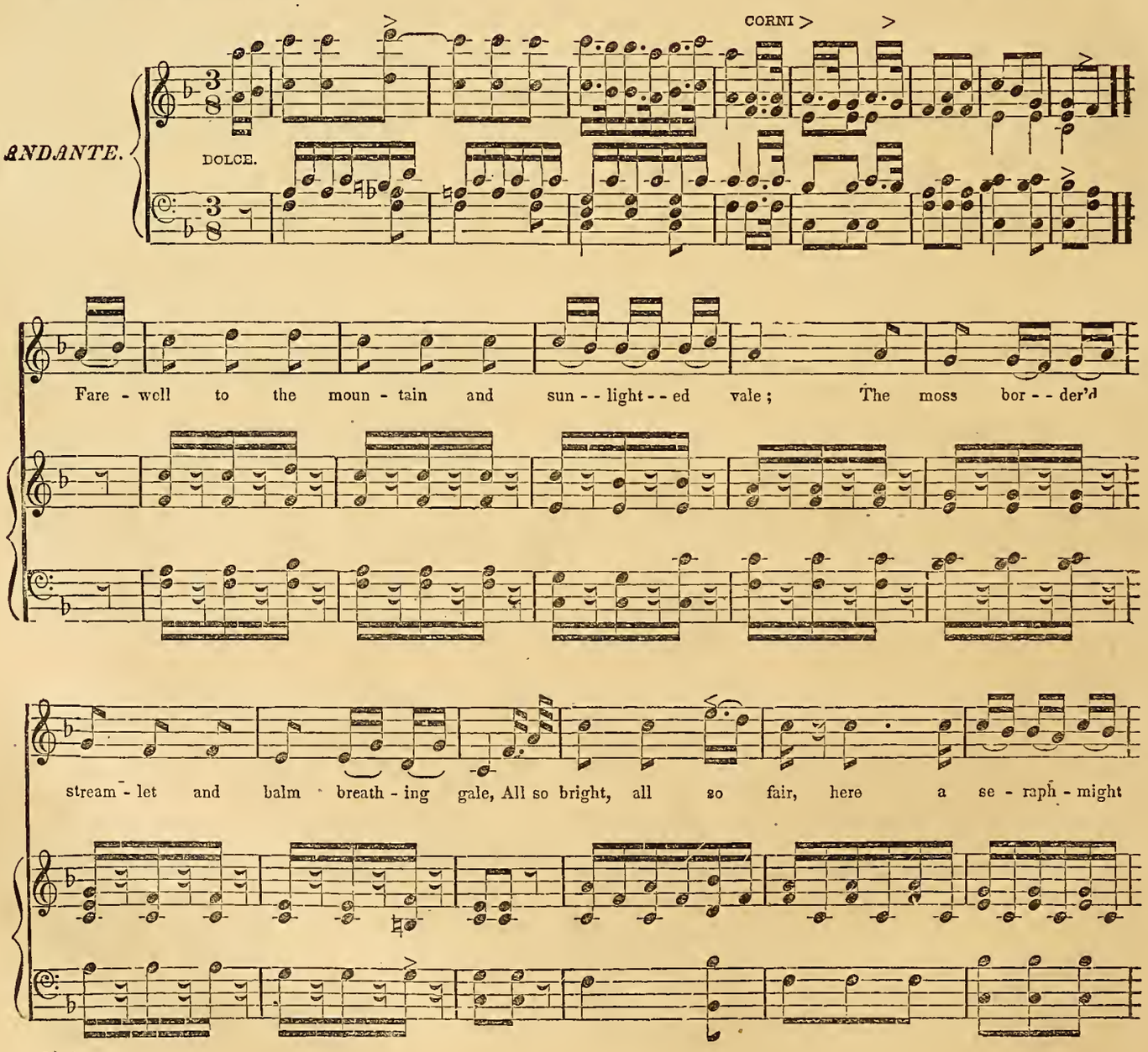
p *p* *p*

Ah! chase a - way the ling'ring tear.

pp

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN

From the "Mountain Sylph." By Barnett.



dwell 'Tis toe love - ly for me Fare - well Oh! fare - well Fare - - - well! for more

sweet - ly each sound meets mine ear, The wild bee and but - ter - fly they may rest

here; Hark their hum, how it blends with the deep con - vent bell, Such strains are of

hea - ven, Fare - well! Oh! fare - well. Fare - - well to the moun - tain and sun - - light - - ed

vale; The moss bor - - der'd stream - let and balm breath - ing gale, All so bright, all so

fair, here a se - raph - might dwell, 'Tis too love - - ly for me, Fare - well Oh! Fare-

8va. loco.

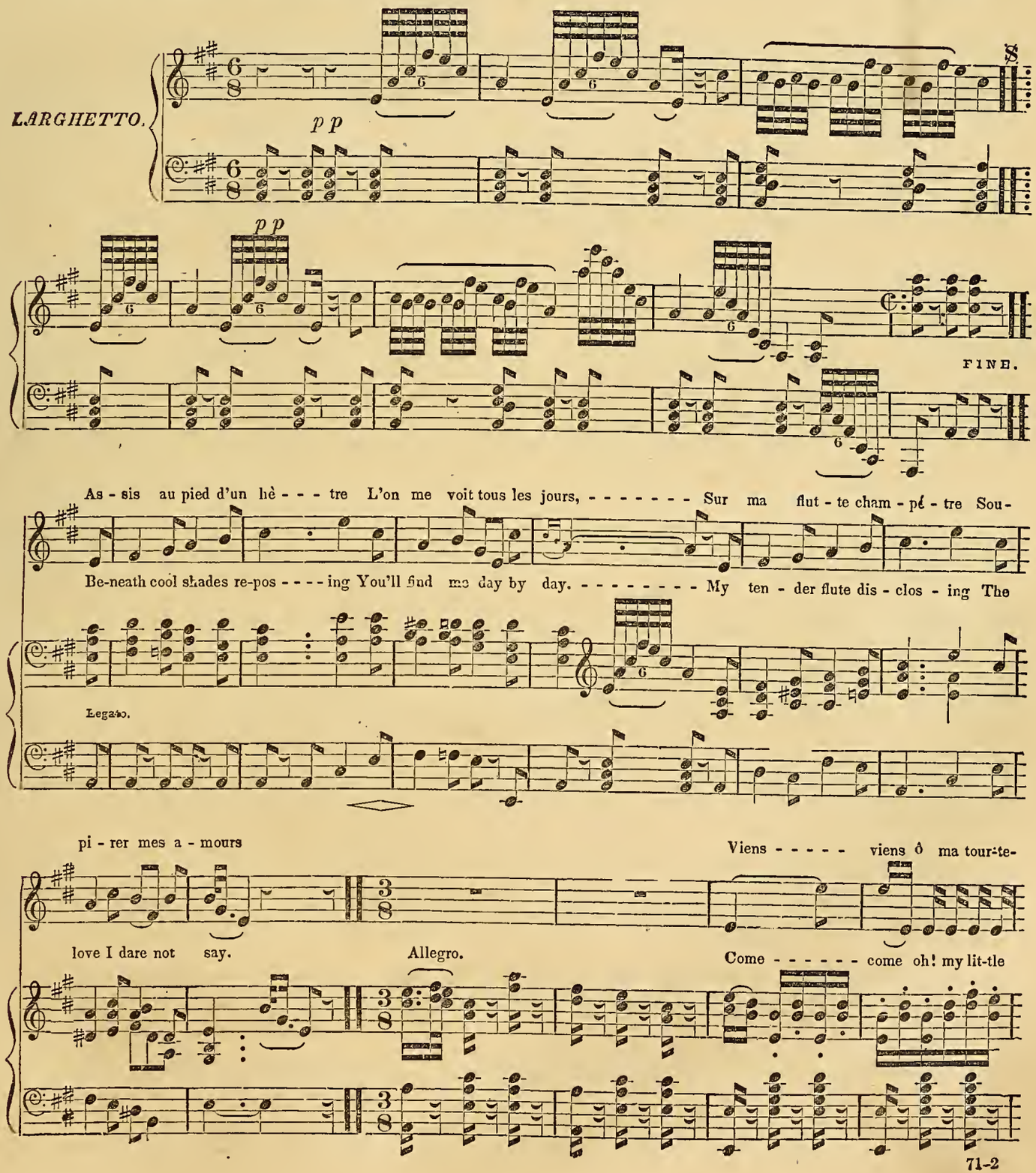
well 'Tis too love - ly too love - ly for me, Oh! fare - well!

CORNI

BENEATH COOL SHADES REPOSING.

From the "Postillion of Lonjumeau."

By Adam.



rel - - - - le Viens - - - - - - viens - - - viens ô ma tour-te - rel - - - - - - - - - -

Dove Come - - - - - - come - - - - - come oh! my lit-tle dove - - - - - - - - - -

- - - le Pourquoi fuis tu tou-jours? Tou tour-te-reau t'ap-pel - le Pourquoi fuis tu tou

- - - - - From me fly not a - way Your mate in-vites to love - Your mate in-vites to

rall.

jours Ton tour te reau t'ap - pel - - - - - - - - - - le, Pourquoi fuis tu toujours, fuis tu tou - jours.

love - Your mate in-vites to love, to love, to love.

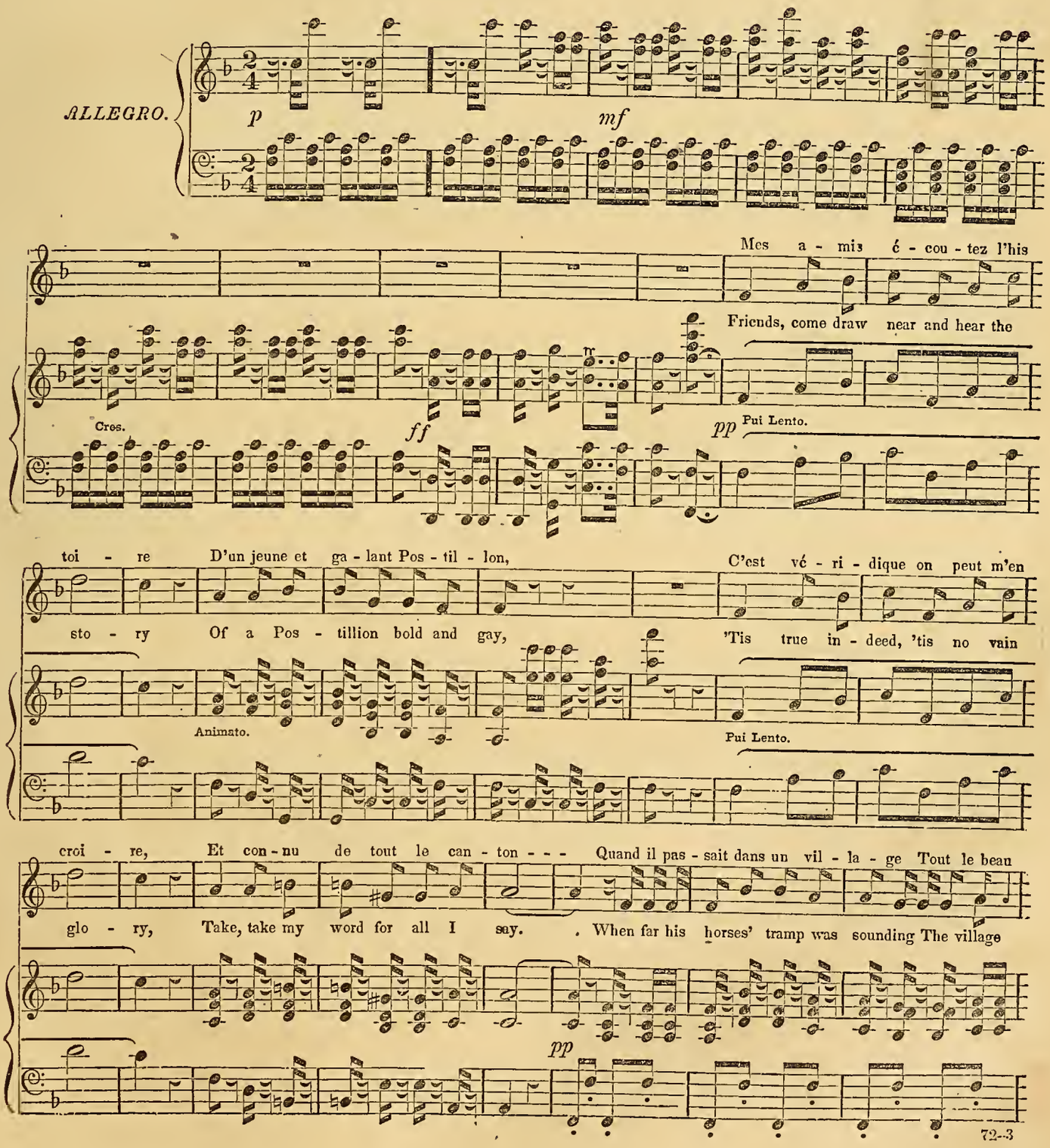
D. C.

Through verdant meadows straying,
In vain the fields I tread;
Kind fate each day I'm praying,
Of life to cut the thread.
Come, come, &c.

En vain dans la prairie
Tous les matins j'accours
Ah! de ma triste vie
Il faut trancher le cours.
Viens, viens, &c

FRIENDS, COME DRAW NEAR AND HEAR THE STORY.

From the "Postillion of Lonjumeau." By Adam.



sexe é - tait ra - vi Et le cœur de la plus sau - va - ge Galoppait en croupe a - vec lui. Oh.

maids came forth to greet, Many a heart from them was bounding, Galloping with his horses' feet. Oh!

Rallent.

oh! oh! oh! Qu'il é - tait beau Le Pos - til - lon de Lon - ju - meau - - - - -

oh! oh! oh! how gay and free The hap - py Pos til - lion must be - - - - - - -

- - - Oh! oh! oh! oh! Qu'il é - tait beau - - - - - - - Qu'il é - tait beau Le Pos-til -

- - - Oh! oh! oh! oh! how gay and free - - - How gay and how free The hap-py Pos -

Rallent. A tempo

- - lon du Lon - ju - meau, Le Pos-til - lon du Lon-ju-meau. Ah! Qu'il est beau, qu'il est beau, qu'il est beau, Le Pos-til - -

Mezzo Voce e Cres.

- - til - lion must be! The hap-py Pos-til - lion must be! How gay and free, gay and free, gay and free The happy Pos -

Dolce

ten. Rallent. *pp* e Cres.

V. S.

- lon de Lon - ju - meau, Ah. qu'il est beau, qu'il est beau, qu'il est beau, Le Postil-lon de Lon - ju - meau.

- til - lion e'er must be, How gay and free, gay and free, gay and free, The happy Postillion e'er must be.

ff *p*

mf Cres.

ff

2

Many a lady, high in station,
Whose absent lord his wife had told,
If you do ride for recreation,
None drives but this Postillion bold.
His horses promptly obey his will,
When the trusty reins he's seizing;
There's perfect safety in his skill,
His overturns are not unpleasing.
Oh, oh, &c.

3

Late in the night the village leaving,
To take some trav'lers on their way,
Home he quitted, many grieving
Vainly at his lengthened stay.
No more he roves to ev'ry flower,
His days of gallantry are done,
He that o'er many hearts had power,
Now has become the slave of one.
Oh, oh, &c.

2

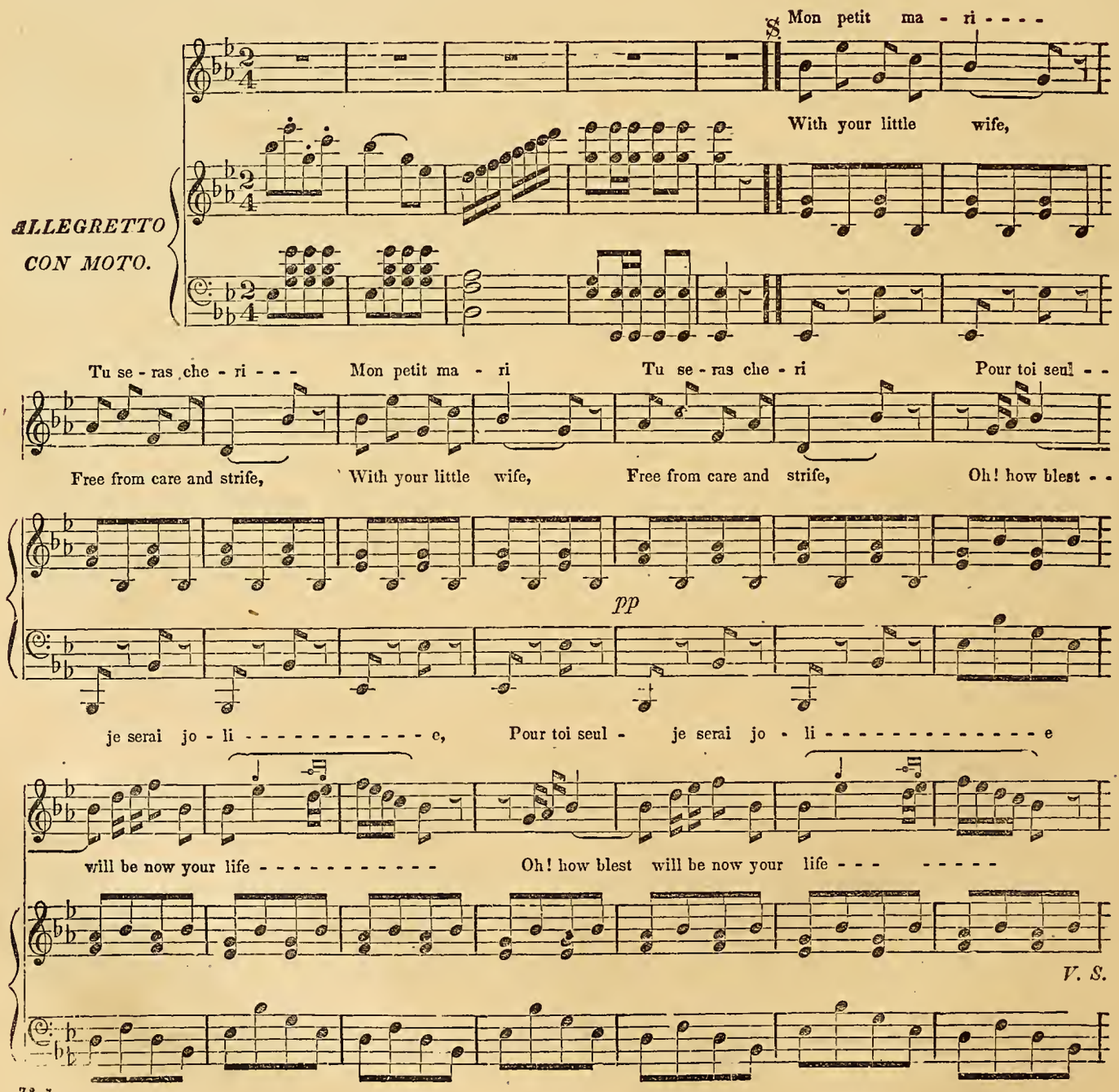
Mainte Dame de haut parage
En l'absence de son mari,
Exprès se metait en voyage.
Ponr être conduite par lui
Aux procédés toujours fidèle
On sayait qu'adroit Postillon,
S'il versait parfois une belle
Ce n'était que sur le gazon.
Oh, oh, &c.

3

Mais pour conduire un équipa-
Voilâ qu'un soir il est parti,
Depuis ce temps dans le village,
On n'entend plu parler de lui.
Mais ne déplorez pas sa perte
Car de l'himen suivant la loi,
La Reine d'une ile déserte
De ses sujets la nommé roi.
Oh, oh, &c.

WITH YOUR LITTLE WIFE.

From the "Postillion of Lonjumeau." By Adam



Ah! pouvoir d'un cœur Parta - ger l'ar - deur Ah! pouvoir d'un cœur Parta - ger l'ar -

Flatt'rers say they see Many charms in me, Flatt'rers say they see Many charms in

deur, De la vie c'est le bon - heur, De la vi - - - - e, De la vi - - -

me, In your eyes Fair let me be, In your eyes, In your eyes,

- - - e c'est le bon heur, De la vi - - e c'est le bon - neur.

Fair let me be, In your eyes - - - - - Fair let me be.

ff

FINE. *p*

Aux ga - lants tou jours re - bel - le Te gar - dant ma foi

All ad - mi - rers dis - re - gard - ing, Vain - ly o - thers sue,

Je n'aime que toi Je ju - re dè - tre fi - de - le

To my hus - band true, With my faith his love re - ward - ing,

Mo que toi des sots Et de leurs pro - pos En homme de bien

I on none will smile, None shall e'er be - guile, I will turn a - way

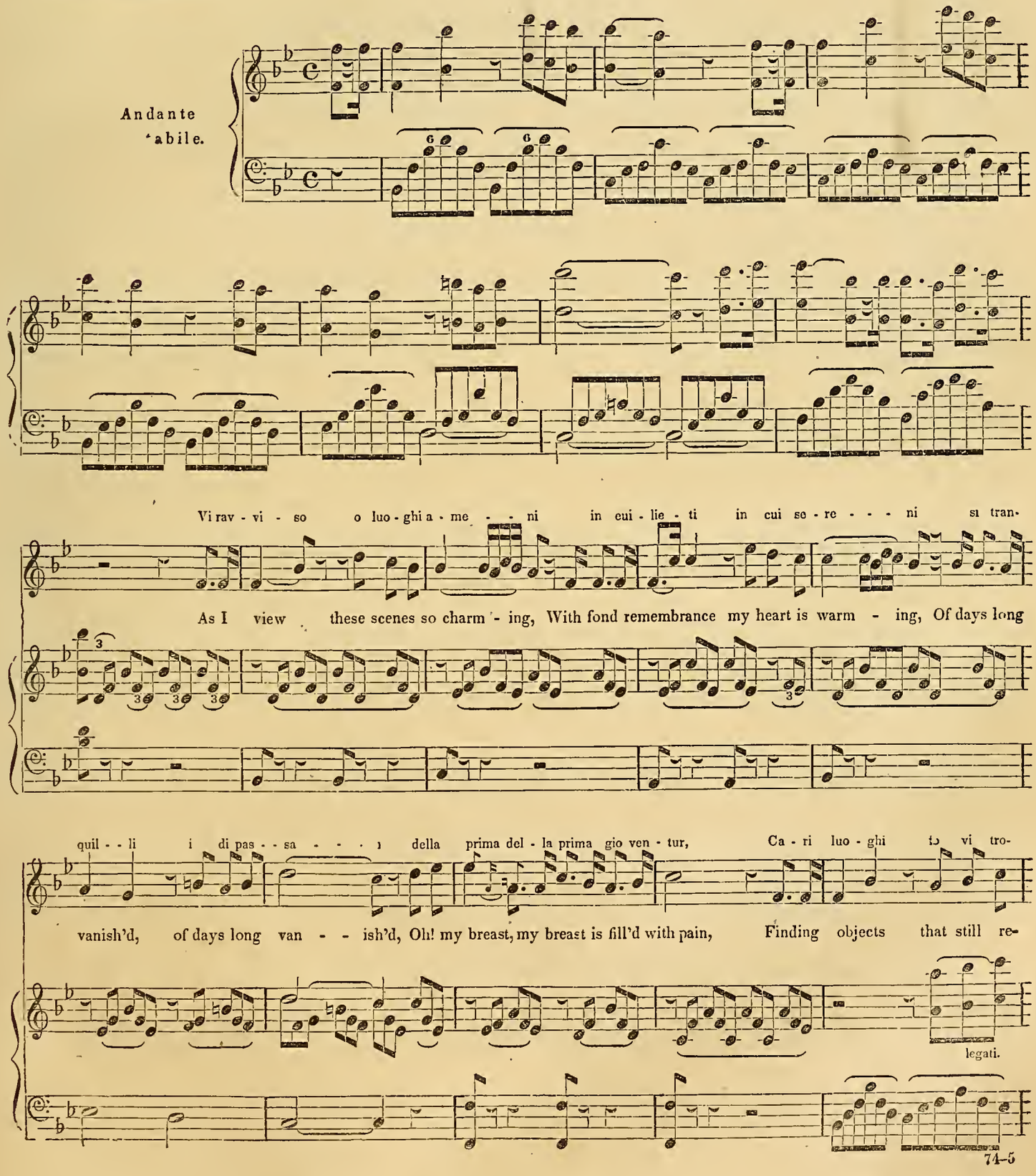
N'en crois jemais rien Car dans nos a - mours Je di - rai tou - jours:

From each word they say, When such truth is known You will surely, surely own:

D. C.

AS I VIEW THESE SCENES SO CHARMING.

From "Sonnambula." By Bellini.



vai ca ri luo - ghi io vi - tro vai ma quei di non tro - vo più vi rav - vi - - so o luoghi a

main, While those days, while those days, while those days come not a - gain, As I view . . these scenes so

Legato.

mo - nir in cui - lie - - - ti i di pas - - sa - i del - la pri - ma gio - ven - tur. Ca - ri

charming, With fond re - mem - brance of days long vanish'd, Oh! my breast is fill'd with pain, Finding

cres. *f* *pp*

luo - ghi, io vi tro - vai ca - ri luoghi io vi tro - vai ma quei di non tro - vo più ca - ri luo - ghi vi tro - va - - i ma quei di non tro - vo

objects that still remain, While those days come not a - gain, While those days come not again, While those days, while those days, while those days come not a-

più non tro - vo più non tro - - - - - - - - - - - - - - vo non tro - vo più.

gain, ne'er come a - gain ne'er come - - - - - - - - - - - - ne'er come a - gain.

mf *pp* V. S.

Allegro moderato.

mf *fp* slentando.

Tu non sa - - - - i con quei be - gli oc - - - chi Co - mo dol - - ce il cor mi toe - - - chi quei ri

Maid, those bright eyes, my heart im - press - - ing, Fill my breast with thoughts dis - tress - - ing, By re-

chia - - - mi ai pensier mier a - do - ra bi - li a - do - ra bi - li bel - ta E - ra das - sa ah! qual tu

call - - ing an earthly bless - ing Long since dead, and pass'd a - way, pass'd a - way. She was like thee, ere Death op-

se - - - - - - - i sul mat - ti - no sul - mat - ti - no dell' e - tà e ra des - sa qual tu se - i sul mat - ti - no dell' e-

press - - - ing, Sunk her beauties, sunk her beauties to de - cay. She was like thee, ere Death sunk her beauties to de-

V S.

ta e - ra des - sa qual tu se - i sul mat - ti - no dell e ta - - - - - - - - - - - - - - dell a

cay, Ere Death, ere death oppressing, sunk her beauties, sunk her beau - - - - - - - - - - - - - ties to de-

cres. *ff*

ta
1st time.
cay.

e - ra des - sa
She was like thee

Piu moto.

f *p* *cres.*

sul mat - ti - no
Ere death oppressing

dell' e - ta
sunk her beau - ties to de-

f

Ah! che io ti - mi - ri
cay. Gen -

Ah! qual vol - to!
Ah! what resemblance!

ta. 2d time. E - - - ra des - sa Qual fu se - - i sul - mat.

cay. She was like thee Ere Death op - press - ing sunk her

ff

ti - - no dell e - - - ta - - - - - - - - - - dell e - - - - - ta si

beau - ties to de - - cay - - - - - - - - to de - - - cay, sunk

dell' e - - - - ta si dell' e - - - - - ta dell' e - - - - - - - ta.

to de - - cay, sunk to de - - - cay, sunk to de - cay.

f f f f ff

DO NOT MINGLE.

From "Sonnambula." By Bellini.

Moderato.

Ah! non giun - - ge uman pen - - sie - - - ro al con - ten - - - to ond' io son

Do not min - - gle one hu - man feel - ing With the blis - - ses o'er each sense

pie - na, a'miei sen - si io credo ap - pe - - na; tu mi affi - da, o mio te - sor. Ah! mi

steal - ing, While these tri - butes to me re - veal - ing My El - vi - no true to love. Ah! em

abbraccia e sempre in sie - - - me, sempre u - ni - ti in u - na spe - me, del - la ter ra in cui vi-

brace me, while thus for - giv - - ing, Each a par - don is thus re - ceiv - ing, On the earth while while we are

via - mo ci for - mia - mo un ciel d'a - mor del - - - - la ter - - - - ra in cui vi - via - - - mo ci re-

piu moto un poco.

liv - ing, We will form a heav'n of love. On the earth while we are liv - - - ing, We will

pp

mia - - - - mo un ciel d'a - mor d'a - - - - - mor d'a - - - - - - mor - -

form a heav'n of love, form - - - - form - - - - - - -

cres.

d'a - - - - mor.

- a piacere. - a heav'n of love.

Piu moto.

f *f*

Ah! mio ben.

Ah! my love!

Ah! - - - - - - - - mor, 2d time. Piu vivo. Gio - - ja, gio-

Ah! - - - - - - - - - - love, What joy! what

ff f

ja ob qual gio - - - - ja

joy! Ah! what joy! - - -

cres. ff

ah. ci for - - mia - - mo unciel an

Ah! thus we'll form on earth a

ci for - - mia - - - - mo unciel d'a - - mor oh gio

heav'n of love, a heav'n of love, a heav'n of

ja oh gio - - - ja unciel d'a - mor.

love, a heav'n of love, a heav'n of love.

SOUNDS SO JOYFUL.

From "Sonnambula." By Bellini.

Allegro moderato assai.

p

Tutto è gio - ja, tutto è fe - sta Sol per

Sounds so joy - ful, But re - veal - ing, All their

me non v'ha non v'ha con - sen - - to e per col - - - mo di tor - men - - - to Son co - - - stret - - - - ta a si - mu-

senses, all their senses steal - ing, Gives to my heart but bitter feel - - ing, Tho' a smile . . . . . compell'd to

colla parte.

lar. O bel - ta - - de a me fu nes - - ta che m'in vo - - - - - - li il mio te - so - - - ro mentre io

wear. Ev'ry tri - bute Ah! they are bring - ing . . . . . All that beau - - - ty they are sing - - ing, Like an

pp

a tempo.

Sol - - fro mentre mo - - ro Pur ti deg - - - gio ac - ca - rez - zar, ah. Pur ti

Asp . . . . . my bosom sting - ing, Yet de - light - - - ed I must ap - pear . . . . . Yet . . . . . de-

p colla parte.

deg - - gio acca - - rez - - zar Pur ti deg - - gio acca - - - - rez - zar.

light - ed must . . . . ap - pear . . . . . Yet de - light - ed must ap - pear.

cres. *f* *zc.* *ff* Fine.

Tutto è fes - ta Sol per

Sounds so joy - ful But re-

f

me, Ah! non v'ha, sol per me Ah! non v'ha no.

veal Yet must I calm ap - - pear, calm ap - - pear. Ah!

f *f* *f* *ff* D. C.

D. C.

91

STILL SO GENTLY O'ER ME STEALING.

From "Sonnambula." By Bellini.

Allegretto e Moderato.

p *fz* *ff*

Ah! per - chè non pos - so o - - diar - - - ti in - fe - del com io vor - re - i, Ah! del tut to an cor non

Still so gent - ly o'er me steal - - ing, Mem'ry will bring back the feel - ing, Spite of all my grief re-

pp *fz*

se - - - i can - - - - cel - la - ta, can cel - la - ta del mio cor. Possa un altro ah! possa a - mar - - ti qual t'a-

veal - ing, That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still; Tho' some o - ther swain may charm thee, Ah! no

f

mo quest in fe - - - li - - - cc, Al - tro vo - too tra - di - - tri - ce, no, ah! non te-

o - ther e'er can warm me; Yet ne'er fear I will not harm thee, No! thou false one

fz *colla voce*

mer non te - mer dal mio do - lor, al - tro vo to non te - - mer non te - mer dal mio do - lor al - - tro vo to n! non

slentando.

no, no! I fondly love thee still, Ah! ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, no, false one, no! I

te - mer non te - mer mio do - - lor.

lento.

love thee, I love thee, false one, still.

Ah! per - che non posso o - diar - ti, in - fe - del com io vor - re - i, Ah! del tut - to ancor non se - i cancel - la - ta del mio

Still so gently o'er me stealing, Mem'ry will bring back the feeling, Spite of all my grief re - vealing, that I dear - ly love thee

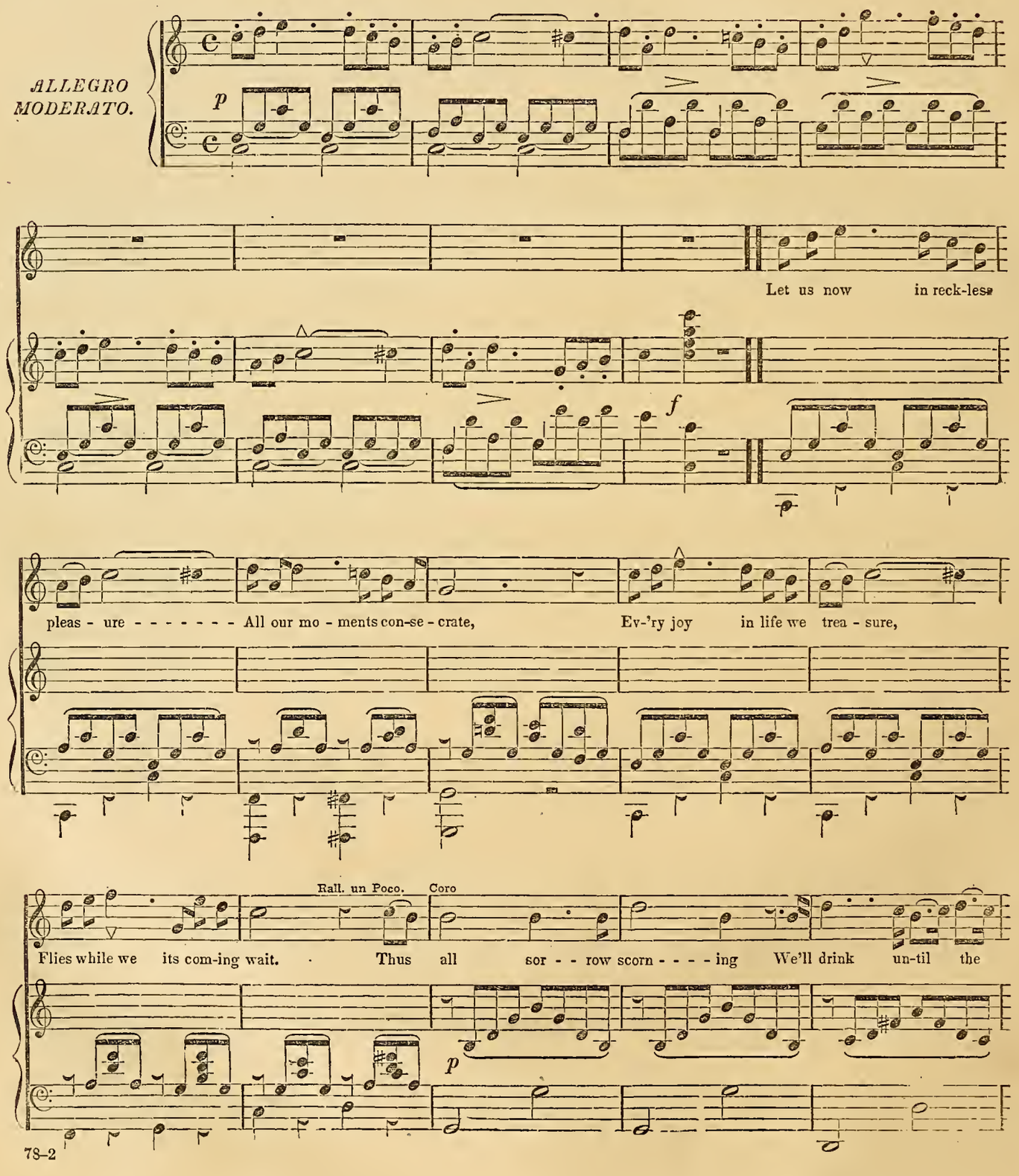
rall: un poco. cres. *mf* colla parte. a tempo.

cor, si dal mio cor, si dal mio cor, si dal mio cor.

still, I love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee still.

DRINKING SONG AND CHORUS.

From "Zampa." By Herold.



morn - - - - ing, Drink then to - night, Mai - - dens fair and bright! We

drink! We drink We drink! Once a-gain to reck-less plea - - sure,

f

f

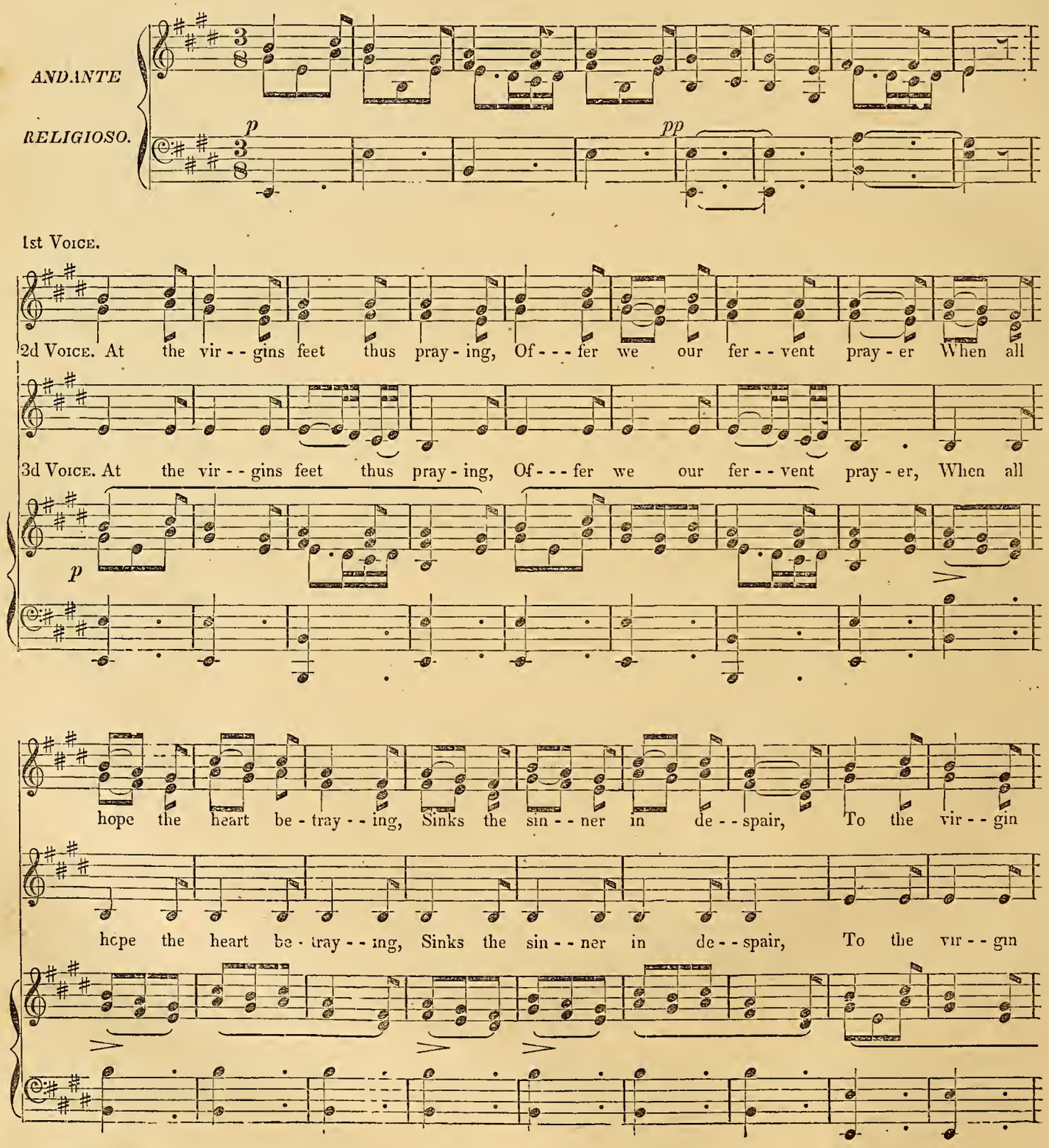
All our mo - ments now we con-se crate. Ev-'ry joy in life we trea - sure, Still may fly while we its com-ing

wait! Yes! Still may fly while we its com-ing wait!

8va. loco.

HYMN TO THE MADONNA.

From "Zampa." By Herold.



hum - - bly kneel - ing, While by sor - - row still op - - press - - ed, For her mer - - cy thus ap -

hum - - bly kneel - ing, While by sor - - row still op - - press - - ed, For her mer - - cy thus ap -

fz

peal - ing, She will give his spi - - - rit rest! To the vir - - gin thus ap - - - - peal - ing

peal - ing, She will give his spi - - - rit rest! To the vir - - gin thus ap - - - - peal - ing

adagio.

She will give his spi - - - rit rest, his spi - - - - - rit rest

She will give his spi - - - it rest, his spi - - - - - rit rest

fz

LOVELY MAIDEN, HEAR ME.

From "Zampa." By Herold.

Allegro Moderato

mf *p*

Dou - ce Jou - ven - cel - - le, Viens sur ta na-

Love - ly maiden, hear me! Come, oh! let me

Fine.

- - - cel - - le, - - - - Traverse les flots; - - Tan - dis qu' - elle vole, - - Que ta bar - ca- -

bear thee - - o'er the rippling lake! - - Whilst on bil - lows danc - ing, With thy song en- -

- - rol - le - - - - Frappe les é - chos. - Si ton cœur n'ai - me de ja,

- - tranc - ing, Answ'ring echoes wake. If thy heart has ne'er been moved,-

Si ton cœur n'ai - me déja - - - - - Sois moins fiè - re, Moins se vè - - re, Car bien-

If thy heart has ne'er been moved, - - Haughty ne - ver, Gentle e - ver, For thy

pp

p

- - - tôt, bientôt ton tour viendra, Soins moins fiè - re Moins sé-vè - - re Car bientôt, bientôt, ton tour viendra, Sois moins fiê - re, Moins sé-

turn will come to be beloved! Haughty ne - ver, Gentle e - ver, For thy turn will come to be beloved! Haughty ne - ver, Gentle

- - - vè - re, Car bientôt, bientôt ton tour viendra, Sois moins fiè - re, Moins sévè - re Car bientôt, bientôt, ton tour viendra.

e - - ver, For thy turn will come to be beloved! Haughty ne - ver, Gentle e - ver, For thy turn will come to be beloved!

f

D.C.

2

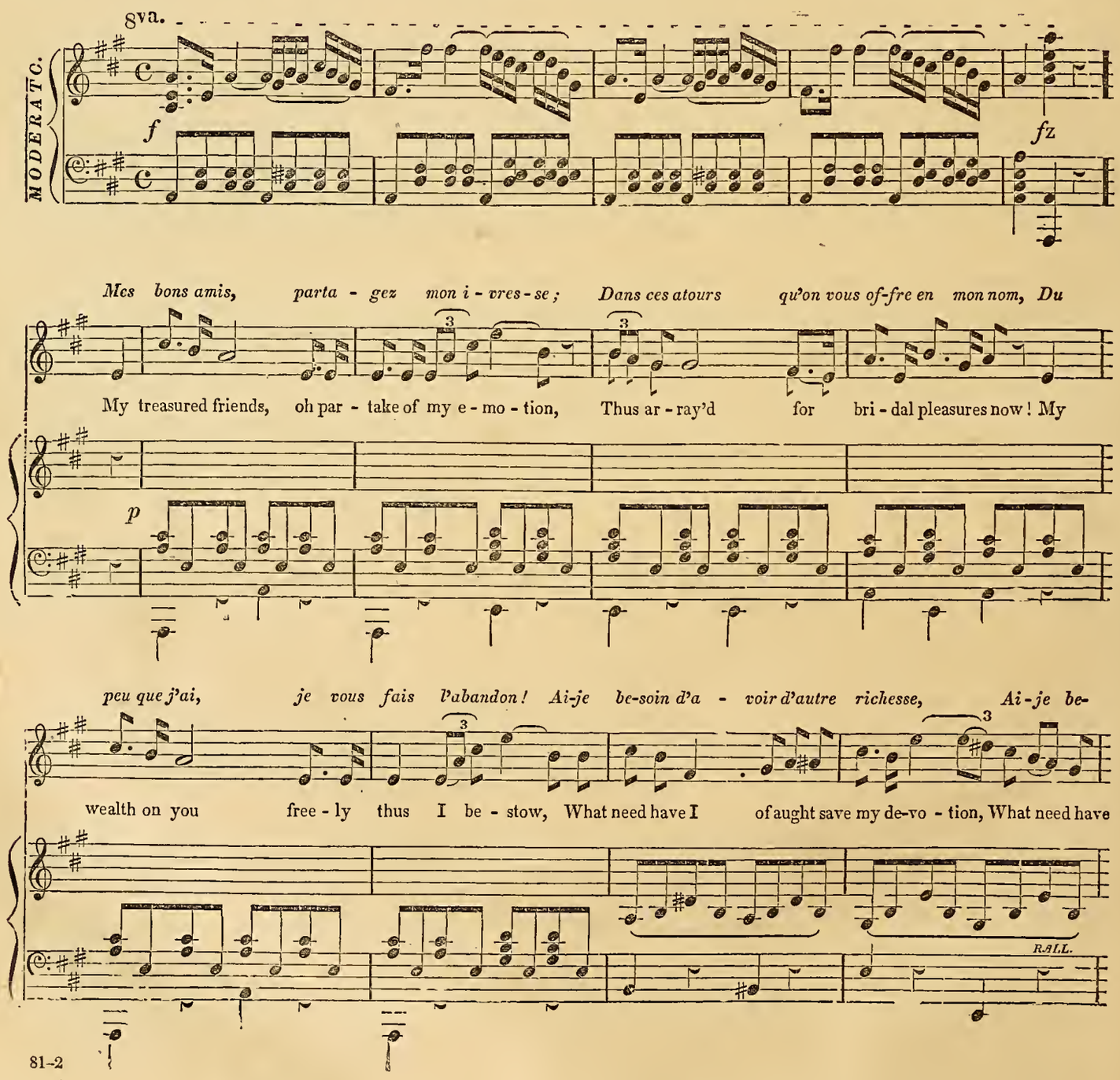
Gentle maid of feeling,
Restless still revealing
Thoughts of husbands dear!
Marriage thee inviting,
With its joys delighting,
Dreams of bliss appear!
If thy heart has ne'er been moved,
Patient ever,
Faithless never,
or thy turn will come to be beloved!

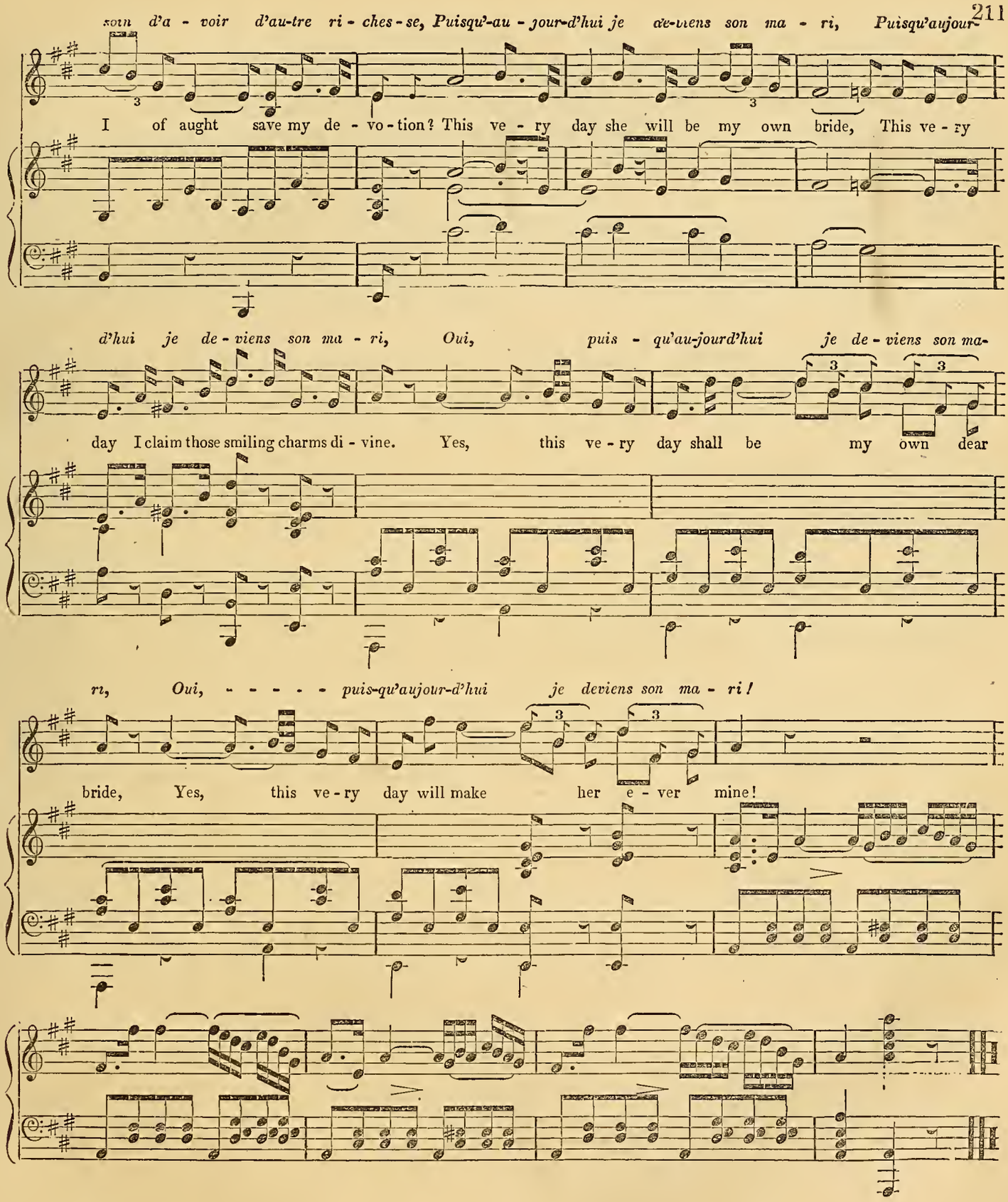
2

Aimable fillette
Dont l'ame inquiète
Rève un jeune époux;
Dans ce mariage,
Tu vois le présage
Des jours les plus doux
‖: A ta voix l'échodira, :‖
Patience
Et constance
Car bientôt, bientôt ton tour viendra.

MY TREASURED FRIENDS.

From "Zampa." By Herold.





2.

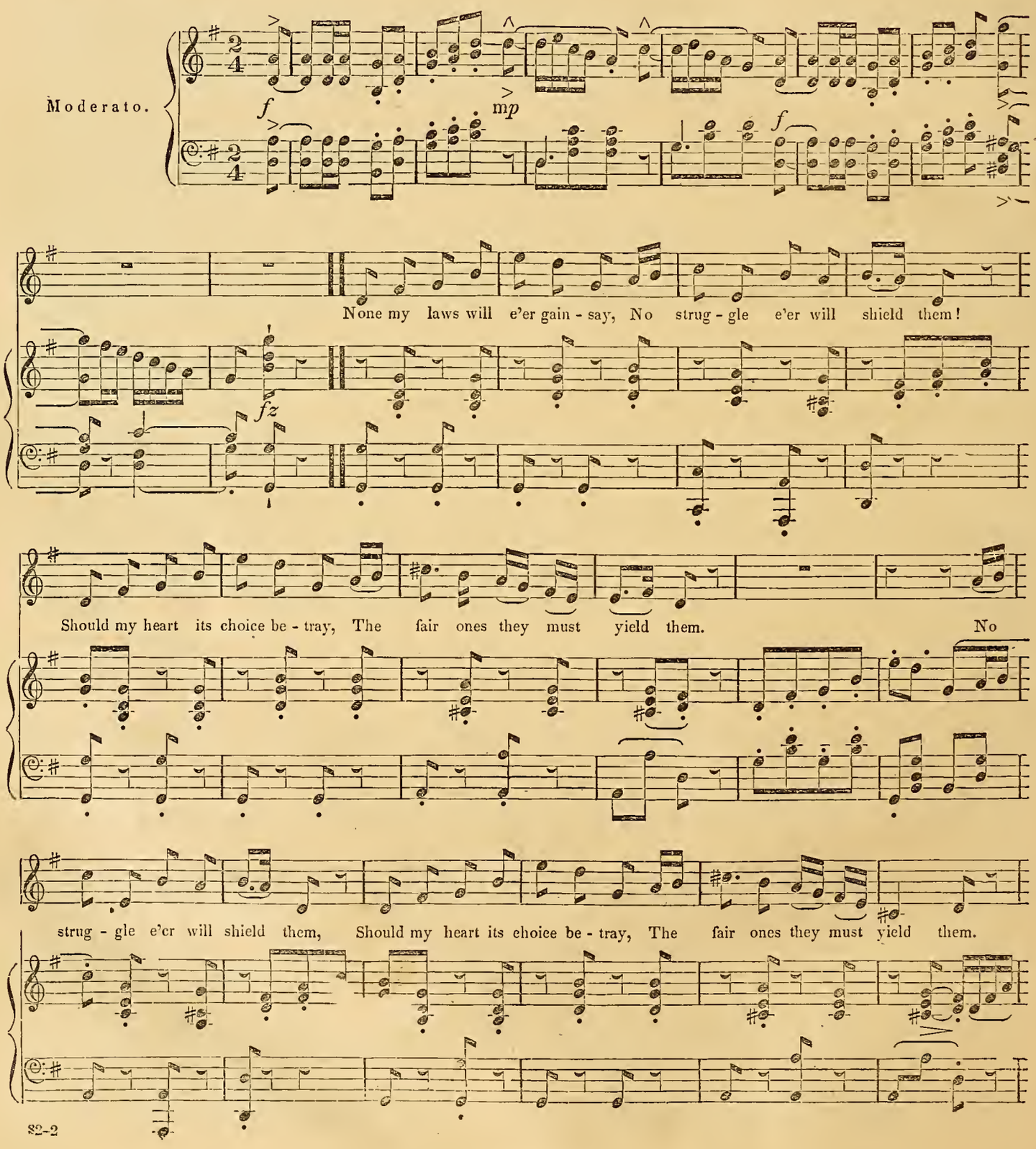
To live alone, no! you know it is distressing:
I hear you sigh, dear maids of sweet fifteen!
But be assured, 't would enhance this gay scene,
If I could join these hearts now love confessing,
And now bestow on all here husbands dear,
Yes, now bestow on all here husbands dear!

2.

Etre heureux seul, ne saurait me suffire;
Vous soupirez, fillettes de quinze ans;
Rassurez-vous, car à tous mes présens
J'en veux joindre un que votre cœur désire—
Je veux aussi vous donner un mari,
Oui, je veux aussi vous donner un mari!

SONG OF THE PIRATE.

Music from "Zampa." By Herold.



Pi - rate I must be, When - so - e'er I see, Charms like these di - vine,

mf

Yes, they must be mine! *tempo.* None my laws will e'er gain - say, No strug - gle e'er will shield them!

diminuendo e ritardo. *pp*

Should my heart its choice be - tray, The fair ones they must yield them.

mf

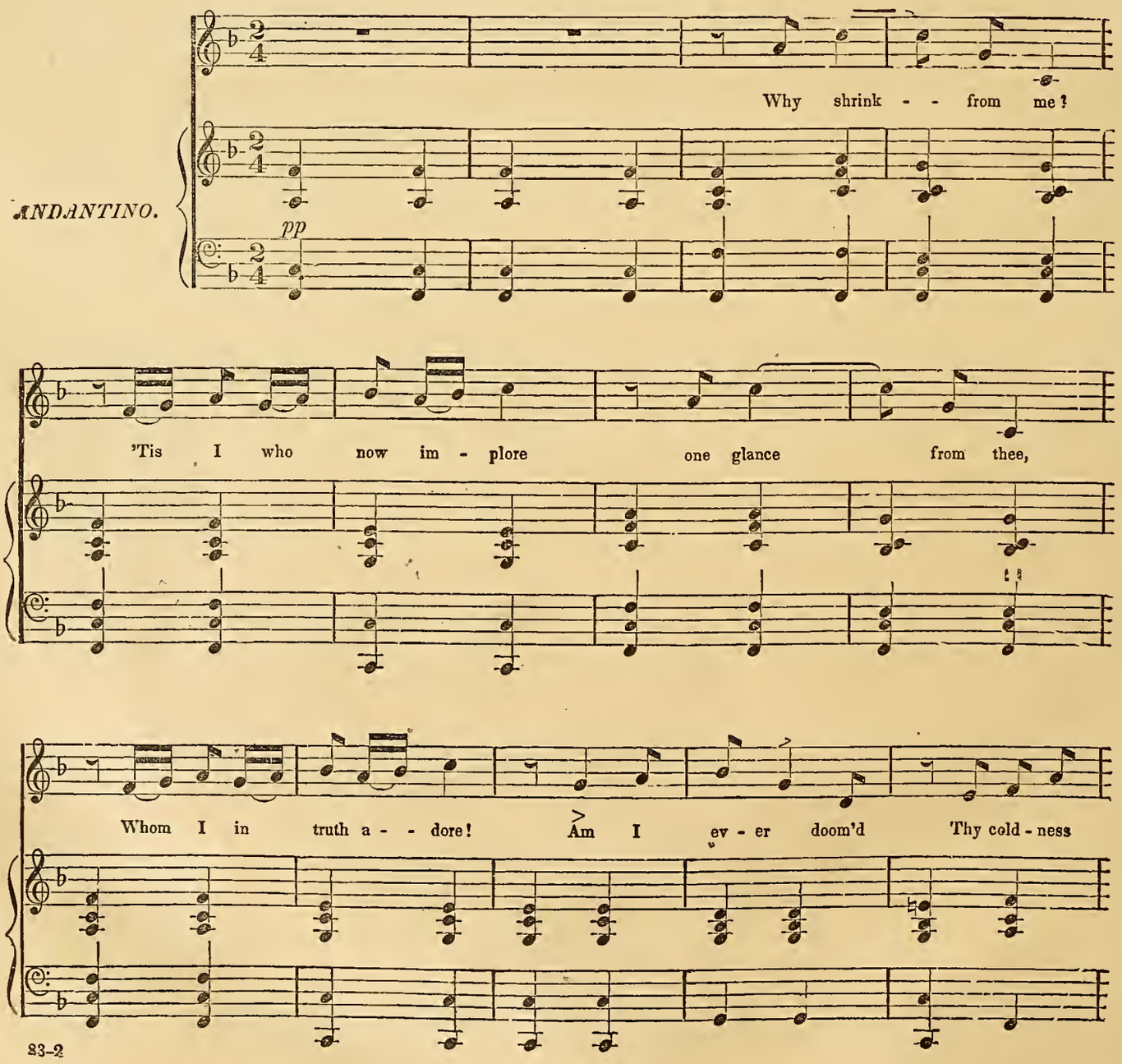
cres. *fz*

2

But if haughty pride despise,
My passion still disdaining,
Falcon-like I seize the prize,
Nor heed the soft complaining.
Pirate I must be,
Whensoe'er I see
Charms like these divine!
Yes! they must be mine!
Fair ones still must be my prey,
No struggle e'er can shield them!
Should this heart its choice betray,
Ah! the fair ones they must yield them

WHY SHRINK FROM ME.

From "Zampa." By Herold



still to see, When to wor - ship thee - - - my care must be?

Why shrink - - - - - from me? 'Tis I who now im - plore

One glance - - - - from thee whom I - - - a - dore

RALL.

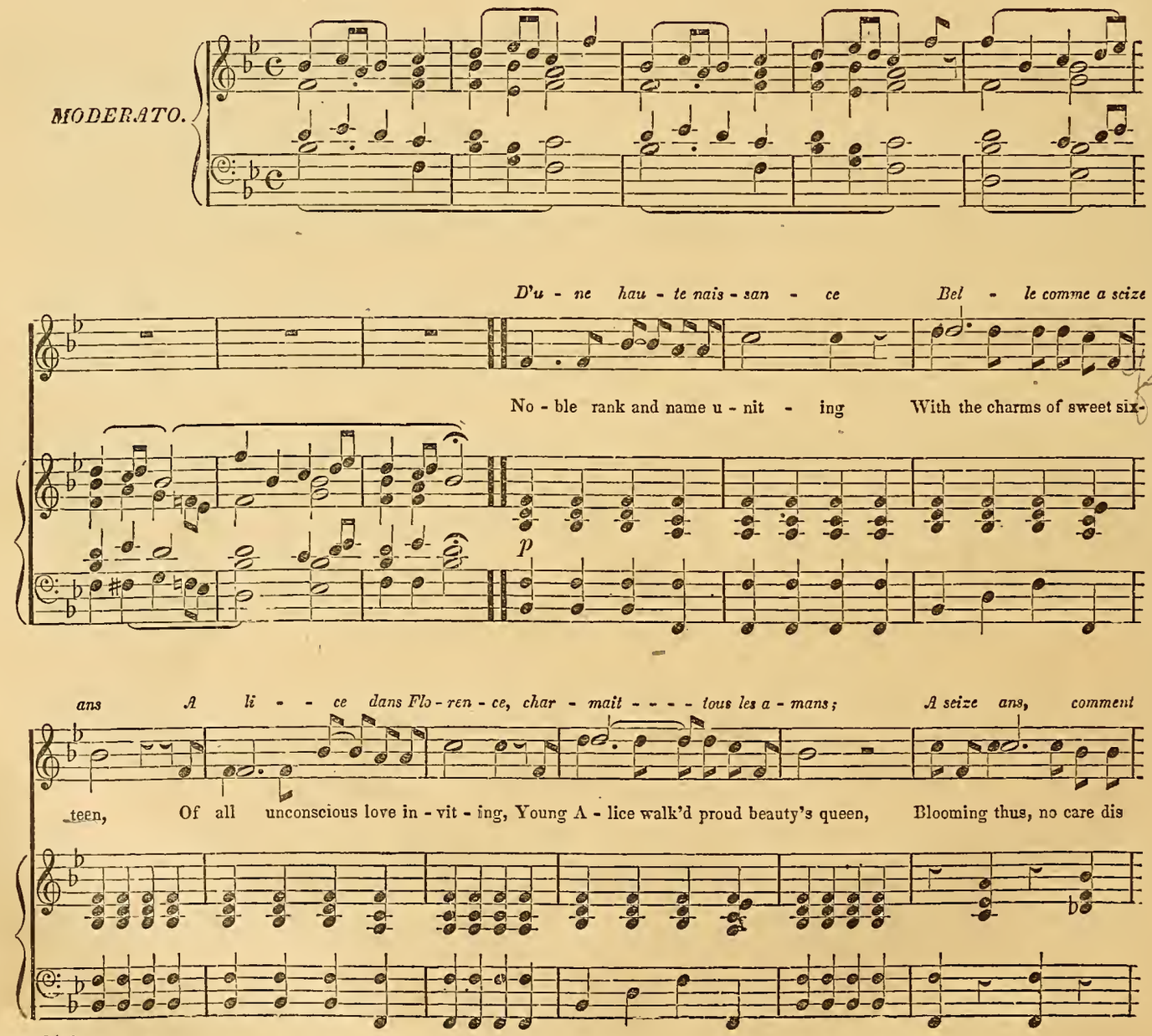
RALL.

Within thine eye,
Oh! let me read again
The fond reply:
"Thou hast not loved in vain!"
Oh, that shadow cast
From off that marble brow,—

Let thy beaming smile
Burst on me now!
Why shrink from me?
'Tis I who now implore
One look from thee
Whom I adore!

YOUNG ALICE

From "Zampa." By Herold.



fei - re Pour de - fen - - dre son cœur Un seul par - vint a plai - re Et c'é - tait un trom -

play - ing To protect her guileless heart, One she lov'd, but he be - tray - ing, Faithless play'd the traitor's

peur! D'un pa - riel ma-lé - fi - - - ce, Sainte A - li - ce! pre - ser - vez nous; Nous prie - rons - -

MEZZA VOCE.

part. From like e - vil Oh! de - fend! Saint - ed A - lice aid ex - tend! While we hum - bly

p

Dieu pour vous, Nous prie - rons - - - Dieu pour vous.

bow to Heav'n, All our pray'rs for thee are giv'n.

2

Fondly thus her troth she plighted,
But before their vows were sworn,
He left her ruined, lone and blighted,
All broken-hearted and forlorn.
'He will come!' she murmur'd, praying;
Faithless hope it ever proved!
For the traitor, base, betraying,
Ne'er returned to her who loved!
From like evil, oh, defend!
Sainted Alice, aid extend!
While we humbly bow to Heav'n,
All our pray'rs for thee are giv'n!

3

Now along this river straying,
Alice oft returns to die!
This image then, its life betraying,
For injured Alice seems to sigh!
When the night is dark and storming,
And the tempests pour their rain,
Then this image, softly murm'ring,
Breathes the traitor's name again,
Be propitious, aid extend!
Let thy spirit now descend!
While we humbly bow to Heav'n,
All our pray'rs for thee are giv'n!

2

Flattant sa confiance,
Le traitre avant l'hymen,
Lui ravit l'innocence,
Et disparait soudain!
Il reviendra, dit-elle, mais
O funeste erreur!
Jamais près de sa belle
Ne revint le trompeur!
D'un pareil maléfice,
Sainte Alice! préservez nous;
Nous prierons Dieu pour vous:
Nous prierons Dieu pour vous!

Hélas! sur ce rivage
Alice vint mourir,
Et cette froide image
Semble toujours gémir.
Quand la nuit, on l'assure,
Le vent gronde en fureur,
Ce marbre encore murmure
Et nomme le trompeur!
Ah! soyez nous propice,
Sainte Alice, veillez sur nous;
Nous prierons Dieu pour vous!
Nous prierons Dieu pour vous!

AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

AH! CHI LA MORTE OGNORA.

English words by C. JEFFERYS. *Music by G. VERDI.*

Andante sostenuto.

Piano.

mf Dolce e legato.

Ah! . . . . . che la mor - te o - gno - - - - - - - ra e - - - - - - - -

Ah! . . . . . I have sighed to rest . . . . . me Deep . . . . . .

Dolce.

- - - tar - da nel ve - nir . . . . . A chi de - si - - - a a chi de - si - a mo -

. . . in the qui - et grave . . . . . Sighed to rest me But all in vain I

- - rir! . . . Ad - di - - - - - - - o! ad-dio Leo-no - ra, ad - di - o . . . .

crave; . . . O fare . . . . . thee well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well! . . . .

Ah! che la mor - - te e - tar-da nel ve - nir! Ad - di - - - - - -

Ah! I have sighed for rest Yet all in vain do I crave, . . O fare . . . . . thee

- - o, ad-dio Leo-no - - ra, ad - di - o!

Sf

well, my Le - o - no - - ra, fare thee well!

Col canto.

A tempo.

Con espress.

sf

Scon - - - - - - - to col san - gue mi - - - - - - - o, L'a - - - - - -

Out - - - - - - - of the love I bear - - - - - thee, Yield . . . . .

- - - mor che po - si in te . . . . . Non ti scon - dar, ...

. . . I my life for thee; . . . . . Wilt thou not think, ...

non ti scor dar di me? . . . Leo - no - - ra ad - dio, Leo - no - ra ad -

Wilt thou not think of me? . . . O think . . of me, my Leo - o

di - o ad - di - o! Scon-to col san - gue mi - - - o,

no - - ra fare thee well! Out of the love I bear thee,

A tempo.

L'a-mor-che po - si in te, Non ti scor - dar, non ti scor-dar di me, Ad - dio Leo -

Yield I my life for thee, Ah! think of me, Ah! think of me, my Le - o -

no - ra, ad - di - o! Scon-to col san - gue mi - - - o,

no - ra, fare thee well! Tho' I no more be - hold thee,

f

L'a-mor-che po - si in te, Non ti scor - dar, scor-dar di me, Ad - dio Leo -

Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,

no - ra, ad - di - - - o, Le - o - no - - ra, ad - di - - - o!

Cheer-ing my last lone hour, Le - o - no - - ra, fare - well.

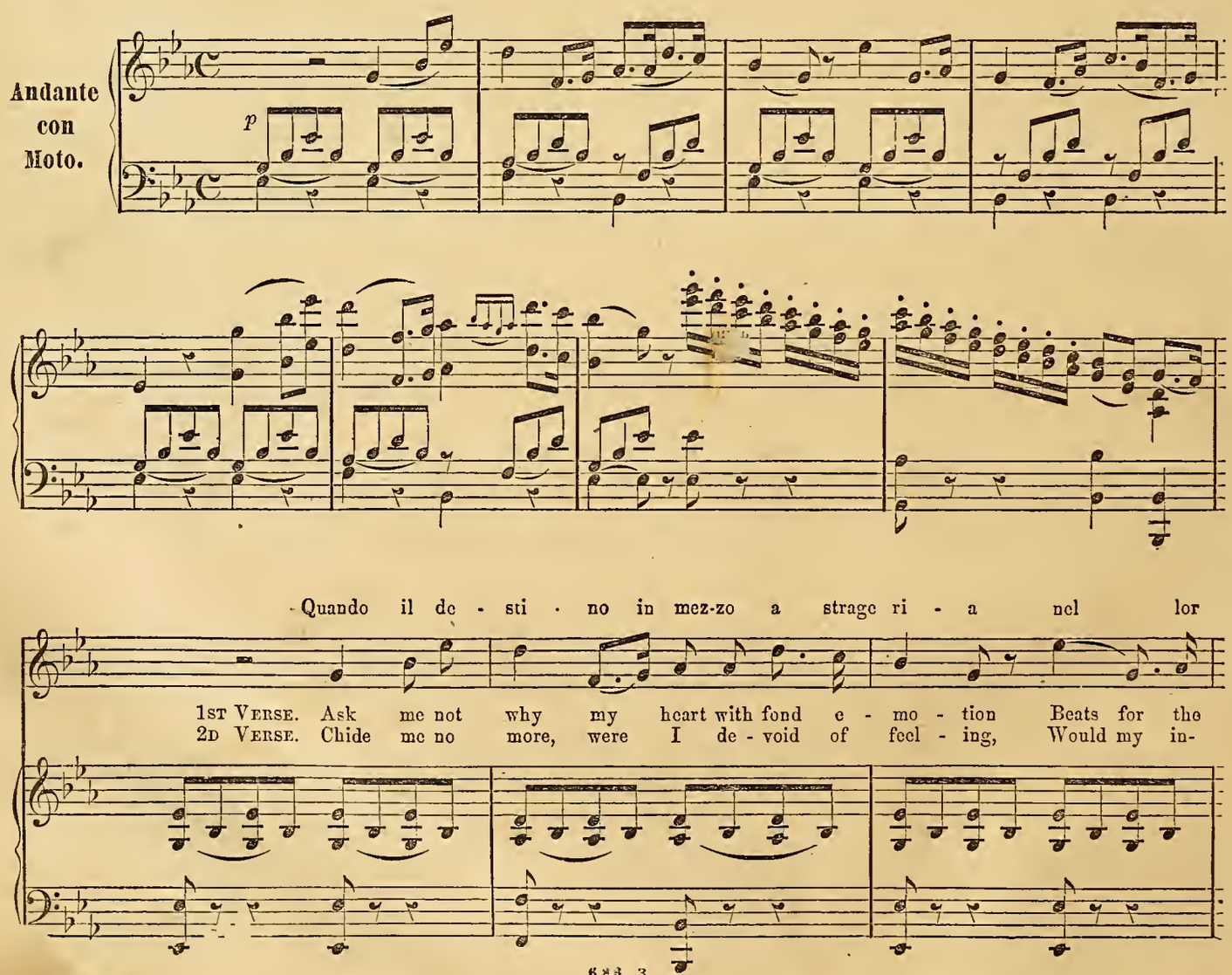
pp

CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

English Words by C. JEFFERYS. *Music by DONIZETTI.*

THE ARGUMENT.—During the occupation of the Tyrol by the French, and after a skirmish between the hostile ranks, an infant child was found alone in their camp by the Eleventh regiment of the Grand Army of Napoleon; by that regiment she was fostered and beloved, and all were proud of the charming Vivandiere. Maria, the name given to the child, upon the attainment of her eighteenth year, was discovered to be the daughter of the Marchioness de Berkenfield, and by her removed to a sphere more consonant to the dignity of her birth. Still the affectionate girl found it impossible to shake off her attachment, and, being reproached by her mother with want of pride, defended herself in the words of this song, which is so exquisitely sung by the renowned cantatrice, JENNY LIND, in the opera of "LA FILLE DU REGIMENT," as to entitle it to be called the GEM of the Opera.

Arranged by G. W. GLOVER.



se - no fan - ciul-la mi get - to! essi han rac - col - to la mi - se - ri - a

brave com - pan-ions of my youth? Had they not tend - ed me with love's de-
grat - i - tude not wake thy fears? Worth - less would be this moment's fond re-

mi - a, ci pri - mi pas - si mie - i cia-scun gui - do po - treb - be

vo - tion I had not lived, a - las! to prove my truth; A help - less
veal - ing, If I could cast a - side the ties of long years. Thou hast my

mai di-menticarli il cor se non e - si - - sto che per lor a-

babe up - on the field I lay, And but for them my life had passed a-
love; thine is a mother's claim, To them for - get not that thou ow'st the

mor s'e - sisto pel lore a - mor. Quando il de-

way, My life had passed a - way. Ere I for-
name, My mother, my mo - ther dear. Ere I can

sti - no in mezzo a strage ri - a nel lor se - no Fanciul-la mi get-

get then, all their lov - ing kind - ness, Bring o'er my heart ob-liv-ion of the
cease to think of all their kind - ness, etc.

to, essi han rac - col - to la mi-se-ri - a mi - a ei pri mi pas - si

past; But when you win for me that fa - tal blind - ness, in mer-cy let that

mie-i cia - scun gui - do.

a piacere.

moment, that moment be my last.

Dim.

I'LL PRAY FOR THEE.

(SPARGI D'AMARO PIANTO.)

Moderato.

p

Spar - gi d'a - ma - ro pian - to Il mio ter - res - tre

p Say not this heart can al - ter, Think not, though now we

vo - lo men tre las - su nel Cie - - lo lo pre-ghe-

se - ver, I can for - get thee e - - ver, Whate'er our

8va

ro pre - ghe - ro per te al giun - ger tu - o Sol tan-

dark' - ning fate may be; While life's last ac - cents fal-

to fia bel - lo il Ciel per me, per me, ah si, ah

ter, Yet will I pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll

si per me fia bel lo il Ciel il Ciel per me ah

pray for thee, I'll bless and pray, I'll pray for thee, I'll

si per me, ah si per me, si fia bel - lo il Ciel, il Ciel per

pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray, I'll bless and pray for

me.

thee.

p *f*

Spar - gi d'a - ma - ro pian - to

Here, though the hope for - sake me,

p

il mio ter - res - tre ve - - lo men - tre las - su nel

Which that poor heart so treas - ured, Soon will its hours be

Sva.

Cie - - lo io pre-ghe-ro, pre - ghe - ro per - te al giun - ger

meas - - ured, And pitying heaven my sor - rows see, Soon to its

p

tu - o sol tan - - to, fia bel - lo il Ciel per

re - fuge. take me, And there I'll pray for

me per me, ah si, ah si per me,

tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee,

fia bel - lo il Ciel, il Ciel per me si fia

I'll e - ver pray for thee, pray for thee, I'll e - ver,

p

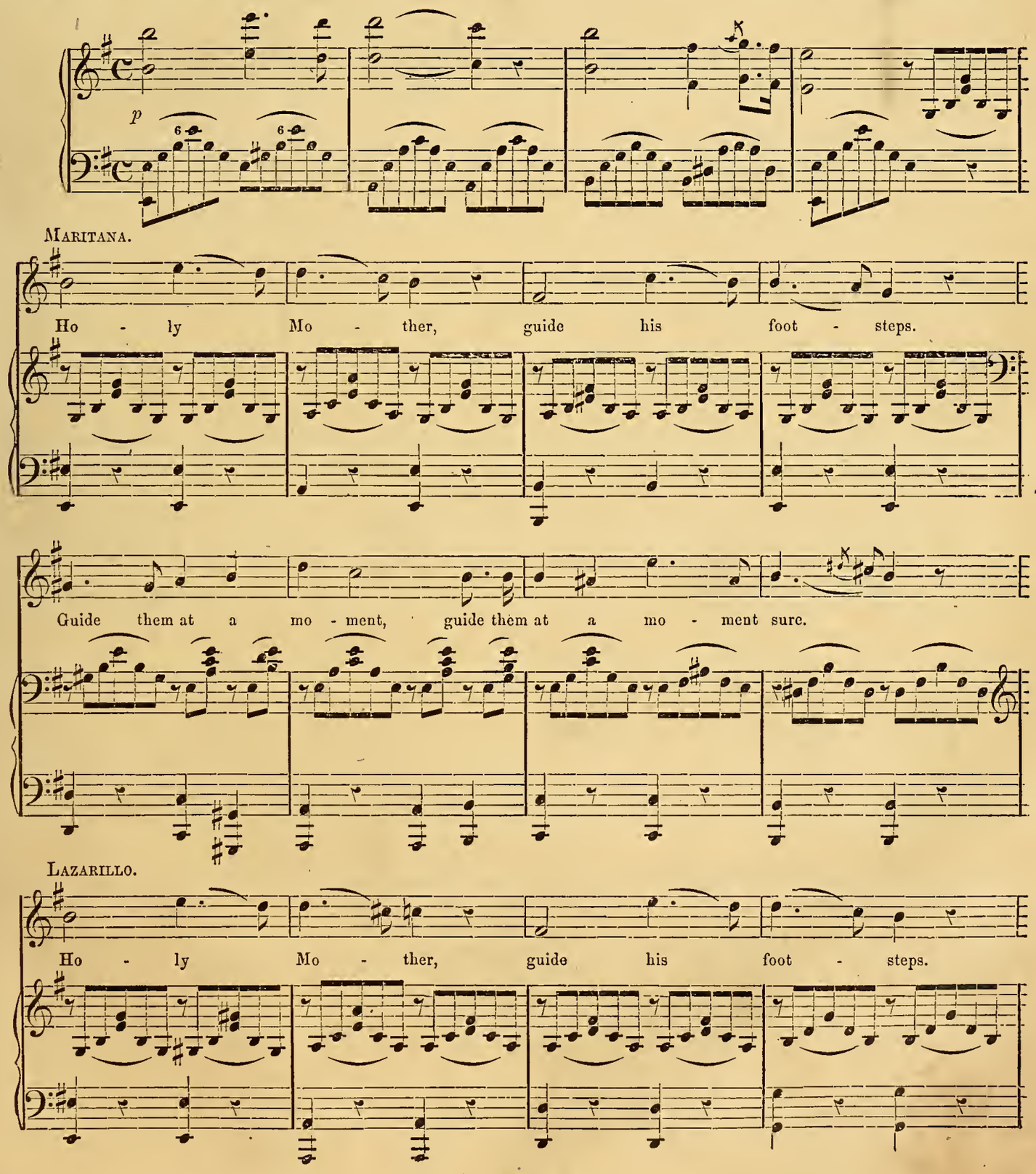
bel - lo il Ciel per me.

e - - ver pray for thee.

ff

HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOTSTEPS.

DUETT from MARITANA, *by W. V. WALLACE.*



Let the guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment, a moment sure. Let the

pp

wick - ed heart then per - ish And the good, the good re-main se-eure. Sainted

wick - ed heart then per - ish And the good, the good re-main se-cure. Sainted

Cres.

Rit.

Mo - ther Oh! be - friend him, And thy gen - tlest pit - y lend him.

Rit.

Mo - ther Oh! be - friend him, And thy gen - tlest pit - y lend him.

mf

pp Rit.

MARITANA.

Ah! ho - ly Mo - ther guide his foot - steps, Ah!

pp

guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment sure.

LAZARILLO.

Ah! Ho - ly Mo - ther guide his foot - steps, Ah!

MARITANA.

guide them at a mo - - ment, guide them at a mo - ment sure. Let the

6

wick - ed heart then per - ish, Let the wick - ed heart then per - ish. Sain-ted

Let the wick - ed,— Let the wick - ed heart then per - ish. Sain-ted

p

Mo - ther, Oh! be - friend him, And thy gen - tlest, And thy gen - tlest pi - ty

Mo - ther, Oh! be - friend him, And thy gen - tlest, And thy gen - tlest pi - ty

mf

lend him. Let the wick - ed heart then per - ish. Let the wick - ed heart then

lend him. Let the wick - ed— Let the wick - ed heart then

per - ish. Sain-ted Mo - ther, Oh! be - friend him . . . . . And thy

per - ish. Sain-ted Mo - ther, Oh! be - friend him . . . . . And thy

f

gen - tlest, And thy gen - tlest pi - ty lend him, And thy gen - tlest, thy gen - tlest

A piacere.

gen - tlest, And thy gen - tlest pi - ty lend him, And thy gen - tlest, thy gen - tlest

pp

f

Colla voce.

tr

pi - - - - - ty lend him.

tr

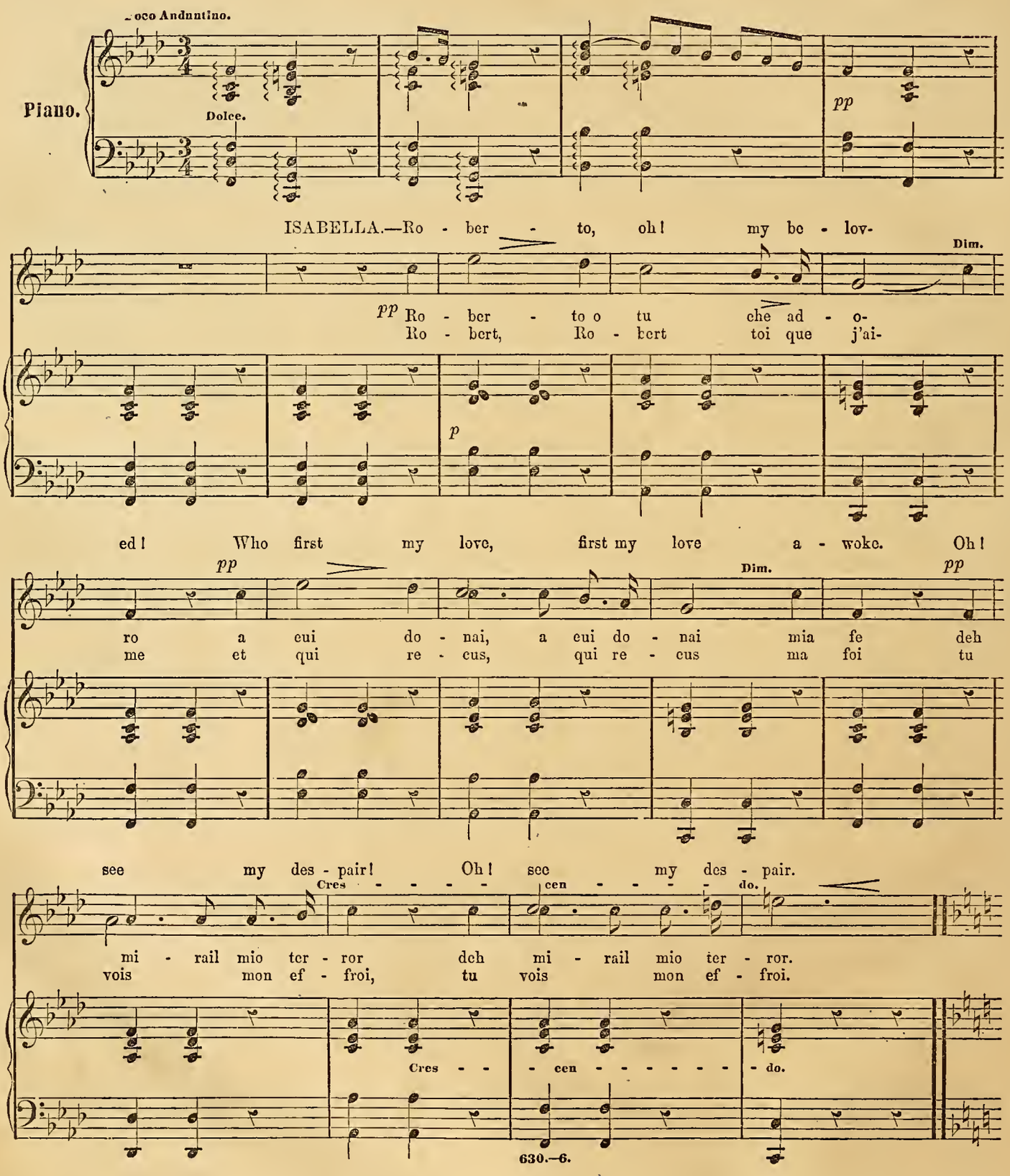
pi - - - - - ty lend him.

p

ROBERT! TOI QUE J'AIME.

(CAVATINA.)

Music by G. MEYERBEER.



Mer - - - cy, mer - - - cy for thyself I now im-

ah per to, per te pie ta de im-
gra - - - ce, gra - - - ce pour toi me - mo, pour toi

pp

plore thee, and par - don, and par - don, par - don for

plo - - - ro pie ta, pie ta ab bi pie ta di
me - - - me et gra - ce, et gra - cie, gra - ce pour

me! ROBERT. no, no, no, no, ISABELLA. par-dôn for me, ROBERT. no, no, no, no, ISABELLA. par-don for me, par-

mc, *pp* no, no, no, no, ab bi pie ta, no, no, no, no, pie ta me, ab
moi, non, non, non, non, gra-ce pour moi, non, non. non, non, gra-ce pour moi, gra-

p *p*

- - - - - - don for me, par - - - - - - don for me, for

bi pie ta ab bi pie ta di
- - - - ce pour moi, gra - - - - - - ce pour moi, pour

p *pp*

me.

me.
moi.

pp Though thy heart,

E fia ver,
Quoi ton cœur,

p

pp

though thy heart can - not re - store thee

e fia ver che li tuo co re la
quoi ton cœur se de - ga - - ge

all the vows made to me, all the vows made to me,

fe de la fe de e l'o nor col pes-ti
des sermens les plus doux des ser - mens les plus doux

p

Yet once thou bent be - fore me, and now I kneel to thee!

tu om mag gio a me ren des ti, or ve di me al tuo pie.
tu me ren-dis hom - ma - ge, je suis a tes ge - noux.

Yet once thou bent be - fore me, and now I kneel to

p tu om mag gio a me ren des ti, or ve di al tu o
tu me ren - dis hom - ma - ge, je suis a tes ge-

thee, I kneel to thee, I kneel to thee! Mer - - - - cy,

pie, si al tu o pie, si al tu o pie. ah per
noux, a tes ge-noux, a tes ge - noux. gra - - - - ce,

cres. *pp*

mer - - - - cy for thyself I now im - plore thee,

te pe te pie ta de im - plo - - - - ro
gra - - - - ce pour toi me - me, pour toi me - - - - me

and par - - don, and par - - don, par - - - - don for

pie ta, pie ta, ab bi pie ta di
et gra - - - ce, et gra - - - ce, gra - - - - ce pour

ROBERT. ISABELLA. ROBERT. ISABELLA.

me! no, no, no, no, par-don for me, no, no, no, no, par-don for me, par-

me, *pp* no, no, no, no, ab bi pie ta, no, no, no, no, pie ta di me, ab

moi, non, non, non, non, gra-ce pour moi, non, non. non, non, gra-ce pour moi, gra-

p *p*

- - - - - - don for me, par - - - - - - don for me, for

bi pie ta ab bi pie ta di

- - - - - - - - ce pour moi, gra - - - - - - - ce pour moi, pour

p *pp*

me. Let thy pi - ty now a-

me. Ah! Ro-ber - to tu che a-

toi. O mon bein, mon bein su

Un poco piu mosso.

wa - - - ken, For my heart, my heart is break - - ing, Oh!

do - - - ro tu a eui do nai mia fe deh

pre - - - me toi que j'ai - me, toi que j'ai - - me tu

see my des - pair, oh! see my des - pair, oh! see my des-

mi - - ra il mio ter - ror, mira il mio ter - ror, mira il mio ter-

vois mou ef - froi, tu vois mon ef - froi, tu vois mon ef-

pair, oh! see my des - pair. Ah!

< cres.

ror, mira il mio ter - ror. Ah!
froi, tu vois mon ef - froi. Ah!

mer - cy, mer - cy for thy-self I now im - plore thee, and par - don,

ah per te, per te pie ta de im - plo - ro, pie ta
gra - ce, gra - ce pour toi me-me, pour toi me - me, et gra - ce,

ff fp fp fp fp

and par - don, par - - - don for me! pardon,

pie ta ab bi pie ta di me, pie ta
et gra - ce, gra - - - - ee pour moi, gra-ce,

fp p p

pie ta, ah pie ta di me.

gra - ee, gra - - - - - ee pour moi.
par - don, par - - - - - don for me.

p ff p ff

OH! SUMMER NIGHT.

"COM'E GENTIL."

SERENADE FROM DON PASQUALE.

DONIZETTI.

ANDANTE MOSSO.

Dolce. Dim.

Com 'e gen - til la notte a mezzo april e azzuro il ciel - la lu - na e sen - za

Oh! sum - mer night, So soft - ly bright, How sweet the bower Where sleeps thy cradled

vel tutt 'e lan - guor, pace mistero a-mor Ben mio per

flower; The light gale hies to rock her bed, And seat-ter

pp pp

che ancor non vienia me. For ma no l'au - re d'a more ac - cen - ti,

dew a-round her head. Then o'er her fly - ing, She whispers sigh - ing,

Cres.

dei rio nel mor-mo-re so - spi - ri sen - - - - - - - - ti Ben mio per

f

Sleep on till morning light. Sweet flow'r, good night; Sweet flow'r, good

che ancor non vienia me per-che per - che ancor non vienia me. Poi

Più mosso.

night; Sweet flow'r, good night; Sweet fllow'r, good night; good night, good night; No

Più mosso.

quan-do sa - ro mor - to pian - ge - ra - i ma ri -chia mar mi in vi - ta - - non po

spoil-er shall come near thee, Lul - la - by; No blight shall dare to sere thee, Lul-la

Cres. *pp* Cres.

tra i.

by.

fz *pp*

Com 'e gen - til la notte a mezzo april, e azzuro il ciel - la lu - na e sen - za

Oh! sum - mer night, So soft - ly bright, How sweet the bower Where sleeps thy cradled

vel tutt 'e lan - guor, pace mistero e a-mor Ben mio, per

flower; The light gale hies to rock her bed, And scat-ter

che ancor non vieni a me. il tuo fe - del si strug-ge di de-sir

dew a-round her head. The bud re - po - ses, Her veil she clo - ses,

Cres.

Ni - na eru del e Ni - no eru - del il tuo fe -

The gale sighs round With soft-er sound. Sweet flow'r, good

del si strugge di de - sir Ni - na eru - del mi vuoi veder mo-rir Poi

night; Till morn-ing light; Sweet flow'r, good night; good night, good night; Thy

quan-do sa - ro mor - to pian - ge - rai ma - ri chia mar mi in vi - ta no, non po

beau-ty's spell will charm thee, Lul - la - by; No stormy winds shall harm thee, Lul-la

f *p* *pp*

tra - i Ma - ri chia mar mi in vi - ta no non, no non po - tra - i.

- by; No stor - my winds shall harm thee, Sweet flow'r, sweet flow'r good night.

ff *pp* *fz*

HEAR ME NORMA.

Words by C. JEFFEREYS. *Music by BELLINI.*

ANDANTINO.

p Cres. *mf*

ADALGISA.
Mira, O Nor - ma, a tuoi gi -

Hear me Nor - ma, in pi-ty

p

noc - chi Questi ca - ri tuoi par go - let - ti. Ah! pie - ta - de di lor ti toc-chi Se non

hear me, I would fain dis-pel thy dark des-pair At thy feet be-hold thy children kneeling, can a

mf

NORMA.
hai, non hai di-te pie - ta Ah! per - che, per-che, a mia cor - tan - za Vuoi sec mar con molli af-

mother's heart re-ject their prayer? When the heart is cold that should have cherished Ev-'ry hope of joy it falsely

Dim. *p*

fet - ti? Piu l'u - sin - ghe ah piu spe - ran-za Pres - so a mor - te un cor non

gave; Would'st thou have me live? Ah no thou would'st not, my on - ly ha - ven, a-las is but the

Mi - ra ques-ti ca - - - - - ri par - go-let-ti - que sti ca - - ri ah li

Un poco meno.
ADALGISA.

Hear me Nor-ma, hear me Nor - ma, I implore thee, I im - plore thee, I im -

ha! Ah! per - che perche la vuoi see mar Ah! per -

NORMA.

grave. Ah, in vain you thus implore me, Time can not my joys re -

Un poco meno.

pp

ve - di ah! Mira, O Nor - ma ai tuoi gi - noc - chi Questi ca - ri tuoi par go - let - ti Ah! pie -

plore thee. O he shall feel who caus'd thy anguish, How deep hath been thy si-lent sor-row, And re -

che ah! Ah! per-che la mia cos-tan - za Vuoi see ma - re con molli af - fet - ti Piu lu

store me; Yet could he feel who caus'd my anguish, How deep hath been my si-lent sor-row, Then re -

mf

ta de di lor ti toe-chi Se non hai di te pie-ta se non hai pie-

pen-tent he shall languish at thy feet ere dawns the morrow; blessed hope, bles-sed

sin-ghe ha piu spe-ran-za Pres so a mor-tiel con non ha no il cor no non

pen-tent he would languish at my feet ere dawns the morrow; blessed hope, bles-sed

Cres.

ta se - - - non ha - - - di te pie-ta.

hope, thy peace re-store, And joy joy shall beam once more.

ha - - - - spe-ran - - za il cor non ha.

hope, my peace re-store, And joy joy shall beam once more.

Si fino all' o-re all' o - re es tre - me

Allegro.

NORMA.

Still in our fond hearts one bright hope is beat-ing,

Si fino all' o-re all' o - re es tre - me

ADALGISA.

Still in our fond hearts one bright hope is beat-ing

Allegro.

Compa - gna tua com - pa-gna ma vrai Pe - ri - co vrar-ci per - ri-co vrar ci in

Friend-ship shall blos-som tho' love's star be fleet-ing, Be thou but faith-ful and I will still

Compa - gna tua com - pa-gna ma vrai Pe - ri - co vrar-ci per - ri-co vrar ci in

Friend-ship shall blos-som tho' love's star be fleet-ing, Be thou but faith-ful and I will still

sie - me Ampiac la ter-ra e la ter - ra as - sa - i; Te-co del fa-to all on - te

eher - ish, Hope that shall fade not 'till life it self per-ish; O what joy to hear thee Thus

sie - me Ampiac la ter-ra e la ter - ra as - sa - i;

cher - ish, Hope that shall fade not 'till life it self per-ish;

ferma opporo la fronte finche il mio core a-bat-te re io sen - ta sul tuo cor sen -

eher-ish hope a - gain; O what joy to hoar thee Thus cher - ish hope a - gain; O what

Te-co del fa-to all on - te ferma opporro la fronte finche mio bat - te il cor sen - ta

Thou a-lone hast taught me Des - pair is worse than pain, Hope sweet hope is mine; O what joy,

ta sul tuo cor Io sen - - - ta Io sen - ta sul tuo

joy. Oh! Thro' clouds of sad-ness The sun of joy ap - pears; How

sul tuo cor sul cor Io sen - - - ta Io sen - ta sul tuo

O what joy. Thro' clouds of sad-ness The sun of joy ap - pears; How

cor - - - - - - Io sen - ta sul tuo cor Io

bright the gladness That shin-eth thro' our tears; Yes; joy is

cor - - - - - - Io sen - ta sul tuo cor Io

bright the gladness That shin-eth thro' our tears; Yes; joy is

Cres. *f*

sen - - ta sul tuo cor.

mine, joy is mine, joy is mine, joy is mine.

sen - - ta sul tuo cor.

mine, joy is miue, joy is minc, joy is mine.

Cres. *ff* *ff*

MARTHA, MARTHA, O RETURN LOVE.

MUSIC BY FLOTOW.

Words by CHARLES JEFFEREYS. *Arranged by CHARLES W. GLOVER.*

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

p

Cres. Roll. Dim.

When first I saw that form en-dear - ing, Sor - row from me seemed to de - part;

Each grace-ful look, each word so cheer - ing, charmed my eye and won my heart. Full of

hope, and all de - light - ed, None could feel more blest than I; All on earth I then could

wish for, Was near her to live and die: But a - las! 'twas i - dle dream-ing, And the

dream too soon hath flown; Not one ray of hope is gleam-ing; I am

lost, yes I am lost, for she is gone,

When first I saw that form en - dear - ing, Sor - row

from me seemed to de - part: Each grace-ful look, each word so

A piacere.

cheer - - ing, charmed my eye and won my heart. Mar - tha, Mar - tha,

Dim. Colla voce.

I am sigh - ing, I am weep - ing still for thee;

Come thou lost one, come thou dear one, Thou a-

Cres.

-lone can'st com - fort me; Ah!

Cres.

ff

Mar - tha re - turn! Come to me.

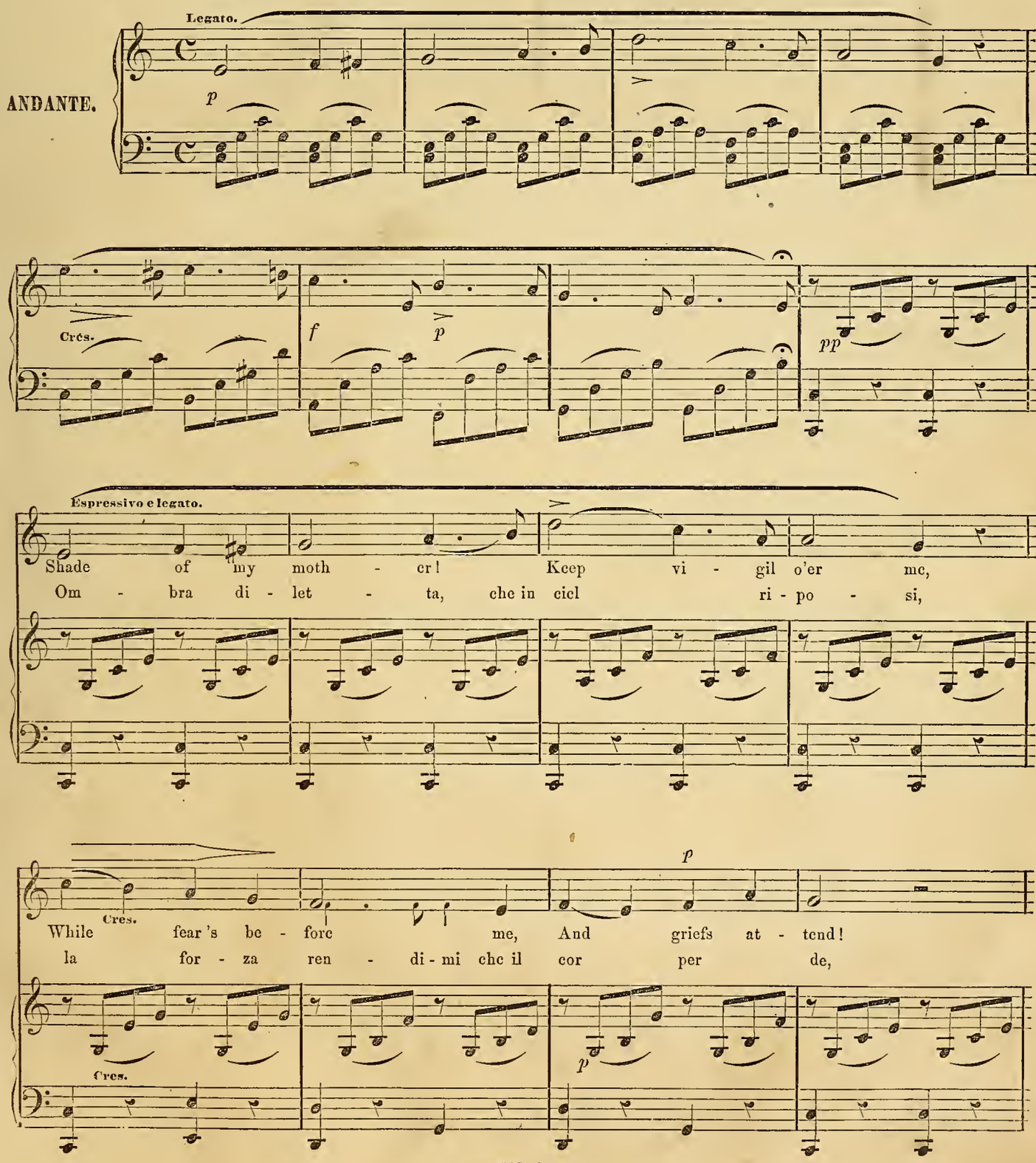
ff Piu.

CALM ME TO REST.

"OMBRA DILETTA."

FROM LES VEPRES SICILIENNES.

DESMOND RYAN. *GIUSEPPE VERDI.*



Light of my child - - hood, Thou who didst love me,
Su me i tuoi sguar - di ve - glin pie - to - si,

Cres. Rall.

From skies a - bove me, Oh! guard me and de - fend.
e pre - ga o ma - dre, e pre - ga per - me.

Cres. Colla parte.

A tempo.

Light of my child - - hood! Thou who did 'st love me, Guard
su me i tuoi sguar - di ve - glin pie - to - si, e

Cres.

or

guard me and de -

me from skies a - bovo Oh! guard, Oh! guard me and de -
pre - ga o ma - dre pre - ga pre - - - ga per -

fend.
me.
Legato.
p
Cres.
Cres.

Espressivo.
Thou who un - ti - ring Lulled me to
Om - bra di - let - ta, che in ciel ri -
f
p
pp

slum - bers In sweet - est num - bers Close to thy breast!
po - si, la for - za ren - di - mi che il cor per - dè,
Cres.
Cres.
p
p

Let mem - 'ries wake thee! Look on me smil - ing,
Su me i tuoi sguar - di ve - glin pic - to - si,
f
p

Cres. f p Rall.

Sor - row be - guil - ing, Calm me to rest.
e pre - ga o ma - dre, pre - ga per - me.

f p Cres.

A tempo. Cres.

Let mem - ries wake thee: Look on me smil - ing, Calm
Su me i tuoi sguar - di ve - glin pie - to - si, e

Cres.

p f p

me, Calm me to rest, Oh! calm, Oh! calm me to
pre - ga o ma - dre pre - ga pre - - - ga per -

f p

rest.
me.

p e legato. pp

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